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A CLEAN-UP'S JOB IN THE 'PIT'

A CHAPTER IN STEEL

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER, JR.

A SMALL torrent of khaki swept on to the ferryboat that was taking troops to the special train for Camp Merritt. They stood all over her deck, in uncomfortably small areas; there seemed to be no room for the pack, which, perhaps, you were expected to swallow. Faces were a little pale from seasickness, but carried a uniformly radiant expression, which proceeded from a lively anticipation of civilian happiness. The conversation was ejaculatory, and included slapping and digging and squeezing your neighbor. Men were saying over and over again: 'This is about the last li'l war they'll ketch me for.'

I succeeded in getting beside the civilian pilot. 'What's happening in America?' I asked.

'Oh,' he said, 'it's a mess over here. There ain't any jobs, and labor is raisin' hell. Everybody that hez a job strikes.' He looked out over the water. 'I don't know what we're comin' out at. Russia, mebbe.'

Naturally, I wondered about my new job — my civilian job. It was not just an ordinary change from one bread-winning place to another. It was a new job, in a world never revertible,

quite, to the one that had kindled the war. It was impossible not to feel that the civilized structure had shaken and disintegrated a bit, or to escape the sense of great powers released. I was unable to decide whether the powers were cast for a rôle of great destruction or for one of great renewal.

In that civil life to follow, I began to see that I wanted two things: first, a job to give me a living; second, a chance to discover and build under the new social and economic conditions.

I was twenty-five — a college graduate, a first lieutenant in the army. In the civilian world into which I was about to jump, most of my connections were with the university I had recently left; few or none in the business world. Why not *enlist*, then, in one of the basic industries — coal, oil, or steel? I liked steel — technically and economically it interested me. Why not enlist in steel? Get a laborer's job? Learn the business? And, besides, the chemical forces of change, I meditated, were at work at the *bottom* of society.

The next day I sent in the resignation of my commission in the regular army of the United States.

I

Outside the car window, ore-piles were visible, black stacks and sooty sheet-iron mills, coal dumps, and jagged cuts in the hills, against greenness and the meadows and mountains beyond. There were farms here and there, let in by sufferance amid the primary apparatus of the steel-makers.

What an amazingly primary thing steel had become in the civilization we called modern! Steel was the basic industry of America; but, more than that, it was, in a sense, the buttress — the essential frame, rather — of present-day life. It made rails, surgical instruments, the girders of skyscrapers, the tools that cut, bored, and filed all the other tools. It was interesting to think that it contained America's biggest 'trust,' the greatest example of integration, of financial, of managerial combination anywhere to be found. Steel was critical in America's future, was n't it — critical for business, critical for labor?

I gazed out of the window at the black mills. I was about to learn the steel business. I knew perfectly well that the men who built this basic structure were as hardy and intelligent as this new generation of mine. But the job — difficult, technical job though it was — appeared too simple in their eyes. 'Build up business, and society will take care of itself,' they had said. A partial breakdown, a partial revolution, had resulted. Perhaps a thoroughgoing revolution threatened. I did n't know.

I knew there was no 'solution.' There was nothing so neat as that for this multiform condition. But an *adjustment*, a *working arrangement*, must be found out somehow by my generation. I expected to discover no specific after working at the bottom of the mill; but I did expect to learn some-

thing of the practical technique of making steel; and, alongside that, — despite, or perhaps because of, an outsider's fresh vision, — some sense of the forces getting ready at the bottom of things, to make or break society. Both kinds of education are certainly up to my generation.

The train jarred under its brakes, and in another minute I had stepped out on the platform. I found the Bouton station, built of gray stone, with deeply overhanging roof and gothicized windows. It seemed unrelated to the rest of the steel community. On the right loomed a dark gathering of stacks rising from irregular acres of sheet-iron roofs. Smoke-columns of various texture, some colored gold from an interior light, streaked the sky immediately above the mill-stacks.

The town spread itself along a valley, and on the sides of encircling hills on my left. In the foreground was Main Street, with stores and restaurants and a fruit-seller. I went across the street to explore for breakfast.

'Can I look at the job?' I asked.

'Sure,' he said, 'you can look at the job.'

I walked from the square, brick office of the open-hearth foreman, and lost my way amid a maze of railroad tracks, trestles, and small brick shanties, at last pushing inside a blackened sheet-iron shell — the mill. I entered by the side, following fierce white lights shining from the half-twilight interior. They seemed immensely brighter than the warm sun in the heavens.

I was conscious first of the blaring mouths of furnaces. There were five of them, and men with shovels in line, marching within a yard, hurling white gravel down red throats. Two of the men were stripped, and their backs were shiny in the red flare. I tried to feel perfectly at home, but discovered

a deep consciousness of being overdressed. My straw hat I could have hurled into a ladle of steel.

Someone yelled, 'Watch yourself!' and I looked up, with some horror, to note half the mill moving slowly but resolutely onward, bent on my annihilation.

I was mistaken. It was the charging machine, rattling and grinding past furnace No. 7. The machine is a monster, some forty feet from head to rear, stretching nearly the width of the central open space in the mill. The tracks on which it proceeds go the whole length, in front of all the furnaces. I dodged it, or rather ran from it, toward what appeared open water, but found there more tracks for stumbling.

An annoyed whistle lifted itself against the general background of noise. I looked over my shoulder. It relieved me to find a mere locomotive. I knew how to cope with locomotives. It was coming at me leisurely, so I gave it an interested inspection before leaving the track. It dragged a cauldron of exaggerated proportions, on a car fitted to hold it easily. A dull glow showed from inside, and a swirl of sparks and smoke shot up and lost themselves among girders.

The annoyed whistle recurred. By now the charging affair had lumbered past, was still threatening noisily, but was two furnaces below. I stepped back into the central spaces of the mill.

The foreman had told me to see the melter, Peter Grayson. I asked a short Italian, with a blazing face and weeping eyes, where the melter was. He stared hostilely at me.

'Pete Grayson,' I said.

'Oh, Pete,' he returned; 'there!'

I followed his eyes past a pile of coal, along a pipe, up to Pete. He was a Russian, of Atlas build, bent, vast-shouldered, with a square head like a

box. He was lounging slowly toward me, with short steps. As he came into the furnace-light, I could see that he was an old man, with white hair under his cap, and a wooden face which, I was certain, kept a uniform expression in all weathers.

'What does a third helper do?' I asked when he came alongside.

Pete spat and turned away, as if the question disgusted him profoundly. But I noticed in a moment that he was giving the matter thought.

We waited two minutes. Finally he said, looking at me, 'Why a third helper has got a hell of a lot to do!'

He seemed to regard this quantitative answer as entirely satisfying.

'I know,' I said, 'but *what* in hell?'

He again looked at the floor, considered, and spat. 'He works round the furnace,' he said.

I saw that I would have to accept this as a prospectus. So I began negotiations.

'I want a job,' I said. 'I come from Mr. Towers. Have you got anything?'

He looked away again and said, 'They want a man on the night shift. Can you come at five?'

My heart leaped a bit at 'the night shift.' I thought over the schedule the employment manager had rehearsed: 'Five to seven, fourteen hours on the night-week.'

'Yes,' I said.

We had just about concluded this verbal contract, when a chorus of 'Heows' hit our eardrums. Men make such a sound in a queer, startling, warning way, difficult to describe. I looked around for the charging machine or locomotive, but neither was in range.

'What are they "Heowing" about?' I thought violently to myself. But Pete grabbed my arm, with a hand like a crane-hook. 'Want to watch y'self,' he said; 'get hurt'; and I saw the overhead crane, about to carry over our

heads a couple of tons of coal, in a huge swaying box.

I looked around a little more before I left, trying to organize some meaning into the operations I observed, trying to wonder how it would be to take a shovel and hurl that white gravel into those red throats.

I said to myself: 'I guess I can handle it.' And I thought strongly on the worst things I had known in the army.

As I stood, a locomotive entered the mill from the other end, and went down the track before the furnaces. It was dragging flat cars, with iron boxes as big as coffins laid crosswise on them. I went over, and looked carefully at the trainload, and at one or two of the boxes. They were filled with irregular shapes of iron — wire coils, bars, weights, sheets, fragments of machines; in short, scrap.

'This is what they eat,' I thought, glancing at the glowing doors. 'I wonder how many tons a day.'

I waited till the locomotive came to a shaken stop in front of the middle furnace, then left the mill by the tracks along which it had entered.

I followed them out and along a short bridge. A little way to my right was solid ground — the yards, where I had been. Back of Mr. Towers's little office were more mills. I picked out the power house — half a city block. Behind them all were five cone-shaped towers against the sky, and a little smoke curling over the top — the blast furnaces. Behind me the Bessemer furnace threw off a cloud of fire, which had changed while I was in the mill from brown to brownish gold. In front, and to my left, the tracks ran on the edge of a sloping embankment, which fell away quickly to a lower level. Fifty yards from the base was the blooming-mill, where the metal, I knew, was being rolled into great slabs called 'blooms.' A vague red

glow came out of its interior twilights.

Down through the railroad ties on which I walked was open space, twenty feet below. Two workmen were coming out with dinner-buckets. I had a curiosity to know the arrangement and workings of the dark mill-cellar from which they came.

Turning back on the open-hearth mill, when I had crossed the bridge, I could see that it extended itself in a sort of gigantic lean-to shelter over what the melter had called the 'pit.' There was a crane moving about there, and more centres of light. I wondered about that area, too, and what sort of work the men did.

When I reached the end of the track, I thought to myself, 'I go to work at five o'clock. How about clothes?'

No one in the mill wore overalls, except the carpenters and millwrights, and so on. The helpers on the furnaces were clad in shapeless, baggy, gray affairs for trousers, and their shirts were blue or gray, with a rare khaki. Hats were either degraded felts or those black-visor effects — like those worn by locomotive engineers.

The twelve-o'clock whistle blew. A few men had been moving toward the gate slowly for minutes. The whistle sent them on at top walking-speed. I stared at them, to assure myself as to the correct dress for steel-makers.

II

I walked the four hundred yards to the open-hearth, at a quarter to five, and noticed clearly for the first time the yard of the blooming-mill. Here sheets and bars of steel, looking as if they weighed several thousand pounds each, were issuing from the mill on continuous treads, and moving about the yard in an orderly, but most complex manner. Electric cranes were sweeping over the quarter-acre of yard-

space, and lifting and piling the bars swiftly and precisely upon flat cars.

I entered the open-hearth mill by the tracks that ran close to the furnaces. The mill noises broke on me: a moan and rattle of cranes overhead, — fifty-ton ones, — the jarring of the trainloads of charge-boxes stopping suddenly in front of Number 4, and minor sounds, like chains jangling on being dropped, or gravel swishing out of a box. I was conscious of muscles growing tense in the face of this violent environment — a somewhat artificial and eager calm. I walked with excessive firmness, and felt my personality contracting itself into the mere sense of sight and sound. I looked for Pete. 'He's in his shanty,' said an American furnace-helper who was getting into his mill clothes.

I went after Pete's shanty. It was a sheet-iron box, 12 by 12, midway down the floor, near a steel beam. Pete was coming out, buttoning the lower buttons of a blue shirt. He looked through my head and passed me, much as he had passed the steel beam. With two or three steps, I moved out and blocked his way. He looked at me, loosened his face, and said very cheerfully, 'Hello.'

'I've come to work,' I said.

'Here,' he said, 'you'll work th' pit t' night. Few days, y' know — get used ter things.'

He led the way to some iron stairs, and we went down together into that darkened region under the furnaces, about whose function I had speculated.

To the left, I could make out tracks. (Railroads seemed to run through a steel mill from cellar to attic.) And at intervals, from above the tracks, torrents of sparks swept into the dark, with now and then a small stream of yellow fire.

We stumbled over bricks, mud, clay, a shovel, and the railroad track. In front of a narrow curtain of molten

slag we waited for some moments. We were under the middle furnaces, I calculated. Gradually the curtain ceased, and Pete leaped under the hole from which it had come.

'Watch yourself,' he said.

I followed him, with a broad jump, and a prayer about the falling slag.

We came out into the pit, which had so many bright centres of molten steel that it was lighter than outdoors. I watched Pete's back chiefly, and my own feet. We kept stepping between little chunks of dark slag, that made your feet hot, and close to a bucket ten feet high, that gave forth smoke. Wheelbarrows we met, with and without men, and metal boxes, as large as wagons, dropped about a dirt floor. We avoided a hole with a fire at its centre.

At last, at the edge of the pit, near more tracks, we ran into the pit gang: eight or ten men, leaning on shovels and forks, and blinking at the molten metal falling into a huge ladle.

'Y' work *here*,' said Pete, and moved on. I remember feeling a half-pleasurable glow as I looked about the strenuous environment of which I was to become a part — a glow mixed with a touch of anxiety as to what I was up against for the next fourteen hours.

Two of the eight men looked at me and grinned. I grinned back and put on my gloves.

'Number 6 furnace?' I asked, nodding toward the stream.

'Ye-ah,' said the man next me.

He was a cleanly built person in loose corduroy pants, blue shirt open at his neck. Italian.

He grinned with extraordinary friendliness, and said, —

'First night, this place?'

'Yes,' I returned.

'Goddam hell of a — job,' he said, very genially.

We both turned to look at the stream again. For ten minutes we stared.

I was eager to organize into reasonableness a little of this strenuous process that was going forward with a hiss and a roar about me.

'That's the ladle?' I asked, to start things.

'Ye-ah, where yer see metal come, dat's spout; crane tak' him over pour-platform, see; pour-man mak li'l hole in ladle, fill up moul' — see de moul' on de flat cars?'

The Italian was a professor to me. I got the place named and charted in good shape before the night was out. The pit was an area of perhaps half an acre, with open sides and a roof. Two cranes traversed its entire extent; and a railway passed through its outer edge, bearing mammoth moulds, seven feet high above their flat cars. Every furnace protruded a spout; and when the molten steel inside was 'cooked,' tilted backward slightly and poured into a ladle. A bunch of things happened before that pouring. Men appeared on a narrow platform with a very twisted railing, near the spout, and worked for a time with rods. They prodded up inside, till a tiny stream of fire broke through. Then you could see them start back to escape the deluge of molten steel. The stream in the spout would swell to the circumference of a man's body, and fall into the ladle—that oversized bucket thing hung conveniently for it by the electric crane. A dizzy tide of sparks accompanied the stream, and shot out quite far into the pit, at times causing men to slap themselves, to keep their clothing from breaking out into a blaze. There were always staccato human voices against the mechanical noise, and you distinguished by inflection whether you heard command, or assent, or warning, or simply the lubrications of profanity.

As the molten stuff filled toward the top of the ladle, curdling like a gigantic pot of oatmeal, somebody gave a yell,

and slowly, by an entirely concealed power, the 250-ton furnace lifted itself erect, and the steel stopped flowing.

But it splashed and slobbered enormously in the ladle at this juncture; a few hundred pounds ran over the edge to the floor of the pit. This, when it had cooled a little, would be our job to clean up, separating steel scrap from the slag.

When a ladle was full, the crane took it gingerly in a sweep of a hundred feet through mid-air, and, as Fritz said, the men on the pouring platform released a stopper from a hole in the bottom, to let out the steel. It flowed out in a spurting stream three or four inches thick, into moulds that stood some seven feet high, on flat cars.

III

'Clean off the track on Number 7, an' make it fast,' from the pit boss, accompanied by a neat stream of tobacco juice, which began to steam vigorously when it struck the hot slag at his feet.

We passed through to the other side of the furnaces by going under Number 6, a bright fall of sparks from the slag-hole just missing the heels of the last man.

'Is n't that dangerous?' I said to myself angrily. 'Why do we have to dodge under that slag-hole?'

We moved in the dark, along a track that turned in under Number 7, into a region of great heat. Before us was a small hill of partially cooled slag, blocking the track. It was like a tiny volcano actively fluid in the centre, with the edges blackened and hard.

I found out very quickly the 'why' of this mess. The furnace is made to rock forward, and spill out a few hundred pounds of the slag that floats on top. A short 'buggy' car runs under, to catch the flow. But someone had

blundered — no buggy was there when the slag came.

'Get him up queek, and let buggy come back for nex' time,' explained an Italian with moustachios, who carried the pick. 'Huh, whatze matter goddam first helper, letta furnace go,' he added angrily. 'Lotza work.'

This job took us three hours. The Italian went in at once with the pick, and loosened a mass of cinder near one of the rails. Fritz and I followed up with shovels, hurling the stuff away from the tracks.

The slag is light, and you can swing a fat shovelful with ease; but mixed with it are clumps of steel that follow the slag over the furnace doors. It grew hotter as we worked in — three inches of red heat to a slag-cake six inches thick.

'Hose,' said someone.

The Italian found it in behind the next furnace, and screwed it to a spigot between the two. We became drowned in steam.

We had been at it about an hour and a half, and I was shoveling back loose cinder, with a little speed to get it over with. 'Rest yourself,' commanded Moustachios. 'Lotza time, lotza time.'

I leaned on my shovel, and found rather mixed feelings rising inside me. I was a little resentful at being told what to do; a little pleased that I was, at least, up to the gang standard; a little in doubt as to whether we ought not to be working harder; but, on the whole, tired enough to dismiss the question and lean on my shovel.

The heat was bad at times: 120 and 130 degrees, when you're right in it, I should guess. It was like constantly sticking your head into the fireplace. When you had a cake or two of newly turned slag, glowing on both sides, you worked like mad to get your pick work done, and come out. I found that a given amount of work in heat fa-

tigued me at three times the rate of the same work in a cooler atmosphere. But it was exciting, at all events.

We used the crowbar and sledge on the harder ledges of the stuff, putting a loose piece under the bar, and prying.

When it was well cleared, a puffy switch engine came out of the dark from the direction of Number 4, and pushed a buggy under the furnace. The engineer was short and jolly-looking, and asked the Italians a few very personal questions in a loud ringing voice. Everyone laughed, and all but Fritz and me undertook a new cheekful of 'Honest Scrap.' I smoked a Camel and gave Fritz one.

Then Al, the pit boss, came through. He was an American, medium husky, cap on one ear, and spat through his teeth. I guessed that Al somehow was n't as hard-boiled as he looked, and found later that he was new as a boss. I concluded that he adopted this exterior in imitation of bosses of greater natural gifts in those lines, and to give substance to his authority. He used to be a workman in a tin mill.

'All done? If that — — — first helper on the furnace had any brains . . .' and so forth. 'Now get through and clean out the goddam mess in front.'

We went through, and Fritz used the pick against some very dusty cinder that was entirely cool, and was massed in great piles on the front side of the slag-hole.

'Getta wheelbarrow, you.'

I started for the wheelbarrow, just the ghost of resentment rising at being ordered about by a 'Wop,' and then fading out into the difficulties I had in finding the wheelbarrow. Two or three things that day I had been sent for — things whose whereabouts were a closed book. 'Where in h—,' I thought to myself, violently disturbed, 'are wheelbarrows?' I found one at last,

near the masons under Number 4, and started off.

‘Hey, what the h—? what the h—?’

So much for that wheelbarrow.

I found another, behind a box near Number 8, and pushed it back over mud, slag, scrap, and pipes, and things. I never knew before what a bother a wheelbarrow is on an open-hearth pit-floor. Only four of us stayed for work under Number 7, a German laborer and I coöperating with shovel and wheelbarrow on the right-hand cinder-pile.

We had been digging and hauling an hour, and it was necessary to reach underneath the slag-hole to get at what was left. I always glanced upward for sparks and slag when shoveling, and allowed only my right hand and shovel to pass under.

Just as arm and shovel went in for a new lot, Fritz yelled, ‘Watch out!’

I pulled back with a frog’s leap, and dodged a shaft of fat sparks, spattering on the pit-floor. A second later the sparks became a tiny stream, the size of a finger, and then a torrent of molten slag, the size of an arm. The stuff bounded and splashed vigorously when it struck the ground.

It did n’t get us, and in a second we both laughed from a safe distance.

‘Goddam slag come queek,’ said Fritz, grinning.

‘How you like job?’ he added.

Before I had any chance to discuss the *nuances* of a clean-up’s walk in life, Fritz was pointing out a new source of molten danger.

We were standing now in the main pit, beyond the overhanging edge of the furnace.

‘Look out now, zee!’ said Fritz, pointing upward.

Almost over our heads was Number 7’s spout, and, dribbling off the end, another small rope of sparks.

We fell over each other to the pit’s edge, stopping when we reached tracks. Looking back at once, we saw that the stream had thickened, like the other in the slag-hole. But here it was molten steel, and with a long drop of thirty feet. The rebound of the thudding molten metal sent it off twenty-five or thirty feet in all directions.

The stream swelled steadily, till it reached the circumference of a man’s body, and fell in a thudding shaft of metallic flame to the pit’s floor. Spatterings went out in a moderately symmetrical circle forty feet across. The smaller gobs of molten stuff made minor centres of spatter of their own. It was a spectacle that burned easily into memory.

The gang of men at the edge of the pit watched the thing with apparent enjoyment, and I wondered, slowly, two things: one, whether anyone ever got caught under such a molten Niagara; and two, whether the pit was going to have a steel floor before it stopped. How could it be stopped anyway?

The crane man had been busy for some minutes picking up a ladle from Number 4, and at that instant he swung it under, and the process of steel-flooring ceased. About ten tons had escaped, out of a furnaceful of 250.

What the devil had happened? I talked with everybody I could. It was a rare thing I learned: the mud and dolomite (a limestone substance) in the tap hole had not been properly packed, and broke through. My companions told me about another occasion, some years before, when molten steel got loose. It caught twenty-four men in the flow—killed and buried them. The company, with a sense of the proprieties, waited until the families of the men moved before putting the scrap, which contained them, back into the furnace for remelting.

THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

BY KIRBY PAGE

WHAT are the social consequences of current business policies? To what extent are human values subordinated in the effort to secure large returns on invested capital? Do the workers receive an adequate share of the proceeds of modern industry? How shall we determine an equitable adjustment of profits and wages? Wherein resides the dominant power in the control of modern business?

This study of one of our large corporations is an attempt to shed light upon such questions as these. The United States Steel Corporation was selected for this purpose because of its magnitude and the important part which it plays in one of our basic industries. A preliminary draft of this manuscript was sent to Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Corporation, with the request that he point out any statements that he regarded as inaccurate or unfair. He very kindly arranged that I might have an interview with three of the Corporation officials, and later that I might have a personal interview with him. He most generously set aside an hour and a half for an informal discussion of the subject matter of this article. For this interview he also invited in Mr. James A. Farrell, President of the Steel Corporation; Mr. William J. Filbert, Comptroller; Mr. C. L. Close, head of the Bureau of Safety, Sanitation, and Welfare; and Mr. George K. Leet, his secretary.

There are many statements herein with which these gentlemen do not agree, some of which they regard as

inaccurate or misleading. I have endeavored to note the most important of these in footnotes. The officials of the Corporation emphatically disagree with the general viewpoint of this article. Perhaps I ought to state that I do not regard the policies of the Steel Corporation as unique, but rather as a fair illustration of practices which are widely prevalent in modern business circles. It seems highly important that a vigorous effort be made to discover the social consequences and ethical implications of these policies.

'A Corporation with a Soul'

This is the subtitle of a recent book dealing with the United States Steel Corporation. There is much to be said in favor of the contention that this Corporation has a soul. Ninety-five millions of dollars have been spent by the Steel Corporation in various kinds of welfare work for its employees.

It is estimated that safety-devices installed and precautionary measures taken have reduced the number of accidents in its plants approximately 55 per cent.

Much attention has been given to the protection of the health of its workers. Twenty-five base hospitals have been erected and supported.

Large sums have been expended for sanitation, toilet and locker facilities, lunch-rooms, club-rooms, playgrounds, athletic fields, and other recreational features.

Fifty schools and twenty-six church-

es have been built. Many thousands of dollars have been appropriated for the building of houses for its employees.

Employees have been given the opportunity to purchase stock in the Corporation, and thousands of them are now small stockholders.

The Corporation has been tremendously successful in its business. Its products have found their way into all parts of the world. Regular dividends have been paid and a huge reserve has been built up. Enormous sums have been paid to the Federal Government in taxes. High wages are paid to its skilled mechanics. The average earnings of all employees during the year 1920 were approximately seven dollars per day.

Hours of Work

There are other factors, however, which need to be taken into account. First of all, let us inquire as to hours and working conditions. In his testimony before the United States Senate investigating committee, Judge Gary, Chairman of the Steel Corporation, said: 'Twenty-six and a half per cent of all employees work the twelve-hour turn, and the number is 69,284.'

Concerning the proportion of those actually employed in the processes of steel-making who work the twelve-hour day, Mr. Horace B. Drury,¹ after an extensive investigation, says: —

So far as concerns these continuous operation processes which make up the heart of the steel industry, such as the blast furnace, the open-hearth furnace, and most types of rolling mills, together with the various auxiliary departments necessary to keep these processes going, and make a complete plant, the bulk of the employees work 12 hours. All the men whose presence is essential to the carrying-on of the proc-

¹ Recently with the Industrial Relations Division of the United States Shipping Board; formerly of the Economics Department, Ohio State University.

esses, from the chemist and boss down to the lowest helper, — the technical graduate, the American-born roller, and the unskilled foreigner, — all these, with very few exceptions, work 12 hours. Most likely the percentage of 12-hour workers for the whole plant — which, we are assuming, is entirely, or almost entirely, devoted to the more fundamental steel processes — will be considerably over 50 per cent; in some cases two thirds. . . . For them and for their families, numbering perhaps a half or three quarters of a million of people, the 12-hour day has become a fixed industrial habit, firmly intrenched in the traditions of the industry and in human lives and habits.²

As to the necessity for the twelve-hour shift, Mr. Drury reminds us that in England, France, Germany, Sweden, Italy, Belgium, and Spain, it has been abandoned, and that twenty steel plants in America are now running on three shifts.

As to the increased cost of steel under an eight-hour day, Mr. Drury says: 'If all the departments in a steel plant were to be changed from two to three shifts, the increase in total cost for the finished rail, bar, or plate could not, on the average, be more than about three per cent.'³

As to the effects of the twelve-hour day, President Farrell said that the situation is not so bad as it is often pictured. He said that many of the men actually work only half of the time they are on duty. The other side of the case is presented by Mr. John A. Fitch in these words: —

² *Bulletin of the Taylor Society*, vol. vi, no. 1, Feb. 1921. *The Three-Shift System in the Steel Industry*, by Horace B. Drury, pp. 3, 4. Concerning this report, Mr. C. L. Patterson, Secretary of the Bureau of Labor, National Association of Steel and Tin-Plate Manufacturers, said: 'Mr. Drury has given us the most illuminating and thorough analysis of the subject that I have ever heard or read.'

³ Mr. Wm. J. Filbert, Comptroller of the Corporation, said to the present writer that the increase in labor-costs would greatly exceed three per cent.

Some of the twelve-hour men, such as blooming-mill rollers, for example, are busy practically every minute of the full twelve hours of work. Others work under conditions of such strain, or under such heat, that 'spell-hands' are provided. Others, as in the open-hearth furnaces, have periods of idleness between heats. When these men work, however, they work under conditions of terrific strain and in great heat.

Judge Gary said that the Corporation is endeavoring to abolish the twelve-hour day and hopes to succeed within the near future.

It does not require a vivid imagination to picture the consequences of the twelve-hour day. Twelve hours at the mill, one half-hour going to and one half-hour coming from work, one half-hour for breakfast and one half-hour for supper, eight hours sleep — add these up! A scant two hours are left for domestic duties, home life, social and civic life, reading and study! What sort of a husband, father, and citizen is a twelve-hour worker likely to be? How much energy and interest is such a worker likely to have left for intellectual and spiritual matters?

Wages

Let us next analyze the wages paid by the Steel Corporation. Surely wages must be adequate if the average for all employees in 1920 was approximately seven dollars per day. There is no doubt that skilled labor is paid well, in comparison with other industries. But how about unskilled labor? According to the Interchurch Report on the Steel Strike of 1919,

The annual earnings of over one third of all productive iron and steel workers were, and had been for years, below the level set by government experts as the minimum subsistence standard for families of five. The annual earnings of 72 per cent of all workers were, and had been for years, below

the level set by government experts as the minimum of comfort level for families of five. This second standard being the lowest which scientists are willing to term an 'American standard of living,' it follows that nearly three quarters of the steel workers could not earn enough for an American standard of living.

That was the condition in 1919. What are the facts at the present time?

Three successive wage-cuts during 1921 reduced the wages of unskilled labor in the employ of the Steel Corporation slightly more than 40 per cent, the rate now being 30 cents per hour, with no extra pay for overtime.⁴ Eight hours a day, six days per week, at this rate amounts to \$14.40 per week — \$748.80 per year, if no time is lost from sickness or otherwise. Is this a partial explanation of the reluctance of the employees to give up the twelve-hour day, about which we hear so much?

Ten hours a day at this rate amounts to \$18 per week, or \$936 per year. Twelve hours a day at this rate amounts to \$21.60 per week, or \$1123.20 per year.

The numbers of workers in normal times receiving this lowest wage is about 70,000. About 30 per cent of the steel workers are unmarried. These figures mean that about 50,000 married men are unable to earn as much as \$1150 per year, even by working 12 hours per day and 52 weeks per year. The size of the average American family is five — father, mother, and three children under fourteen years of age. The average family of the foreign steel worker has 6.63 members.⁵

⁴ *Literary Digest*, October 1, 1921, p. 58. Judge Gary pointed out to the present writer that some of the independent steel concerns are paying only 25 cents an hour to unskilled workers.

⁵ Steel Corporation officials say that the average family has more than one wage-earner. It is undoubtedly true, however, that there are many thousands of families with small children in which there is only one wage-earner.

Family Budgets

Persons who are interested in human and community welfare will pause to inquire as to the standard of life these thousands of families are able to maintain. Extensive investigations have been made by a number of agencies as to minimum health and decency budgets, among which are those of Professor Ogburn, Professor Chapin, the New York Factory Investigation Commission, the New York Board of Estimate. These estimates were made at different periods, but it is possible to reduce them to a common date. At the average prices prevailing in June, 1918, they varied from \$1317 to \$1395 per year. According to the National Industrial Conference Board, an organization maintained by employers' associations, the cost of living in June, 1918, was 52 per cent higher than in July, 1914. The high peak was reached in July, 1920, when the increase over 1914 amounted to 104 per cent. In July, 1921, the increase over 1914 was 63 per cent, an increase of 7 per cent as compared with July, 1918.

Reduced to the prices of July, 1921, these minimum budgets vary from \$1410 to \$1490, the average being \$1465. In the opinion of these authorities, a family of five cannot maintain a minimum health and decency standard on less than \$1465, at July, 1921 prices. During August and September, 1921, there was a slight upward trend in the cost of living. At the prices of July, 1921, \$1465 was the equivalent of \$898 at July, 1914 prices. Any reader who has had experience with family budgets during this period of high cost of living will recognize that \$1465 is an exceedingly limited annual budget for father, mother, and three children under fourteen.

Fifty thousand married workers in the employ of the United States Steel

Corporation in normal times, by working twelve hours per day, six days per week, and fifty-two weeks per year, can earn only \$1125 — \$340 less than this minimum health and decency budget. As a matter of fact, the actual earnings of a large proportion of these men are much less than \$1125 per year, because of lost time and unemployment.

Our next inquiry is, of course, whether or not the Steel Corporation could afford to pay its married workers a living wage. To increase the annual pay of these 50,000 married men \$340 each, would require \$17,000,000. In the scale above these men is a group of 60,000 semi-skilled workers, of whom approximately 40,000 are married men. To increase the annual pay of this group the modest sum of \$200 per year, would require \$8,000,000.

If the annual wages of 50,000 married men in the unskilled class were increased \$340 each, and those of 40,000 married men in the semi-skilled class were increased \$200 each, the additional cost to the Steel Corporation would be \$25,000,000 a year.⁶

Cost of Abolishing the Twelve-Hour Day

This would still leave the twelve-hour day undisturbed, however. Can the Steel Corporation afford to pay these wages for an eight-hour day?

To change from two shifts to three shifts per day would not require a 50 per cent increase in the number of employees, because eight-hour workers are more efficient than twelve-hour workers. After investigation, Mr. Drury estimated that the change to three shifts would not require more than a 35 per cent increase in the working force.

⁶ Judge Gary told the present writer that he regards it as utterly impracticable to pay different rates to single men and married men. He said that wages cannot be determined on a basis of family budgets. He said that rates of wages respond to the laws of supply and demand.

With regard to the cost of changing to an eight-hour day, Mr. John A. Fitch says, in the *Survey*:—

If the Steel Corporation had introduced the three-shift system in 1920 by increasing its force in the departments affected by 35 per cent, and had paid each man as much for eight hours as he formerly had received for twelve, the addition to the pay roll would be something over \$61,000,000. This statement is made without taking into account a probable increase in efficiency that would cut down the cost very materially.

As a matter of fact, however, the actual increase would probably be very much less than \$61,000,000. After his investigation of the twenty steel plants in the United States which have already adopted the three-shift system, Mr. Drury says:—

There seems, in fact, to be substantial reason for believing—in view of results already accomplished in some of the plants—that, when the three-shift system once gets into fair running order, the labor-cost need not be to any great degree higher than it has been under two-shift operation; and, indeed, a rather fair argument might be drawn up to show that all of the increase in labor-costs might in time be wiped out.⁷

Earnings of the Steel Corporation

Now let us look into the question of the financial ability of the Corporation to stand higher wage-costs. The annual report for 1920 shows that the total earnings were slightly more than \$185,000,000, and the net income \$130,000,000.

The first annual report of the Corporation was for the year ending December 31, 1902. In the eighteen years following, ending December 31, 1920, the total earnings of all proper-

⁷ Judge Gary expressed the opinion that there would be a heavy increase in labor-costs under the three-shift system. He pointed out that a number of steel plants have changed back to the two-shift system after experimenting with three shifts.

ties, after deducting all expenditures incident to operation, including ordinary repairs and maintenance, also interest on bonds and mortgages of the subsidiary companies, employees' bonus and pension funds, corporation excise tax, Federal income tax, and excess-profits tax, amounted to slightly more than \$2,817,000,000. Of this amount some \$574,000,000 were set aside for depreciation, depletion, sinking and replacement funds, leaving \$2,243,000,000 as the net income for nineteen years.⁸

Out of this net income a total of \$1,002,000,000 has been paid in dividends. A regular 7 per cent dividend on preferred stock has been paid each year. The dividends on common stock have been as follows: two years no dividends were paid on common stock, one year $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, three years 2 per cent, one year 3 per cent, one year $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, two years 4 per cent, six years 5 per cent, one year $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, one year 14 per cent, one year 18 per cent—making an average for these years of a fraction less than 5 per cent on common stock, and 7 per cent on preferred stock. Regular 5 per cent interest has been paid on bonds.

The total net amount expended for additional property, and construction and development work, amounts to more than \$991,000,000.

As far back as 1911, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, United States Commissioner of Corporations, in referring to the Steel Corporation, said:—

During the period from April, 1901, to December 31, 1910, the Corporation has made an additional net investment in its properties of no less than \$504,928,653. Of this amount, roughly, \$435,000,000 was virtually provided from earnings. These

⁸ These figures were secured by adding the totals of earnings in the nineteen annual reports of the Corporation.

amounts, it should be noted, are over and above the allowance for ordinary maintenance and repairs and for actual net depreciation.

In his recent book, *United States Steel: A Corporation with a Soul*, — the library copy of this book which the present writer consulted bears the inscription: 'Presented by Elbert H. Gary,' — Mr. Arundel Cotter says in this connection: 'Practically all this gain in production has been attained by "ploughing" profits back into additions and improvements. Practically all expenditures for extensions have been from earnings. Approximately \$900,000,000 have been expended in this manner.'

At the end of 1920, the total undivided surplus of the Steel Corporation amounted to more than \$523,000,000.

Overcapitalization

Another factor must be considered. At the time of its formation the Corporation was heavily overcapitalized. In this connection, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, United States Commissioner of Corporations, said: —

In 1901 the fair market value of its tangible property was about \$700,000,000, slightly less than one half of its capitalization. The figures show clearly that the entire issue of approximately \$508,000,000 of common stock of the Steel Corporation in 1901 had no physical property back of it; and also a considerable fraction, say from one fifth to two fifths, of the preferred stock was likewise unprotected by physical property. Even granting that there may have been a considerable value in intangible considerations, it is reasonably clear that at least the entire issue of common stock, except in so far as what may be termed 'merger value' may be considered, represented nothing but 'water.'

In his book, Mr. Cotter admits that the common stock of the Corporation 'had nothing behind it but blue sky.'

He says that this claim 'has never been denied and probably cannot be.'⁹

In spite of the fact that this issue of \$508,000,000 of common stock was all 'water,' regular dividends have been paid upon it. During the nineteen years, the total amount of dividends paid on this 'watered' common stock amounts to more than \$480,000,000.¹⁰ We are not attempting to say that this common stock is heavily watered at the present time. We are merely pointing out the fact that it has value only because more than \$900,000,000 of earnings have been 'ploughed' back. If the Corporation had not been heavily overcapitalized, a large part of this \$900,000,000 could have been paid out in increased wages to unskilled workers, without jeopardizing the financial position of the Corporation.¹¹

Summary of Earnings

Let us summarize these figures: total earnings in eighteen years, \$2,817,000,000; total net income, \$2,243,000,000; total dividends \$1,002,000,000 — 7 per cent on preferred stock and 5 per cent on common stock, including \$480,000,000 on common stock, which was originally all 'water'; 5 per cent on bonds; a total of \$574,000,000 set aside for depreciation, depletion, sinking and replacement funds; a total of more than \$900,000,000 from earnings 'ploughed' back, in the form of new property and improvements.

The average net income of the Corporation from 1901 to the end of 1920,

⁹ Judge Gary said to the present writer that, if 'good-will' and other considerations were taken into account, he did not think the Corporation was overcapitalized at the time of its organization.

¹⁰ See Cotter, p. 308. His figure of approximately \$455,000,000 plus the \$25,000,000 paid on common stock in 1920, gives the above figure.

¹¹ Mr. W. J. Filbert, Comptroller of the Corporation, emphatically disagrees with this statement.

after deducting all operating expenses, ordinary maintenance and repairs, and generous appropriations for depreciation, depletion and sinking funds, was approximately \$118,000,000 per year. This means that the returns on the \$868,000,000 of common and preferred stock have been at the rate of approximately 13½ per cent annually — this in spite of the fact that originally more than half of this stock was 'pure water.'

If the rate of return on capital stock had been reduced to 10 per cent, the additional amount available for wages would have been more than \$30,000,000 annually; and if the rate had been reduced to 7 per cent, the additional amount available for wages would have been more than \$56,000,000 annually. Either of these sums would have gone a long way toward making possible the abolition of the twelve-hour day, and raising the wages of unskilled workers to a point where they could maintain a decent standard of living.

Causes of Low Wages and Long Hours

Why, then, does the Corporation continue to pay its unskilled workers about \$340 a year less than a minimum health and decency standard, and in normal times compel approximately 70,000 of its employees to work the twelve-hour day?

The first reason is, because it follows the usual procedure of not basing wages upon the needs of the workers but upon the market rate. The market rate is paid for labor as for any material commodity. The size of the Corporation enables it to play an important part in determining the market rate. Unskilled workers can now be secured for 30 cents an hour, and therefore it is not necessary to pay a higher wage. Judge Gary told the present writer that he regards it as utterly impracticable to base wages upon family budgets.

He said that wages respond to the law of supply and demand.

The second reason is that, from the viewpoint of the management, it is more important to pay regular dividends, and to build up a huge reserve than it is to pay workers in excess of the market rate, even though this rate is insufficient for the maintenance of a decent or comfortable standard of life. Judge Gary said that capital invested in manufacturing properties is entitled to a return of 15 per cent annually, and pointed out that the earnings of many manufacturing concerns are greatly in excess of this rate. He said that the Steel Corporation could not afford to raise wages, since this would reduce the returns on capital below a fair rate, that is, below 13 to 15 per cent.

The third reason is that adequate pressure has not been brought to bear upon the Steel Corporation by the workers themselves or by public opinion.

Labor Policy

What is the labor policy of the Corporation? On June 17, 1901, six weeks after the Corporation was organized, the Executive Committee passed the following resolution: —

That we are unalterably opposed to any extension of union labor, and advise subsidiary companies to take a firm position when these questions come up, and say that they are not going to recognize it — that is, any extension of unions in mills where they do not now exist; that great care should be used to prevent trouble, and that they promptly report and confer with this Corporation.

This policy has been rigidly adhered to. 'Whereas, in 1901, one third of the Corporation's mills dealt with unions, in 1919 these and all other unions had been ousted; no unions were dealt with.' Judge Gary, the Chairman, refused to confer with representatives of the

American Federation of Labor in the face of an imminent strike, even when requested to do so by President Wilson.

On April 18, 1921, Judge Gary thus expressed his attitude toward unions:—

As stated and repeated publicly, we do not combat, though we do not contract or deal with, labor-unions as such. Personally, I believe they may have been justified in the long past, for I think the workmen were not always treated justly; that because of their lack of experience or otherwise, they were unable to protect themselves, and therefore needed the assistance of outsiders in order to secure their rights. But whatever may have been the condition of employment in the long past, and whatever may have been the results of unionism, concerning which there is at least much uncertainty, there is at present, in the opinion of the large majority of both employers and employees, no necessity for labor-unions; and that no benefit or advantage through them will accrue to anyone except the union-labor leaders.

Some years ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his *Gospel of Wealth*, said:—

Now the poorest laborer in America or in England, or indeed throughout the civilized world, who can handle a pick or shovel, stands upon equal terms with the purchaser of his labor. He sells or withholds, as it may seem best to him. He negotiates, and thus rises to the dignity of an independent contractor. Not only has the laborer conquered his political and personal freedom, he has achieved industrial freedom as well.

It will be worth while to look into this matter a little further. Does the unskilled worker, with his 'pick or shovel,' stand upon equal terms with the United States Steel Corporation? Does he 'negotiate' and has he 'the dignity of an independent contractor'?

Power of the Corporation

In attempting to answer this question, let us consider the size and strength of the Steel Corporation. Its total assets are listed at \$2,430,000,000.

Its gross volume of business during 1920 was \$1,755,000,000. It owns 145 steel works, approximately 800,000 acres of coal and coke properties, 993 miles of railway, 1470 locomotives, and 112 steamers.

In addition to these huge holdings, the Corporation is represented in many other industries. Some years ago, an investigating committee of the House of Representatives found that

one or more of the directors of the Steel Corporation are also directors in terminal, steamship, express, and telegraph companies having a total capitalization of \$1,271,778,890; in industrial corporations with a combined capitalization of \$2,803,509,348; and in banks and trust companies having a capital, surplus, and undivided profits aggregating \$3,314,811,178; of \$18,417,132,238 invested in railways of the United States, the directors of the United States Steel Corporation have a voice in the directorates of, or act as executive officers of, railroad companies with a total capitalization or bonded indebtedness of \$10,365,071,833.

The policies of the Corporation are determined by a Board of Directors, composed of thirteen members in 1921, and a Finance Committee of six members. The total number of stockholders is over 100,000, but a majority of the stock is held by less than two per cent of the stockholders. The vast majority of the stockholders take no active part whatever in determining policies. Actual control is in the hands of the thirteen directors, six of whom are also members of the Finance Committee.

The degree of this control was brought out by Judge Gary in a recent interview with Mr. Whiting Williams:—

Some years ago, in 1912, I believe, Mr. Charles Cabot of Boston arose in a stockholders' meeting and proposed a committee to study the hours of work. I asked him how many shares he had. He replied that he had ten or twenty, I have forgotten

which. I reminded him that, as I held the proxies of a majority of the voting shares, I could very easily outvote his motion. Nevertheless I was glad to vote for it, and so the committee was put into action.¹²

This concentration of control is brought out even more vividly in the address of Judge Gary at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Corporation on April 19, 1920, in these words: 'Since the United States Steel Corporation commenced business on April 1, 1901, there have been held, including the present one, nineteen regular and also ten special stockholders' meetings. I have had the honor of presiding at every one, and of voting the major part of all the outstanding capital stock. For the confidence reposed and the uniformly courteous treatment accorded I am appreciative and grateful.'

Consequences of Anti-Union Policy

In the light of the facts obtained, the Commission of Inquiry of the Interchurch World Movement summarized these consequences as follows:—

Maintaining the non-unionism alternative entailed for the employers, (1) discharging workmen for unionism; (2) black lists; (3) espionage and the hiring of 'labor detective agencies' operatives; (4) strike breakers, principally negroes. Maintaining the non-unionism alternative entailed for communities, (1) the abrogation of the right of assembly, the suppression of free speech, and the violation of personal rights (principally in Pennsylvania); (2) the use of state police, state troops and (in Indiana) of the United States army; (3) such activities on the part of constituted authorities and of the press and the pulpit as to make the workers believe that these forces oppose labor. In sum, the actually existent state of the steel industry is a state of latent war over rights of organization conceded by public opinion in other civilized countries.

¹² *Collier's Weekly*, July 23, 1921, p. 7.

Concluding Questions

The present writer desires to state emphatically that this article is not intended as a specific attack upon the officers and directors of the United States Steel Corporation. This discussion deals with policies and not with personalities. The facts set forth herein are used as conspicuous examples of widely accepted policies and practices in modern business life.

Let us conclude this discussion by asking five fundamental questions upon which the people of America will do well to deliberate.

First: Should labor be regarded as a commodity to be purchased at the lowest possible rate, or should the cost of maintaining a decent and comfortable standard of life be used as the basis of determining the lower rates of wages?

Second: What are the costs to society of driving mothers and children under sixteen into industry because of the inadequacy of the father's wage?

Third: Is invested capital ethically entitled to an annual return of 13 per cent, or even 10 per cent, if this involves the payment of inadequate wages to unskilled workers?

Fourth: What should be our attitude toward overcapitalization, the 'watering' of stock, and the concealing of profits?

Fifth: What should be our attitude toward employers who hold in their hands an enormous concentration of economic power, and who refuse to bargain collectively with their workers through representatives of the workers' own choice?

The material and spiritual well-being of a large proportion of our population, the stability and prosperity of industry, the growth of real democracy, and the progress of mankind depend upon the answers given to such questions as these.

THE QUARE WOMEN

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

AUNT AILSIE first heard the news from her son's wife, Ruthena, who, returning from a trading trip to The Forks, reined in her nag to call, —

'Maw, there's a passel of quare women come in from furrin parts and sot 'em up some cloth houses there on the p'int above the court house, and carrying on some of the outlandishest doings ever you heared of. And folks a-pouring up that hill till no jury can't hardly be got to hold court this week.'

The thread of wool Aunt Ailsie was spinning snapped and flew, and she stepped down from porch to palings. 'Hit's a show!' she exclaimed, in an awed voice; 'I heared of one down Jackson-way one time, where there was a elephant and a lion and all manner of varmint, and the women rid around bareback, without no clothes on 'em to speak of.'

'No, hit hain't no show, neither, folks claim; they allow them women is right women, and dresses themselves plumb proper. Some says they come up from the level land. And some that Uncle Ephraim Kent fotched 'em in.'

'Did n't you never go up to see?'

Ruthena laughed. 'I'll bound I would if I'd a-been you,' she said; 'and but for that sucking child at home, I allow I would myself.'

'Child or no child, you ought to have went,' complained Aunt Ailsie, disappointed. 'I wisht Lot would come on back and tell me about 'em.'

Next morning she was delighted to see her favorite grandson, Fult Fallon, dash up the branch on his black mare.

'Tell about them quare women,' she demanded, before he could dismount.

'I come to get some of your sweet apples for 'em, granny,' he said. 'Pear-ed like they was apple-hungry, and I knowed hit was time for yourn.'

'Light and take all you need,' she said. 'But, Fulty, stop a spell first and tell me more about them women. Air they running a show like we heared of down Jackson-way four or five year gone?'

Fult shook his head emphatically. 'Not that kind,' he said. 'Them women are the ladyest women you ever seed, and the friendliest. And hit's a pure sight all the pretties they got, and all the things that goes on. I never in life enjoyed the like.'

Aunt Ailsie followed him around to the sweet-apple tree, and helped him fill his saddlebags.

'Keep a-telling about 'em,' she begged. 'Seems like I hain't heared or seed nothing for so long I'm nigh starved to death.'

'Well, they come up from the level country — the Blue Grass. You ricollect me telling you how I passed through hit on my way to Frankfort — as smooth, pretty country as ever was made; though, being level, hit looked lonesome to me. And from what they have said, I allow Uncle Ephraim Kent

foatched 'em up here, some way or 'nother, I don't rightly know how. And they put up at our house till me'n' the boys could lay floors and set up their tents.'

The saddlebags were full now, and they turned back. 'Stay and set with me a while,' she begged him.

'Could n't noways think of hit,' he said; 'might miss my sewing-lesson.'

'Sewing-lesson!' she exclaimed.

'Hadn't you heared about me becoming a man of peace, setting down sewing handkerchers and sech every morning?' he laughed.

'Now I know you are lying to me,' she said, in an injured tone.

'Nary grain,' he protested. 'Come get up behind and go 'long in and see if I hain't speaking the pure truth!'

'I would, too, if there was anybody to stay with the place and the property,' she replied. 'Pears like your grandpaw will set on that grand jury tell doomsday! How many indictments have they drawn up again' you this time, Fulty?' she asked, anxiously.

Fult threw back his handsome dark head, and laughed again as he sprang into the saddle. 'Not more'n 'leven or twelve!' he said. 'They 're about wound up, now, I allow, and grandpaw will likely be in by sundown. You ride in to-morrow to see them women!'

It was past sundown, however, when Uncle Lot rode up, grave and silent as usual. Aunt Ailsie hardly waited for him to hang his saddle on the porch-peg before inquiring, —

'What about them quare women on the p'int?'

Uncle Lot frowned. 'What should I know about quare women?' he demanded. 'Hain't I a God-fearing man and a' Old Primitive?'

'But, setting on the grand jury all week, right there under the p'int, you must have seed 'em, 'pears like?'

'I did *see* 'em,' he admitted, disapprovingly. 'Uncle Ephraim Kent, he come in whilst we was a-starting up court a-Monday morning, and says, "Citizens, the best thing that ever come up Perilous is a-coming in now!" And the jedge he journeyed court, and all hands went out to see. And here was four wagons, one with a passel of women, three loaded with all manner of plunder.'

'What did they look like?'

'Well enough — *too* good to be a-traipsing over the land by theirselves this way.' He shook his head. 'And as for their doings, hit's a sight to hear the singing and merriment that goes on up thar on that hill when the wind is right. Folks has wore a slick trail traveling up and down. But not *me*! Solomon says, "Bewar' of the strange woman"; and I hain't the man to shun his counsel.'

'I allow they are right women — I allow you would n't have tuck no harm,' soothed Aunt Ailsie.

'Little you know, Ailsie, little you know. If you had sot on as many grand juries as me, you would n't allow nothing about no woman, not even them you had knowed all your life, let alone quare, foatched-on ones that blows in from God knows whar, and darrs their Maker with naught but a piece of factory betwixt them and the elements!'

Aunt Ailsie dropped the subject. 'What about Fulty?' she asked, in a troubled voice.

'There was several indictments again' him and his crowd this time — three for shooting on the highway, two for shooting up the town, two for breaking up meetings — same old story.'

'And you holped again to indict him?' remarked Aunt Ailsie, somewhat bitterly.

'I did, too,' he asserted, in some anger; 'and will every time he needs hit.'

'Seems like a man ought to have a leetle mercy on his own blood.'

He held up a stern forefinger. 'Let me hear no more sech talk,' he commanded; 'I am a man of jestice, and I aim to deal hit out fa'r and squar', let hit fall whar hit may.'

II

Next morning, which was Saturday, Aunt Ailsie mildly suggested at breakfast, 'I might maybe ride in to town to-day, if you say so. I can't weave no furdur till I get some thread, and there's a good mess of eggs, and several beans and sweet apples, to trade.'

Uncle Lot fixed severe eyes upon her. 'Ailsie,' he said, 'you would n't have no call to ride in to The Forks to-day if them quare women was n't thar. You allus was possessed to run atter some new thing. My counsel to you is the same as Solomon's — "Bewar' of the strange woman"!'

However, he did not absolutely forbid her to go, and she said gently, as he started up to the cornfield a little later, hoe in hand, —

'If I do ride in, you 'll find beans and 'taters in the pot, and coffee and a good pone of cornbread on the hairth, and the table all sot.'

Two hours later, clothed in the hot brown-linsey dress, black sunbonnet, new print apron and blue-yarn mitts which she wore on funeral occasions and like social events, she set forth on old Darb, the fat, flea-bitten nag, with a large poke of beans across her side-saddle, and baskets of eggs and apples on her arms.

The half-mile down her branch and the two miles up Perilous Creek had never seemed so long, and the beauty of green folding mountains and tall trees mirrored in winding waters was thrown away on her.

'I am plumb wore out looking at

nothing but clifts and hillsides and creek-beds for sixty year,' she said aloud, resentfully.

'Pears like I would give life hitself to see something different.'

She switched the old nag sharply, and could hardly wait for the first glimpse of the 'cloth houses.'

They came in sight at last — a cluster of white tents, one above another, near the top of a spur overlooking court house and village. Drawing nearer, she could see people moving up the zigzag path toward them. Leaving the beans across her saddle, she did not even stop at the hotel to see her daughter, Cynthia Fallon, but, flinging her bridle over a paling, went up the hill at a good gait, baskets on arms, and entered the lowest tent with a heart beating more rapidly from excitement than from the steep climb.

The sides of this tent were rolled up. A group of ten or twelve girls stood at one end of a long, white table, where a strange and very pretty young woman, in a crisp gingham dress and large white apron, was kneading a batch of light-bread dough, and explaining the process of bread-making as she worked. Men, women, and children, two or three deep in a compact ring, looked on. Gently pushing her way so that she could see better, Aunt Ailsie was a little shocked to find that the man who gave way at her touch was none other than Darcy Kent, the young sheriff, and Fult's arch enemy.

After the dough was moulded into loaves and placed in the oven of a shining new cook-stove, most of the crowd moved on to the next tent, which was merely a roof of canvas stretched between tall trees. Beneath was another table, and this was being carefully set by two girls, one of whom was Charlotty Fallon, Aunt Ailsie's granddaughter.

'The women teached me the pine-

blank right way to set a table,' she said importantly to her granny, 'and now hit 's aiming to be sot that way every time.'

The smooth white cloth was laid just so; the knives, forks, spoons, and white enameled cups and plates were placed in the proper spots; even the camp-stools observed a correct spacing. There were small folded squares of linen at each plate.

'What air them handkerchers for, Charlotty?' inquired Aunt Ailsie, under her breath.

'Them 's napkins, granny,' replied Charlotty in a lofty tone.

'And what 's that for?' indicating the glass of flowers in the centre of the table. 'Them women don't eat posies, do they?'

'Hit 's for looks,' answered Charlotty. 'Them women allows things eats better if they look good. I allus gather a flower-pot every morning and fotch up to 'em.'

Soon Aunt Ailsie and the crowd went up farther, to a wider 'bench,' or shelf, where the largest tent stood. Within were numerous young men and maidens, large boys and girls, sitting about on floor or camp-stools, talking and laughing, and every one of them engaged upon a piece of sewing. Another strange young woman, in another crisp dress, moved smilingly about, directing the work.

But Aunt Ailsie's eyes were instantly drawn to the tent itself, the roof of which was festooned with red cheese-cloth and many-colored paper chains, a great flag being draped at one end, while every remaining foot of roof-space and wall-space was covered with bright pictures. Pushing back her black sunbonnet, she moved around the tent sides, gazing rapturously.

'Pears like I never seed my fill of pretties before,' she said aloud to herself again and again.

'You like it then, do you?' asked a soft voice behind her. And, turning, she confronted still another strange young woman, standing by some shelves filled with books.

'Like hit!' repeated Aunt Ailsie, with shining eyes, 'Woman, hit 's what my soul has pined for these sixty year — jest to see things that are pretty and bright!'

'You must spend the day with us, and have dinner, and get acquainted,' smiled the stranger.

'I will, too — hit 's what I come for. Rutheny she told me a Thursday of you fotchted-on women a-being here, and then Fulty he give some account of you, too —'

'You are not Fult's granny, he talks so much about?'

'I am, too — Ailsie Pridemore, his maw's maw, that holp to raise him, and that loves him better than anybody. How many of you furrin' women is there?'

'Five — but we 're not foreign.'

'Why not? Did n't you come up from the level land?'

'Yes, from the Blue Grass. But that 's part of the same state, and we 're all from the same stock, and really kin, you know.'

'No, I never heared of having no kin down in the level country.'

'Yes, our forefathers came out together in the early days. Some stopped in the mountains, some went farther into the wilderness — that 's all the difference.'

'Well, hain't that a sight now! I 'm proud to hear hit, though, and to have sech sprightly looking gals for kin. Did you ride on the railroad train to get here?'

'Yes, one day by train, and a little over two days by wagon.'

Aunt Ailsie sighed deeply. 'Pears like I'd give life hitself to see a railroad train!' she said. 'I hain't never

been nowhere nor seed nothing. Ten mile is the furdest ever I got from home.'

'Well, it's not too late — you must travel yet.'

'Not me, woman,' declared Aunt Ailsie. 'My man is again' women-folks a-going anywheres; he allows they'll be on the traipse allus, if ever they take a start. What might your name be?'

'Virginia Preston.'

'And how old air you, Virginny?'

'How old would you guess?'

'Well, I would say maybe eighteen or nineteen.'

'I'm twenty-eight,' replied Virginia.

'Now you know you hain't! No old woman could n't have sech rosy jaws and tender skin!'

'Yes, I am; but I don't call it old.'

'Hit's old, too; when I were twenty-eight I were very nigh a grandmaw.'

'You must have married very young.'

'No, I were fourteen. That hain't young — my maw, she married at twelve, and had sixteen in family. I never had but a small mess of young-uns, — eight, — and they're all married and gone, or else dead, now, and me and Lot left alone. Where's your man while you traveling the country this way?'

'I have no man — I'm not married.'

'What?' demanded Aunt Ailsie, as if she could not have heard aright.

'I have no husband — I am not married,' repeated the stranger.

Aunt Ailsie stared, dumb, for some seconds before she could speak. 'Twenty-eight, and hain't got a man!' she then exclaimed. She looked Virginia all over again, as if from a new point of view, and with a gaze in which curiosity and pity were blended. 'I never in life seed but one old maid before, and she was fittified,' she remarked tentatively.

'Well, at least I don't have fits,' laughed Virginia.

Lost in puzzled thought, Aunt Ailsie

turned to the books. 'What did you fotch them up here for?' she asked.

'For people to read and enjoy.'

'They won't do me no good,' — with a sigh, — 'nor nobody else much. I hain't got nary grain of larning, and none of the women-folks hain't got none to speak of. But a few of the men-folks they can read: my man, he can,' — with pride, — 'and maybe some of the young-uns.'

A collection of beautifully colored sea-shells next claimed her attention; and then Virginia adjusted a stereopticon before her eyes, and for a long time she was lost in wonderful sights. At last, when she was again conscious of her surroundings, her eyes fell upon Fult's dark head near-by, bent over a piece of muslin.

'If there hain't my Fulty, jest like he said,' she exclaimed joyfully. 'And I made sure he was lying to me. Hit shore is a sight for sore eyes, to see him with sech a harmless weep on in hand! Does he behave hisself that civil all the time?'

'Yes, indeed, — always.'

A sudden cloud fell upon Aunt Ailsie's face. 'As I come up,' she said, 'I seed Darcy Kent there in the cook's house. Hit would n't never do for him and Fulty to meet here on the hill. They hain't hardly met for two year without gun-play.'

'Oh, I'm sure they'd never do such things in our presence!'

'Don't you be too sure, woman,' admonished Aunt Ailsie. 'There is sech feeling betwixt them boys they hain't liable to stop for nothing. For twenty-five year their paws fit, — the war betwixt Fallons and Kents has gone on nigh thirty year now, — and they hate each other worse'n pizen. I raised Fulty myself, mostly, hoping he never would foller in the footsteps of Fighting Fult, his paw. And he never, neither, till Fighting Fult was kilt by Rafe

Kent, Darcy's paw, four year gone. Then, of course, hit was laid on him, you might say, to revenge his paw, — being the first-born, and the rest mostly gals, — and the day he were eighteen he rid right out in the open one day and shot Rafe in the heart — the Fallons never did foller laywaying. And of course the jury felt for him and give him jest a light sentence — five year. And then the Governor pardoned him out atter one year. And then he fit in Cuby nigh a year. Then, when he come back home, hit wa'n't no time till him and Darcy was a-warring nigh as bad as their paws had been; and for two year we hain't seed naught but trouble, and I have looked every day for Fulty to be fotched in dead.'

'Yes, Uncle Ephraim told us about the feud between them. It is very sad, when both are such fine young men.'

There was a stir among the young folks, who rose, put away their work, and gathered at one end of the tent, under the big flag. Then the strange woman who had taught them sewing sat down before a small box and began to play a tune.

'Is there music in that-air cupboard?' asked Aunt Ailsie, astonished.

'It is a baby-organ we brought with us,' explained Virginia.

'And who's that a-picking on hit?'

'Amy Scott, my best friend.'

'How old is she?'

'About my age.'

'She's got a man, sure, hain't she?'

'No.'

'What — as fair a woman as her — and with that friendly smile?'

'No.'

The anxious, puzzled look again fell upon Aunt Ailsie's face.

Then a song was started up, in which all the young folks joined with a will. It was a new kind of singing to Aunt Ailsie, — rousing and tuneful, — very different from the long-drawn

hymns, or the droning ancient ballads she had loved in her young days.

'They are getting ready for our Fourth of July picnic next Wednesday,' said Virginia.

'I follerred singing when I were young,' Aunt Ailsie said after a period of delighted listening. 'I could very nigh sing the night through on song-ballats.'

'That's where Fult must have learned the ones he sings so well,' cried Virginia. 'You must sing some for us, this very day.'

Aunt Ailsie raised her hands. 'Me sing!' she said; 'Woman, hit would be as much as my life is worth to sing a song-ballat now; I hain't dared to raise nothing but hime-tunes sence Lot j'ined.'

'Since when?'

'Sence my man, Lot, got religion and j'ined. He allows now that song-ballats is jest devil's ditties, and won't have one raised under his roof. When Fulty he wants me to larn him a new one, we have to go clean up to the top of the ridge and a little grain on yan side, before I dairst lift my voice.'

A little later Aunt Ailsie was taken by her new friend to see the two bedroom tents, with their white cots and goods-box washstands; and then to the top of the spur, where, in an almost level space under the trees, a large ring of tiny children circled and sang around another strange young woman.

'The least ones!' exclaimed Aunt Alisie. 'What a love-lie sight! I never heared of larning sech as them nothing before. And if there hain't Cynthy's leetle John Wes, God bless hit!' as a dark-eyed, impish-looking five-year-old went capering by. 'Hit were borned the very day hit's paw got kilt — jest atter Cynthy got the news. I tell you, Virginny, hit were a sorry time for her — left a widow-woman with seven young-uns, mostly gals.'

'Little John Wes is very bright and attractive.'

'Hit is that — and friendly, too; hit never sees a stranger!'

'He gives us a good deal of trouble, though, with his smoking and chewing.'

'Yes, hit's pyeert every way; I hain't seed hit for two-three year without a chaw in hit's jaw. And liquor! Hit's a sight the way that young-un can drink. Fulty and t'other boys they jest load him up, to see the quare things he'll do.'

At this moment the little kindergartners were dismissed, and marched, as decorously as they were able, down the hill after their teacher, followed by all the onlookers. The tents were discharging their crowds, too, and Aunt Ailsie recognized several more of her grandchildren on the way down.

III

Arrived at the lowest tent, Aunt Ailsie presented her baskets of apples and eggs to the women. A dozen or more elderly folk, and as many young girls who were deeply interested in learning 'furrin' cooking, remained to dinner. The rest of the strange women, Amy, the kindergartner, the cooking teacher and the nurse, Aunt Ailsie now met, putting to each the inevitable questions as to name, age, and condition of life. As each smilingly replied that she had no man, a cloud of real distress gathered on Aunt Ailsie's brow, which not all the novel accompaniments of the meal could entirely banish.

Afterward, when the dishes were washed and all sat around in groups under the trees, resting, she said confidentially to Virginia, —

'I am plumb tore up in my mind over you women, five of you, and as good-lookers as ever I beheld, and with sech nice, common ways, too, not having no man. Hit hain't noways reasonable.

Maybe the men in your country does a sight of fighting, like ourn, and has been mostly kilt off?'

'No, we have no feuds or fighting down there — there are plenty of men.'

'Well, what's wrong with 'em, then? Hain't they got no feelings — to let sech a passel of gals get past 'em? That-air cook, now, — her you call Annetty, with the blue eyes and crows'-wing hair, and not but twenty-three; now what do you think about men-folks that would let her live single.'

'Maybe they can't help themselves,' laughed Virginia; 'maybe she does n't want to marry.'

'Not want to marry? Everybody does, don't they?'

'Did you?'

'I did, too. My Lot was as pretty a boy as ever rid down a creek — jest pine-blank like Fulty.'

'And you 've never been sorry for it?'

'Nary a day.' Then she caught her breath, leaned forward, and spoke in Virginia's ear: 'Nary a day till he j'ined! I allus was gayly-like and loved to sing song-ballats, and get about, and sech; and my ways don't pleasure him none sence then, and hit's hard to ricollect and not rile him. But, woman, while I've got the chancet, I want to ax you one more thing, for I know hit's the first question my man will put when I get home. How come you furrin women to come in here, and what are you aiming to do?'

'We came because Uncle Ephraim Kent asked us,' was the reply. 'A lot of women from down in the state — the State Federation of Women's Clubs — sent us up to Oliver County last summer to see what needed to be done for the young people of the mountains. And one day, while we were there, Uncle Ephraim walked over and made us promise to come to the Forks of Perilous if we ever returned. And we are here to learn all we can, and teach all

we can, and make friends, and give the young folks something pleasant to do and to think about. But here comes Uncle Ephraim up the hill: he'll tell you more about it.'

An impressive figure was approaching — that of a tall, thin old man, with smooth face, fine dark eyes, and a mane of white hair, uncovered by a hat, wearing a crimson-linsey hunting-jacket, linen homespun trousers and moccasins, and carrying a long staff. Amy, who had joined him, brought him over to the bench where Virginia and Aunt Ailsie were sitting.

'Well, howdy, Uncle Ephraim, how do you find yourself?' was Aunt Ailsie's greeting.

'Fine, Ailsie — better, body and sperrit, than ever I looked to be.'

'I allow you done a good deed when you fatched these furrin women in.'

'I did, too, the best I ever done,' he said, with conviction. Sitting down, he looked out over the valley of Perilous, the village below, and the opposite steep slopes. 'You know how things has allus been with us, Ailsie, shut off in these rugged hills for uppards of a hunderd year, scarce knowing there was a world outside, with nobody going out or coming in, and no chance ever for the young-uns to get larning or manners. When I were jest a leetle chunk of a shirt-tail boy, hoeing corn on yon hillsides,' — pointing to the opposite mountain, — 'I would look up Perilous, and down Perilous, and wonder if anybody would ever come in to larn us anything. And as I got older, I follered praying for somebody to come. I growed up; nobody come. My offsprings, to grands and greats, growed up; still nobody come. And times a-getting wusser every day, with all the drinking and shooting and wars and killings — as well you know, Ailsie.'

'I do, too,' sighed Aunt Ailsie.

'Then last summer, about the time the crap was laid by, I heared how some strange women had come in and sot up tents over in Oliver, and was a-doing all manner of things for young-uns. And one day I tuck my foot in my hand, — though I be eighty-two, twenty mile still hain't no walk for me, — and went acrost to see 'em. Two days I sot and watched them and their doings. Then I said to 'em, "Women, my prayers is answered. You air the ones I have looked for for seventy year — the ones sont in to help us. Come next summer to the Forks of Perilous and do what the sperrit moves you for my grands and greats and t'other young-uns that needs hit." And here they be, doing not only for the young, but for every age. And there hain't been a gun shot off in town sence the first night they come in. And all hands is a-larning civility and God-fearingness.'

'Yes, and Fulty and his crowd sets up here and sews every morning.'

'And that hain't all. I allow you won't hardly believe your years, when I tell you that I'm a-getting me larning.' He drew a new primer from his pocket, and held it out to her with pride. 'Already, in three lessons, Amy here has teachd me my letters, and I am beginning to spell. And I will die a larned man yet, able to read in my grandsir's old Bible!'

Aunt Ailsie was speechless a moment before replying, 'I'm proud for you, Uncle Ephraim — I shore am glad. I wisht hit was me!'

But already the young people were trooping blithely up the hill and past the dining-tent. Fult went by, with his pretty, pale sweetheart Aletha; and all his followers and friends, with various girls of their choice. For from two to three was 'play-time' on the hill, and every young creature from miles around came to it.

The older folks followed to the top

of the spur, and Virginia told a hero-story, and the nurse gave a five-minute talk; and then the play-games began, all taking partners and forming a large ring, and afterward going through many pretty figures, singing as they played, Fult's rich voice in the lead. Aunt Ailsie had played all the games when she was young; her ancestors had played them on village greens in Old England for centuries. Her eyes shone as she watched the flying feet and happy faces.

They were in the very midst of a play-game and song called 'Old Betty Larkin,' when the singing suddenly broke off, and everybody stood stock still in their tracks. The cooking-teacher — the young woman with the blue eyes and crows'-wing hair — was stepping into the circle, and with her was Darcy Kent.

All eyes were riveted upon Fult. He stiffened for a bare instant, a deep flush overspread his face as his eyes met Darcy's; then, with scarcely a break, he took up the song again and deliberately turned and swung his partner.

Astonishment took the place of apprehension, faces relaxed, feet became busy. Aunt Ailsie, who had not been able to suppress a cry of fear, laid a trembling hand on Uncle Ephraim's arm.

'Hit 's a meracle!' she exclaimed.

'Hit is,' he agreed, solemnly.

She ran to Virginia and Amy, in her excitement throwing an arm about each.

'Do you see that sight — Fulty and Darcy a-playing together in the same game, as peaceable as lambs?'

'Yes,' they said.

'I would n't believe if I did n't see,' she declared. 'Women, if I was sot down in Heaven, I could n't be more happier than I am this day; and two angels with wings could n't look half as good to me as you two gals. And I love you for allus-to-come, and I want you to take the night with me a-Monday, if you feel to.'

'We shall love to come.'

'And I 'll live on the thoughts of seeing you once more. And, women,' — she drew them close and dropped her voice low, — 'seems like hit purely breaks my heart to think of you two sweet creaturs a-living a lone-lie life like you do, without ary man to your name. And there hain't no earthly reason for hit to go on. I know a mighty working widow-man over on Powderhorn, with a good farm, and a tight house, and several head of property, and nine orphant young-uns. I 'll get the word acrost to him right off; and if one of you don't please him, 't other will; and quick as I get one fixed in life I 'll start on t' other. And you jest take heart — I 'll gorrantee you won't live lone-lie much longer, neither one of you!'

(In course of their next adventure, the Quare Women will 'take the night' with Aunt Ailsie.)

THE IRISH EDUCATION OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE¹

BY CARL W. ACKERMAN

'MEN say to me sometimes, "You have changed your coat." Now I will tell you my answer.'

Mr. David Lloyd George was making a confession. Addressing a Unionist meeting at Maidstone, in Kent, May 7, 1921, he said: —

'You remember Kitchener's army. There was a call for men to serve their country in emergency and every man who came forward came in his own coat. You saw them marching and drilling, you saw them in every quality of cloth, every kind of cut, some fitting nicely, but all side by side, prepared to fight for the old land that belonged to them all. Afterwards, it is true, they put on the same uniform; but it was a uniform very few of them had worn before. Now that is my answer about a changed coat.'

Those who seek to understand Mr. Lloyd George will find in this story the key to his character, his mind, his politics, and policies. He is forever and eternally changing. Throughout the confidential negotiations which culminated in the formation of the Irish Free State he seldom wore the same 'coat' twice, but each time he changed his opinion or course of action, public opinion followed.

Peace between England and Ireland was the logical outcome of the Irish education of the Premier. This article deals with a part of his 'schooling' — with the events and the correspondence which influenced him in changing his views about the men who led the fight

for the freedom of Ireland and the terms of an Irish settlement. It is a continuation of the narrative, 'Ireland from a Scotland Yard Notebook,' which began in the April number of the *Atlantic*.

I

One night, before the curfew proclaimed by the British military authorities forced the inhabitants of southern Ireland to be indoors before the last cock crowed, a group of Republicans, armed with buckets of white lead, brushes, a sense of humor, and a disregard for property, both public and private, left their homes and literally painted Dublin, Thurles, and Cork with the signs: —

'Up De Valera!'

'Buy Sinn Fein Bonds.'

In Dublin they evidently paused long enough before a billboard to read a British Government recruiting sign, appealing to the young men of Ireland to join the Royal Air Force, and 'see the world.' It was changed the next morning.

At this particular time members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, known as the R.I.C., who were doing special police duty for the 'enemy,' were being assassinated, secretly, silently, and mysteriously. One of these Sinn Fein sign-painters, effervescent with Irish wit, changed the poster by substituting 'R.I.C.' for the 'R.A.F.' and inserted the word 'Next' before 'World,' so that the citizens of Dublin read this announcement the following day: —

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JOIN
the
R.I.C.
and
See the NEXT World.

During the riots in Londonderry, when the old Roman city was divided into hostile camps of belligerent Protestants and Catholics, an associate of mine, who went there to report the developments for the *Times*, was arrested, first by one camp and later by another. Each time he was released, and he was finally given the freedom of the city. When asked how it happened, he replied that, being charged with espionage, he was closely questioned; but his fate was decided by his answer to one leading question, which both parties asked:—

‘Are you Catholic or Protestant?’

His reply was simple and effective:—

‘Neither — Journalist!’

So many unreal things happened in Ireland during the terrible days of murder, plunder, and arson which ushered in the present Government, that these stories are told for the purpose of picturing the half-tragic, half-comic circumstances surrounding the confidential peace negotiations which began anew in December, 1920.

But equally queer things happened in England. The queerest, beyond doubt, was the instability of Mr. Lloyd George. Although everyone knew that the secret of the correct understanding of the Prime Minister was the successful determination of his thoughts in contrast to his words, they were never easy to determine.

When I was reporting one of the meetings of the Allied Supreme Council last year, a member of the conference, who observed how the British Premier ‘switched’ from one policy to another

at one session, related the incident as follows. The French and British premiers were arguing about reparations. Mr. George saw that he was not convincing his associates so he asked Arthur James Balfour, Esquire, to present the British point of view. The dignified elder statesman, with his thumbs pulling at the armholes of his vest, explained to the best of his ability what he thought his chief had in mind. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister was studying the facial expressions of the Council. Convinced that Balfour was not making headway, Lloyd George interrupted by remarking that what Balfour had said was not the British position at all.

The President of the Privy Council sat down and listened to the Premier’s exposition of a change in policy. When he concluded Mr. Balfour rose, apologized, and said with a smile that the policy which he had expounded had been but was no longer the policy of his Government, and everyone understood. Mr. George had changed his ‘coat’!

The political coat which the Prime Minister wore on December 1, 1920, when he commissioned Archbishop Clune, of Perth, Australia, to negotiate a truce with Sinn Fein, which was known at the time only to a few members of the Cabinet, Scotland Yard, and certain Republicans, was not the same coat that he intended wearing throughout the negotiations. Being a politician, Mr. George told Archbishop Clune one thing and stated in Parliament something quite different. Accordingly, for the moment, he satisfied both!

Prior to the ‘peace move’ of Christmas 1920, after the several attempts at mediation by Sir Horace Plunkett, the British Labor Party, and a score of influential Unionist landowners, Ireland and England were at war. Both sides issued official military commu-

niqués. Both suffered casualties. Each destroyed property and attempted to place the responsibility on the other. Both bombarded the public with their propaganda. At times it looked as if Ireland would kindle the fires which might consume the British Empire; and again, it would appear as if Ireland were about to succumb to a modified form of British rule.

II

In December, Mr. George inaugurated a dual policy toward the south. He authorized a leader of the Catholic Church to go to Dublin and negotiate a truce, and he attempted to divide Sinn Fein. Ten days after his first meeting with the Archbishop of Perth, he declared in Parliament that the Government had a twofold policy: it would talk peace with Father O'Flanagan and the 'Moderates' but not with those who were 'responsible for murder.'

'The Government are also very regretfully convinced that the party, or rather the section which controls the organization of murder and outrage in Ireland, is not yet ready for peace.'

Despite the advice of Scotland Yard and everyone acquainted with the Sinn Fein organization, Lloyd George was determined not to deal with Michael Collins, the real Republican leader and idol. Arthur Griffith, the acting-President, was already in prison under personal orders from Downing Street. Most of the members of the Dáil Eireann were either in Mount Joy in solitary confinement, or in a prison camp, surrounded by Tommies and barbed wire. Collins and his able chief of staff, Richard Mulcahy, would have been there too if the British authorities could have apprehended them. At the time Mr. George was insisting upon dividing Sinn Fein, the party was more united than it had been for months.

No one was more certain of this than

Archbishop Clune. After conversations with the Prime Minister and the Cabinet in London, he went to Ireland and interviewed Collins. Aside from myself, he was the only 'outsider' who saw Collins until the Peace Conference in London. He knew, as I did, that if he could come to terms with 'Mick,' the hero of the Irish rebellion, he could conclude a truce.

In these negotiations the Archbishop unquestionably had the sanction of the Vatican, although members of the Catholic Church were divided at the time on an Irish policy. While the Irish hierarchy was urging one policy upon Rome, the supporters of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, were advocating another, and Mr. Balfour was making secret pilgrimages to St. Peter's on behalf of the British Government. The following excerpts from a letter of Mr. Art O'Brien, who led the Sinn Fein forces in London, and who later became a member of the Irish peace commission, to Cardinal Bourne, is indicative of the tense feeling which existed in Catholic circles.

Cardinal Bourne's political pronouncement, contained in the letter which, by his instructions, was read at all the Catholic churches in his diocese on Sunday last, has created the greatest indignation amongst Irish Catholics resident in England.

I can speak with confidence on the opinion of the vast majority of the Irish residents here, who, whether Catholic or Protestant, are solidly at the back of our people at home in their demand for the complete independence of their country, and for the settlement of the long-drawn-out struggle on the only lines that will lead to peace between the two countries, *i.e.*, the recognition of the government, which has been established by the will and the exertions of the Irish people.

Cardinal Bourne may hope that his partisan-political lecture to members of his spiritual flock will help the activities of his Government at the Vatican, which for the

past year have been very vigorous, and which, very recently, were hoped to produce fruit in a papal condemnation of the Republican movement in Ireland. If his Eminence has any hopes in this direction, it is as well that he, and the leading English Catholics who share his hopes, should understand that not even the most devoted Catholic in Ireland, or amongst the Irish people throughout the world, will accept political guidance or dictation from Rome. . . . His Eminence may equally rest assured that the only impression left by such letters upon the Irish laity, as well as the Irish clergy, in his diocese, is one of disgust at his narrow and unchristian attitude.

The only basis for Mr. Lloyd George's contention that Sinn Fein was divided was a telegram from Father O'Flanagan, who became the acting-President of the Irish Republic when Griffith was jailed, and another from the Galway County Council, offering to negotiate peace. The Premier considered them Moderates, when, in fact, they did not represent any of the real leaders of southern Ireland.

When Father O'Flanagan's telegram was sent, Mr. De Valera was in the United States; but he hurried across the Atlantic — how, when, and where the British Government never learned. Lloyd George was convinced that De Valera would side with Father O'Flanagan, so he gave orders to the British military authorities not to interfere with the president under any circumstances.

Before De Valera arrived, Archbishop Clune saw most of the Sinn Fein officials, both those in prison and those outside. These negotiations continued over a period of about five weeks; and in the end they failed, not because of any fault in the diplomacy of the Archbishop or in the attitude of Sinn Fein, but because Mr. George's idea of a truce was a truce of surrender. He was not yet in favor of a 'peace without victory.'

Late in January, the Dàil Eireann

met secretly in Dublin. Mr. De Valera reported at length on the negotiations. What he said is best told in his own words, and I quote from a transcript of the secret minutes. He began by saying that the Archbishop had come 'to Ireland as an official intermediary to arrange a truce, and that he found Griffith and Collins to be "fair and reasonable men."' Then he continued: —

The attitude of Mr. Lloyd George seemed to have changed somewhat during the week. He had before him the document which emanated from six of the thirty-two members of the Galway County Council, — that document was passed upon the world as a resolution of the Council 'quite unanimously,' as Mr. George handsomely appended, — and also Father O'Flanagan's telegram, both of which he believed, or pretended to believe, were indications of a general break-up of the morale of the Irish people and a cry for 'peace at any price.' In his speech on December 10, in the British House of Commons, he flourished, as you remember, these signs, as he chose to regard them, of our demoralization, and outlined his plan for the victorious final assault. Our defenses in front were to be stormed and we were to be subtly and elaborately sapped from the rear.

However, His Grace was asked to return here, which he did. He had further interviews with Mr. Griffith and with the others, whom he had already seen on December 12, 13, and 14. On the latter date the English Cabinet intimated its willingness for a truce for a month, on certain general terms which had been the subject of the discussions. These terms were reduced to a written formula and presented by His Grace to Dublin Castle on February 16. Here is the formula: —

'The British Government undertakes that, during the truce, no raids, arrests, pursuits, burnings, shootings, lootings, demolitions, courts-martial, or other acts of violence will be carried out by its forces, and that there will be no enforcement of the terms of the martial law proclamations. We, on our side, undertake to use all possible means to ensure that no acts whatsoever

of violence will occur on our side during the period of the truce. The British Government on their part, and we on ours, will use our best efforts to bring about the conditions above mentioned with the object of creating an atmosphere favorable to the meeting together of the representatives of the Irish people, with the view to bringing about a permanent peace.'

This was a decided step in advance, which everyone at the time recognized. On December 17, Dublin Castle agreed to the formula, but added the condition that Sinn Fein surrender its arms! Mr. Lloyd George wished a truce of surrender!

Mr. De Valera continued his statement:—

The Archbishop returned and saw Mr. George once more on December 22. Before returning, he had got Dublin Castle to waive the condition of the surrender of arms. But Mr. George thought it could not be waived—an opinion which was enforced by Mr. Bonar Law.

As the Archbishop, who wished to be fair, could not dream of asking us to accept such a condition, the negotiations remained in abeyance until the 29th and 30th, when they were disposed of finally at a British Cabinet meeting. So the Archbishop was informed on December 31. On that date a totally new proposition was put forward, with which His Grace would have nothing to do. Thus [concluded Mr. De Valera] the whole thing ended, as I am sure many of you anticipated it would end, by the British Premier's running away from the terms he had himself originally suggested.

Although the efforts of Archbishop Clune were not crowned with success, they were destined to teach Mr. Lloyd George a very serious series of lessons. But not for the moment. The British authorities were convinced that Sinn Fein was on the verge of disintegration. They boasted that they had 'murder by the throat,' and that the 'terror was broken.' The Prime Minister believed he had split Sinn Fein. The Tories

whispered the advice that, once Britain offered peace to the Moderates, the Irish would fight among themselves. Even Scotland Yard was looking forward to the day when all the rebels would be imprisoned and powerless.

Day after day the military forces in Ireland hunted the Republican officers and scouts, captured their papers, closed their secret offices, and arrested them by scores. Mulcahy escaped one raid in his night clothes. Another time the military found his secret headquarters, and entered his room, to find the ink still wet on a letter he was writing his wife; but he was gone. Collins had similar close calls. To avoid capture one night he jumped into a well. Another time he was buried under the floor of a country cottage. Each time I saw him he bore a new scar; but on each occasion he refused to talk about himself. 'My life does n't matter,' he used to say.

The widespread destruction of property and the loss of life were, however, weakening the morale of both the Irish and British people. Throughout Ireland and England there were prayers for peace. The statesmen representing both belligerents were requested, not once but a hundred times, to cease fighting and 'settle'; but the leaders were determined not to compromise, and when the public understood, especially the Irish public, their nerves were steeled for the fighting that was still to come.

Ireland was not a comfortable place to visit during these uncertain days. The streets of Dublin were policed by soldiers in fast motor-lorries, which raced hither and thither, dodging Sinn Fein bombs and ambushes. When the Irish began to throw bombs from tops of houses at passing motor-trucks, they were equipped with steel sides, and wire netting was arched over the tops.

These cars the Dubliners called 'bird-cages.'

'Bird-cages' were the armored fortifications which the Irish denounced and ridiculed, as the following incident so poignantly illustrates.

For years, — how many, no one knows, — an old woman had been selling cut flowers on the corner of Grafton Street and St. Stephen's Green. One day a 'bird-cage' stopped directly in front of the flower-stand. The soldiers aimed their rifles through the port-holes in the armored steel sides, and the spectators, anticipating an attack, grouped themselves about the old woman. Looking steadily at the lorry, and becoming more and more indignant, she exclaimed at last, shaking her fat fist at the soldiers: —

'The Boers made you put on khaki, the Germans made you wear tin hats, but the Irish put you in cages!'

Is it necessary to add that she was the Joan of Arc of the crowd, and that even the Tommies laughed?

III

By February, 1921, it was evident in Downing Street that the Government had blundered by blocking Archbishop Clune's efforts to negotiate a truce. The 'politician' began to look forward to the future. Reflection convinced him that there could be no negotiations so long as Mr. Bonar Law was in the Cabinet, and while Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster 'boss,' remained unyielding. But before Mr. George could move his pawns on the political chessboard, an Irishman by the name of Mr. Arthur Vincent appeared in London, as an alleged 'envoy' of Sinn Fein. The Prime Minister was anxious to know whether he spoke with authority. If he did, another effort would be made to 'talk' to the Irish leaders.

In the meantime, Sir Basil Thomson

suggested that the first move in bringing about another series of informal conversations would have to be a conference between Sir James Craig and Mr. De Valera. The elimination of Sir Edward Carson by appointment to the House of Lords was Mr. Lloyd George's method of making it easier for him to deal with Ulster. Carson would never meet De Valera. That was certain. The Prime Minister approved Sir Basil's idea of a meeting between the leaders of the North and South of Ireland. If Vincent represented Sinn Fein, he was to be entrusted with the task of paving the way.

On the eve of another visit to Dublin, the Director of Intelligence asked if I would learn Mr. De Valera's views. I was told that Mr. De Valera could be assured that the British officials would not arrest him; that Mr. Lloyd George would be glad to receive him in Downing Street if he wished to come over for a talk.

Upon arriving in Dublin, I called first upon an old neutral friend, whose name, for international diplomatic reasons, cannot be disclosed. He had drafted a platform of peace, which he wished to have placed before the Sinn Fein and British spokesmen.

As a result of these conversations, questions were prepared and submitted to Mr. De Valera. After he had given them careful consideration, he returned his answers. Encouraged and heartened by his attitude, I hastened to General Macready's office and prepared a telegram for Sir Basil, which he had requested in order to place it before the Prime Minister who was scheduled to speak on Ireland on St. Patrick's Day. The D. I. was anxious that his chief should not spoil the plans for negotiations by making statements which would interfere with the possibilities of a meeting between De Valera and Craig.

By five o'clock in the evening of

March 17 the following message was delivered in London and placed before the Prime Minister:—

DUBLIN, *March 17.*

TO SIR BASIL THOMSON, —

I submitted the questions you were interested in to Mr. De Valera on Saturday . . . and I received to-day the following note written by Mr. De Valera:—

‘Mr. Ackerman is at liberty to publish the following questions and answers, provided he undertakes to publish them in full exactly as they are.’

I saw a representative of Sinn Fein, who promised that he would forward the following questions to Mr. De Valera and if possible get his answers. I have just had them returned to me:—

‘Q. 1. Is Mr. Vincent acting officially or unofficially for Sinn Fein in his conversations with the British Government?’

‘Answer. No, neither officially nor unofficially. Neither for Sinn Fein nor for the government of the Republic. We place no hope nor do we trust the ways of secret diplomacy. The question at issue is one between the peoples of Ireland and of Britain. Both peoples have elected their responsible representatives. Hide-and-seek methods are not necessary. The Irish people have indicated quite clearly what their claim is. Britain’s answer has been the partition act and a campaign of murder to make it acceptable. When Britain has made up its mind to revise its answer, it can express it in an equally definite way. When Mr. Lloyd George is seeking other ways, he is simply demonstrating that he is insincere.

‘Q. 2. Would you meet Sir James Craig to discuss and devise a scheme of fiscal autonomy, presumably on the lines of the Home Rule bill?’ (The last nine words were added to my question by Mr. De Valera.)

‘Answer. I am ready to meet Sir James Craig, as I would meet any other Irishman, to discuss any question that affects the welfare of our country and to consider any scheme that would have for its object the prosperity, security, and happiness of any section of our people. I shall, however, never be a party to any conference, the

purpose of which is to devise means for rendering more palatable the act of a foreign parliament partitioning our country and attempting to divide our people permanently into hostile sections.

‘Moreover, the primary question to be solved is not one between different sections of the Irish people, but one between the Irish nation and the British nation. When this primary question is solved our domestic difficulties will be easy of adjustment.

E. DE VALERA.’

Later, I had an hour’s conversation with Mr. De Valera’s aide. Mr. Lloyd George’s speech to-night is awaited with intense interest. If he indicates that the British Government is prepared to follow in general the proposals of Archbishop Clune, progress can be made. I have talked with three members of the Sinn Fein executive who have been interested in the following ideas:—

1. That Mr. Lloyd George discuss with Mr. De Valera an Irish settlement;
2. That the British Government, without asking the surrender of arms, proffer a truce;
3. That fiscal autonomy be granted united Ireland;
4. That Mr. De Valera meet Ulster leaders;
5. That amnesty be granted.

CARL W. ACKERMAN.

The telegram, which was coded and dispatched from General Macready’s office, was paraphrased by Scotland Yard and placed before the Premier at about the same time he received the resignation of Mr. Bonar Law. The ill health of the solid, stolid Conservative chieftain was a great political loss to Mr. Lloyd George, but a victory for him so far as Ireland was concerned; and the Prime Minister, whatever his personal sentiments may be, is a farseeing statesman. The result of the resignation and the message from Dublin was that Ireland was forgotten in his speech, and the way was open for further preparations for a conference between Ulster and Sinn Fein. The next

move was to interview Sir James Craig, who was spending in London his last few days as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.

Colonel J. F. C. Carter, of Scotland Yard, paved the way for a meeting with Craig — a typical, tall, powerful, red-faced Ulsterman, colonel in the late war, and a teetotaler, although he inherited from his father one of the largest whiskey distilleries in Ireland. Ulster, at this time, was feeling the disastrous consequences of the Sinn Fein boycott of her banks and industries. Of all the weapons of the Republican forces nothing was more effective than the refusal of the South to do business with the North. It had the same effect upon Ulster that a boycott of New York by the business interests outside the metropolis would have upon our largest financial and business centre.

I told Sir James the results of my talks with Collins, and the communications with De Valera. Craig agreed at once to a meeting with the Sinn Fein executive, naming his conditions, which I was sure would meet with Mr. De Valera's approval. After informing Mr. Philip Kerr, Lloyd George's chief secretary and Sir Basil Thomson, I left that night for Dublin. In the meantime, the new Viceroy, Viscount Fitz-Alan, and Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Chief Secretary, were informed, and within a few days the leaders of the North and South were in conference.

This meeting was hailed by the British press as the first 'hopeful sign' of the possibilities of peace in Ireland. Even the Conservative, anti-Sinn-Fein *Morning Post* admitted that the interview 'must conduce to the improvement of a very bad business.'

IV

Before arranging the preliminaries for the Craig-De Valera meeting, I had

been in Rome, where I listened to an inspiring discussion of the relation of the Vatican to the Irish rebellion by Archbishop Cerretti, Assistant Secretary of State at the Vatican, one of the most powerful young men in the Church. Although a Protestant by faith, my attitude was that of my colleague who was arrested in Londonderry. I told him of the interviews I had had with Collins, Macready, Sir Basil Thomson, Griffith, and Greenwood.

Of all the Irish ministers, it seemed to me that Collins had a better understanding of Lloyd George than any of the others. He played Mr. George's game of bluff. Each time the Prime Minister denounced him as a 'gunman,' Collins retorted by asserting that Sinn Fein would never compromise, although I knew all the while, from Collins's private remarks and attitude, that if he could obtain for Ireland control of finance, army, and courts, the name of the government would not be a handicap to peace.

Griffith and Collins were not wedded to the name 'republic.' The republic to them was a campaign cry, as it was at the time for Mr. De Valera, because it crystallized in one word the aspirations of the Irish people. What Ireland wanted was independence, in fact not in name, and her leaders knew that if they could get Mr. George to recognize the demand of Ireland for individuality, freedom politically, and equal rights in international affairs, as well as control of domestic affairs, the name would not matter.

Returning from Italy to Ireland I had another interview with Collins, who returned the manuscript with the accompanying note: —

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

First let me say that I am sorry I have delayed you so long with this story — things are not always easily worked, and in the present circumstances delays are inevitable.

Enclosed herewith is the story as I would like it to appear. You will observe that I have made some few slight alterations in the form, and have made a few slight corrections. I would draw your attention to the following:—

Otherwise, I think, everything is clear, except that I would like to draw your attention to one serious error into which you have fallen.

I do not know any Sinn Feiners who think Macready kind and human and meaning to be fair. We believe he is here to do a dirty job for a dirty enemy, and he and his satellites are acting up to their terms of reference with apparent satisfaction. Please incorporate this as my view in any case.

Enclosed also are my answers to the questions you submitted. I would wish to give a little more time to them, but alas, it is not practicable.

If you come to Ireland again, take care you do not have this letter on you when you run into one of the English ambushes. It would ruin you in their eyes, and I fear all your American citizenship would not prevail against their first fury.

With good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

MICHAEL O. COLEAIN.

(Signed in Irish)

Mr. Collins added the last paragraph because, during our talk, I had said that two prominent residents of London had warned me not to go to Ireland because of the danger I might be encountering by interviewing him and then the British authorities. I told him I had no fear of the British or Sinn Fein, but that I wanted his personal assurance that there would be no retaliation from his organization because of my contact with his 'enemies.'

Of course, he gave it, as General Macready did, and I did not experience the slightest danger from either belligerent.

After General Macready had read Collins's letter and interview he sent this message:—

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
IRELAND

PARKGATE, DUBLIN

12th April, 1921.

(Personal)

MY DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

So many thanks for your note of Monday and the enclosure, which is most interesting. I am sorry our friend Michael has such an opinion of me; and as regards the 'satisfaction' in carrying out one's duties, I am afraid that the only satisfaction I can look forward to is that of never seeing his country or any of his compatriots again for the rest of my life!

Yours sincerely,

G. F. N. MACREADY.

Collins's answers to my questions, which were communicated to the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary, were placed before a special Cabinet meeting. This statement by the leader of the Sinn Fein army and Minister of Finance, which was sent to me in London, after De Valera and Collins had approved it, was considered by Scotland Yard as marking the turning-point in Irish-British affairs. For the first time in over a year of confidential conversations, a real leader of the Republic had answered, in writing, questions upon which the British Government could formulate a peace policy.

The paper which was introduced at the Cabinet meeting read:—

LONDON, April 11, 1921.

Mr. Michael Collins, Sinn Fein Minister of Finance, has sent the following replies to written questions submitted to him on March 31, 1921:—

Question 1. The British contend that they cannot and will not grant Ireland a republic outside the British Commonwealth of Nations. You say the terms are a republic only. How are these differences to be adjusted?

Reply from Mr. Collins:—

'England's contention is based upon might, not right. If they abandon might and take their stand on right, there will, I

think, be little difficulty in a friendly solution. It is not conceivable that a *free* Ireland can encroach upon any of the national rights of a free England. All nations are justly entitled to safeguard their rights, and if, on either side, a genuine right is threatened, it will, I am sure, be found easy of adjustment, and any safeguards on one side or the other can undoubtedly be readily arranged.'

Question 2. If a safe-conduct were granted, would you and Mr. De Valera meet Sir James Craig?

Answer by Mr. Collins:—

'I have had an opportunity of consulting the President on this question. He and I are perfectly willing to meet any representative Irishman and discuss with him ways and means of advancing the interests of our nation. For such meeting we need no safe-conduct from any outsider in our own country.'

Question 3. The British military authorities declare that the use of force by the Sinn Fein has failed. You say the policy of England of terror has failed. If it is acknowledged that the British have failed, and the campaign is stopped, will the Sinn Fein cease its campaign?

Answer by Mr. Collins:—

'The Sinn Fein campaign is one entirely of self-defense. Our position is that we are protecting ourselves against the attacks of an enemy. If the English campaign of aggression stops, there will be no longer any need to defend ourselves. In other words, when the English withdraw their armies of occupation, we shall be free.'

Because it had been stated frequently that complete fiscal autonomy might be offered Ireland, I asked Collins whether there would be a basis for settlement if fiscal autonomy, separate Irish courts and police were granted Ireland, or, in other words, complete control of Irish affairs.

He answered:—

'Complete control of Irish affairs involves complete disappearance of English interference. *Complete control of Irish affairs will settle the question.* We have no desire to control or interfere in any way in the affairs of

any other people. On our side, that is all we ask for ourselves. It is a simple and reasonable stand.'

Question 4. Will you agree to a truce?

Reply:—

'The best answer I can give you is to refer you to the meetings of Archbishop Clune with various parties on both sides last December. At that time a formula was practically agreed upon; but the English leaders, thinking they saw in the too hasty frankness of some of our people a weakening in our resistance, with characteristic English craftiness altered their position to one of insisting upon complete surrender. The root of the question is English aggression. The cessation of that aggression will constitute a truce in itself.'

CARL W. ACKERMAN.

The significance of these statements to-day lies in the fact that, when the peace treaty between Ireland and England was finally officially negotiated, the Sinn Fein delegation's platform was based upon Collins's proposition that 'it is not conceivable that a free Ireland can encroach upon any of the national rights of a free England,' and his further declaration that 'complete control of Irish affairs will settle the question,' as well as upon Griffith's statement to me in the summer of 1920, that peace would never be made unless the Irish and British plenipotentiaries sat around the same table *as equals*.

V

But Mr. Lloyd George, in April and May, was not convinced that the time had come to make peace. At the same time that he had the Collins statement before him, he had an interview with General Macready, which I was anxious to publish. Sir Hamar Greenwood had objected to publication. The account of what transpired is best told in the words of the Chief Officer in Command of the British Forces in Ireland.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
IRELANDPARKGATE, DUBLIN
9th April, 1921.*(Private and Confidential)*

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN: —

This is a very private letter, for your information only, in reply to yours of the 8th.

I can quite understand from your point of view your disappointment in not being able to make use of the talk we had, but I am also sure you clearly understand my position in the matter. When I consulted the Chief Secretary [Sir Hamar Greenwood], one of the arguments which passed between us was that very possibly the Prime Minister might think it advisable to give you an interview. I am sure there is no person who would endeavor to do what was right in the matter better than Philip Kerr; and when this coal-strike trouble is over, and should you be seeing Mr. Kerr again, I have no objection to your showing him, or for the matter of that, the Prime Minister, the account you drew up of our talk, on the clear understanding that you inform them that, after consulting the Chief Secretary, I had told you that I was unable to authorize publication.

I have an idea that the Chief Secretary is keeping the interview for the purpose of showing it and your article on Michael Collins to the Prime Minister when he goes over.

I have written this in confidence to you, so that you may know exactly how the situation stands.

Yours very truly,
G. F. N. MACREADY.

For several days the Cabinet debated the possibilities of a conference with Sinn Fein. Two policies were considered — one, that the British publicly proffer a truce and invite the Irish Cabinet to a meeting, and the second, that the military campaign be intensified. The Premier, backed by the Unionists, still believed that Sinn Fein could be divided, and he refused to contemplate any conference which would admit Griffith and Collins.

On April 18, 1921, Mr. Lloyd George announced the Cabinet's decision in a letter to the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford, who, in an appeal signed by nine Anglican bishops and eleven leaders of the chief Nonconformist churches, had condemned the military measures in Ireland. In this paper he declared that, so long as the leaders of Sinn Fein held out for an Irish republic, 'and receive the support of their countrymen, a settlement is, in my judgement, impossible.' The Premier referred to the conversations I had had with Collins, but insisted upon disregarding Collins's answers to the questionnaire.

The first attack in the renewed warfare upon the Republic was contained in the interview which General Macready had given me. Although it was held up, first, by Sir Hamar Greenwood and secondly, by the Prime Minister himself, it was at last released by Lloyd George, with the statement that what Macready said expressed the opinions of the Government. As this was the first and only interview which the general gave, it caused a stir in Dublin and London. Every leading British weekly reviewed it, the official daily of Sinn Fein answered it, and for several weeks it remained the keynote of the British policy. The view of the *Spectator* is quoted as typical of the public reception in England.

General Macready, in a remarkable interview with the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, — reproduced in Tuesday's *Morning Post*, — described clearly the foul methods of the Sinn Fein rebels. 'What they do is this: surrounded by a group of men, women, and children, they fire at Crown forces or throw bombs. If they use revolvers, they pass them to the women who work with them. When we search the men, we find they are unarmed, and it is very difficult, very difficult, indeed, to search women; and although we know that they are as active as the men, we have done nothing to them.' General Macready

went on to express his astonishment at the calmness of the troops and police, who are menaced daily in the streets of Dublin by these treacherous enemies. General Macready said that, despite their base tactics, Sinn Feiners, when taken, always had a fair trial; whereas they themselves gave short shrift to their victims. He told the correspondent that 'there is no such thing as a Black-and-Tan to-day.' The British recruits reinforcing the Royal Irish Constabulary had been amalgamated with that body. General Macready stated also that there was no starvation in Ireland, although people in districts where the rebels had damaged the roads and railways necessarily ran short of their usual supplies.

We are very glad to read General Macready's plain and graphic account of the real situation in Ireland. We may call attention also to the vivid narrative in this month's *Blackwood* by the wife of one of the officers who were attacked by assassins in Dublin on November 21 last. We cannot help wondering why the Government do not make such facts widely known. The Sinn Fein propaganda, lavishly subsidized from abroad, is very active in spreading falsehoods; whereas the Irish office issues very little news. It ought not to be left to an enterprising American journalist to extract a statement of the case from General Macready.

Cardinal Logue, speaking in a Tyrone church last week, said that he 'knew for a fact that if the people of Ireland abandoned crime, they could obtain everything that was necessary for the country. An Irish Republic,' he added, 'they would never obtain so long as England had a man to fight with. If they got a full measure of self-government, with control of the taxation, that would give them all they asked for.' Cardinal Logue, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, spoke wisely and, we are sure, sincerely. But his Church has, we fear, allowed the Sinn Fein murder-gangs to acquire too firm a hold. Mr. De Valera on Tuesday issued a manifesto to the Irish electors, informing them that a vote for Sinn Fein will be a vote for 'nothing less than the legitimacy of a republic for Ireland against England.' Mr. De Valera thus repudiated Cardinal Logue's well-meant advice.

This was May seventh. In the meantime, the Earl of Derby, the most powerful Unionist in England, had been to Ireland. When I talked with him about the attitude of the Catholic leaders, he remarked that a banner, carried in a New York Irish parade, told the 'whole story.' I give it in answer to the Americans who believe that the 'Irish question' is a religious one: 'We take our religion, but not our politics, from Rome.'

Later the *Irish Bulletin* printed the following 'on good authority':—

In the course of a visit recently paid by Lord Derby to Cardinal Logue, a conversation took place in which the following passage occurred:

Lord Derby: 'No doubt your Eminence is extremely gratified at the appointment of a Catholic Lord Lieutenant?' [Viscount FitzAlan]

Cardinal Logue (after a little reflection): 'As much gratified, Lord Derby, as I would be at the appointment of a Catholic hangman.'

Thus the foundation for the Irish education of Mr. Lloyd George was laid. In this paper I have quoted extensively from certain documents to prepare for the interviews in May and June of last year which led to the peace conference. Throughout those critical months, I made repeated journeys between Dublin and London, carrying messages and ideas back and forth between Downing Street and the Irish headquarters. I interviewed Griffith in jail; Collins 'on the run'; Fitzgerald in solitary confinement; dined with Macready; carried Sir Hamar Greenwood's message to Collins, that the British would grant an amnesty during the peace conference; and arranged the interview between the Prime Minister and former Governor Glynn, of New York, which marked the climax of the Irish negotiations. The details and the difficulties of these dramatic events will be narrated in the *Atlantic* next month.

AN ADVENTURE IN PROPHECY

BY JAMES STEPHENS

PROPHECY, after all, is merely the logical continuance of the known into the unknown; and, on the data we have, it should be quite easy to prophesy for at least fifty years ahead.

It is also an admirable exercise to try to peer into the future; and, as the prophet need not prove that he is right, and as no one else can prove that he is wrong, it is a safe trade for any person to enter headlong.

The unknown is inconceivable. We may, therefore, hold that there is no such thing, and that all history and progress is merely a getting and begetting of the thing we already have. It is the game that supplies the interest: otherwise, cricketers would long ago have wearied of stealing runs, boxers of acquiring knock-outs, and baseball players of being shrieked at by enthusiastic and unknown females; for these results have all been obtained innumerable by their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers. So the games of war, literature, and music are perpetually being played, with nations as teams, and the honors to be acquired have been got as immemorably and diversely as in the other games mentioned.

Mental energy usually follows on the heels of physical energy, and the country that is playing the hardest is the country that is getting ready to think the hardest. It is a mistake to suppose that play is the reward of work: it is merely its preliminary, and the country that cannot get its games going will not get much else going, either.

When Russia invented the ballet and

America the tango, they were both preparing for something more than dancing. The ballet is danced with the other leg of Tolstoy; the tango is danced with the other leg of Whitman; and the modern world has no better men to show, and, apparently, no better dancing.

The country that does not export something ridiculous may be alive, but it is not kicking. It is past its playtime, and is either well into middle age and its physical reluctances, or well on its way to old age and a long sleep. These conditions of middle age and old age are the conditions apparent in the Europe of to-day. She requires a long rest, and is making up her mind to have it and to watch younger competitors undertake the business she once was supreme in.

All activities are protean, and mental activity is not less so than any of the other forces of nature; for, although force may be always the same, the form in which it is momentarily defined seems as out of our control as the elements are; which is but to say that, although we may understand ourselves very well, we are rather at a loss when coping with, or accounting for, our environment, that is, our collectivity; for man's environment is simply other men, and objective nature has been largely put out of the game.

At one time man decides that he can express himself more satisfactorily, that is, more easily, in action, and he initiates schemes of work or invention or war, satisfying thus some obscure desire of being. At another, we all conceive that we are actually interested in

thought; then the chatter of the salon revives and the feminine gender gets its chance again.

Just as men have always been interested in discovering the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, so they have been interested in the periodicity of things, and have speculated as gravely, and perhaps as ludicrously, about the one as about the other. So there have been people who ascribed occult significances to certain numbers and their multiples, and who have tried to discover if there may not be, underlying the measures of time, general laws and particular applications of them, which could equally interest the social philosopher and the man of science.

It is a sane postulate that law underlies all phenomena, and that the sequence of the seasons, or of birth, growth, maturity, and decay, can be applied to any other matter we are interested in. The organizations of a man and a nation are different only in terms of duration. A man lives quicker and dies quicker than a nation does; but the facts of childhood, maturity, and age are as evident in the one case as in the other.

Climatic evolution is similarly periodic, ticking in terms of thirty years from good weather to bad, with the exactitude of a grandfather's clock. Trade booms and depressions follow the like sequences, and in the matter of art, the same growths, maturities, decays, and reëmergings are to be traced. Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptologist, has indicated some of these recurring phases in books that are well worthy of being read again by those who may have forgotten them. And the peripatetics of art can be as easily followed as the passages of dynasties are.

The nation whose period of activity has arrived has usually two strings to its bow. Thus, Germany had metaphysics and music to play with; England, literature and mechanics; France,

psychology and war, and so forth. For nearly all of these nations the period of work in the form specified has passed, and a new phase of life is beginning for them. We need not look any more to England for literature, to France for psychology (which is largely criticism), or to Germany for music. But if we can discover the conditions in other countries which are analogous to those of the England, France, and Germany of long ago, we may hazard a guess as to whence the world's supply of art, and so forth, is to come.

Historic England may be considered roughly as the period from fifty years before the birth of Chaucer to the death of Shelley. Before that period, all was tentative; during it, all was achievement; after it, all was inertia. And today that splendid initiative has run its course. The like appears to be true of Germany and France, except that France seems to have gone further on the road to dissolution than her companion nations have.

But these arts are the business of young peoples, and England, France, and Germany are no longer young. Leaving (and it is temerarious to do so) the East out of the question, I would suggest that the young nations of the world now are America, Italy, and Russia; and that it is by the energies of these three countries that the world will be moved, until their work also is done.

It takes time, however, to attain to, or to recognize and organize, a national inheritance, and much water will flow before any change is apparent in existing conditions, except the change that was already evident before the war. That change consisted in the fact that the countries named had ceased to produce the qualities for which they were famous, and that these qualities were appearing elsewhere, if only in the germ.

Music and metaphysics had shifted from Germany to Russia. Literature

and mechanics are shifting from England to America, and actual social and critical intelligence has, I think, deserted France for Italy.

The countries named seem to have more vitality, curiosity, invention than any others; but for English-speaking people, the new world-activity is more readily discernible than for the others, and especially so in literature.

It is safe to predict a great literary renaissance in America. All the raw material, all the fresh interest and driving energy are there, and her one necessity now is to forget English literature, from Dickens to Wells, and to let her own wells bubble like the dickens. Indeed she had started doing that some years back; and, like the beginning of anything, the first result is unpleasant and incoherent. But the old standards are not quite as satisfying as they once were: the powerful hands of Messrs. Kipling and Anthony Hope are beginning to relax what had seemed like an eternal grip, and American brains are growing self-conscious and self-sufficing.

Saving everybody's presence, I think the American story is the saddest invention of modern times; and it seems less to have been produced by a man's head than by a donkey's hoof. But the energy wasted on these tales cannot be paralleled in Europe; and within the last few years certain American writers have appeared, who are actually trying to write, and who understand that writing is a beautiful and very difficult art, demanding all of thought and sweat that a full-grown man has. America has attained national equilibrium, and her writers may be with us in less than a generation.

If one may speak of nations in the terms of master and pupil, it is reasonable to say that England has been the master of America, Germany the master of Russia, and France the master of Italy; and an interchange not only of

gifts but of national characteristics has taken place between these various countries. Therefore, the person who wishes to be wise before the event should look to these pupil nations for the arts and magnificences which their tutors have grown out of.

It may seem odd, in a world packed with small and healthy nationalities, that these lighter tribes should be disregarded in this hasty summary. But they are left out, of malice aforethought. With the exception of Ireland, the small nations of the world are elderly little people. They have lived now for several centuries in a tranquillity that is near neighbor to stagnation; and if they had anything in their sacks worth giving to the world, they would have traded it long ago, or advertised somehow that they had it. None but an enraged optimist would look to Scandinavia or the Low Countries, to Switzerland, Hungary, or Spain, for any more artistic exports than emigrants, antique furniture, and cuckoo clocks. These countries are contemporaneous in history with their greater neighbors, and really fall within their orbit of influence and fortune.

With Ireland the case is different, for she is young again. She was not a partaker in her neighbors' affluence or culture, and she plays—that is, she has quite recently taken to dancing and hurling; and as the Irish dances are the most strenuous form of gayety known to the world, so hurling is the most strenuous and deadly fashion of sport that the mind of man has invented. She will hop or hurl into self-expression, though the devil himself stood in the way.

Ireland is now the world-baby, and should be very benevolently regarded by her lustier brothers of the future. Therefore, in writing this prophetic article, I place her under the protection of America, Italy, and Russia, and I wish them all Godspeed and good hunting.

POEMS

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

I. A MASQUE OF LOVED LADIES

WHEN the boat touches on the other side
And I step out in those fair meads and wide,
I think I shall not care
To stoop and smell
One hyacinth, nor pluck one immortelle
Till I have found three ladies there
Who died —
Oh, long ago, but whom I know quite well
Because of what their lovers had to tell.

And one will be by spirits bright attended,
And I shall know her by her robe of green
And by the scarlet vest that shows between
Its parted folds; and were those colors blended
From clinging memories of the gown she wore,
Walking that day
Along the Arno's shore,
When all his ardent soul was caught away
By the *Antico Amor*?

And one I'll find by 'waters clear and fresh
And sweet,' and still the mesh
Of her blonde hair
Will snare
The pearly bloom that falls upon its gold.
'Humbly she used to sit amid such glory';
Ah, *dopo i perduti giorni*, where
Is he who told
Her beauty's story?
Finding the rest he prayed for at her feet,
By waters clear and fresh and sweet?

And then the last one — shall I know her, too,
 The 'wayward girl' who used to pass
 Outside the prison of that window-glass
 And wave her kisses through?
 'Graceful and silly, beautiful and strange' —
 Alas, she could not change!
 Always we see her as she went and came
 By Hampstead Heath, and wore her 'duffel gray,'
 While the wild singing flame
 That burned in that young heart across the way,
 Burned out at last and left her girlish name
 With his to face the years,
 Writ in the water of our many tears!

II. THE SUPPLIANT

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ, ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν!

I did not hear the footstep stealing softly through the door,
 I did not see the shadow falling darkly on the floor,
 I did not heed his coming nor know when he had passed,
 Nor dream that he could take you when I held your hand so fast.

Are you happy in the meadows where his tall, pale flowers grow?
 Do you never miss the roses that you loved here long ago?
 How they bloom and how they wither while you never come again,
 In the garden where the morning still must look for you in vain!

But the night knows how to find you; in her mansions cool and deep
 She has spells that lure and bind you, she has dreams that clasp and keep;
 And I kneel before the portal where her marble moons are hung,
 And I snatch the gift immortal to my mortal yearning flung.

WHOM THE LAND LOVES

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

It is a terrible thing to fight the soil.

The Puritan forefarmers lived in perpetual conflict with Nature. They 'wrested a living from the soil.' They were never reconciled to being farmers. Each farmhouse had its shelf of books — and they were not about agriculture. Every family tried to put one son into the ministry. The daughters had a term at the nearest female academy, where they lived chiefly on apple pies from home, and studied Latin grammar.

The New England farmers took and took and took from the land, and they hated the land they looted. The land held back more each year. The struggle grew fierce. Abandoned farms all over the country are the result. The humans fled from the conflict. The soil had — nervous prostration!

In all the talk about the repopulation of eastern farmlands by European peasants no one has considered how the soil itself feels about the matter.

The land likes the change.

I have been watching the gradual revival of a Connecticut countryside, settled when chimneys were built of stone, and long considered worn out. This land has gradually come back into bearing under the new peasant ownership, although the newcomers know nothing of scientific, intensive farming, and use no costly fertilizer.

Why is it? I have my theory. The land is at peace with the men who tend it. It can put its mind on its work. The poor, tired, disconsolate fields are dug and seeded and combed and sheared by

friendly men and women, and the soil is gradually recovering its health.

Ondia Ocif lives at the top of the low green slope that stretches gently upward beside our house. He is a Slav, slow in motion, well on the way to being stoop-shouldered, and looking older than he is. A lump of something not gum bulges one cheek. He started as hired man to a New Englander in this same neighborhood — and now he owns four farms.

One of these farms is a half mile from us, down the road we go for berries. It includes a wonderful old orchard, where we sometimes find enormous white puff balls. Ondia's black-and-white Holstein cattle keep the green grass like a lawn. The ancient twisted trees are pink and white domes in spring, and in the autumn they are heavy with mellow apples. In the winter, their lavender limbs are silhouetted fine as seaweed against the snow-field. The land slopes in low hills, and each shoulder is topped by a stone wall so high as to be notable even in Connecticut, and so skillfully laid that hardly a stone has fallen. The walls were built, I am told, for grapevines.

This must once have been a home to dream of — a squat gray house, embowered in turn in pink and white, in summer green, and in autumn reds and yellows and purples. The house burned down, the grapevines died, and the stone-wall builder went to the poor-house. After a time Ondia Ocif bought the place for thirty-five dollars.

The newcomers can buy up land cheap like this, because they are on the spot, can work the land, and have cash

in hand thriftily hoarded against the chance. The children of the pioneers, if they have not left the neighborhood, cannot manage any more of the stubborn land and have not the money with which to buy it.

Three nephews and a niece of Ondia Ocif own farms within easy riding-distance. One nephew, Andrew Gerig, is reported to have a mile and a half along the Housatonic River. We go there to fish, and it is a heavenly spot. Gerig bought one farm, and later added the Merwin place, which was considered a large farm in the old days. I can't give the number of acres, but it took Billy Ryan four days to go along the stone walls each fall, putting back the occasional rocks that had fallen. Billy Ryan used to come across the mountain every year to do the job for Mrs. Merwin. Now both are dead, and the Slavic man, with his seven sons, makes the rounds.

Mrs. Merwin got to be a very old lady before she died, and lost all interest in the farming. The roofs of two of her four houses fell in, her cows were dry, and her horses spent idle years in their pasture. Gerig got the great Merwin home, with its huge chimneys and tiny-paned windows, in time to save it. He lives a mile away, in a more comfortable house, but he is quite as enthusiastic over the vacant old house as are the artists who sometimes try to buy it of him. He will not sell. He keeps the roof whole and the windows in, and dreams of living there himself some day.

The Piscura connection is the other neighborhood clan. Fourteen Slavic nationalities are connected by blood or marriage in this family. I have learned a few of the difficult names, by letting the children write on my typewriter when they come to see me; and I hope to master them all before immigration is again unrestricted, and more relatives come from Europe to buy farms.

The Piscuras have many children.

The schoolhouse was so inadequate last year that the little Slavs had to be put on half-time. It was enlarged to double its size this fall. As I sit at the head of our road in the morning, waiting for the postman, these young students pass me in giggling, side-glancing groups, and I wonder idly which of them put the dead cat in our well. Dead, at any rate, by the time we got her out. Oh, very dead indeed.

It seems a little strange to me that we, descendants of the original immigrants, are so much less at ease in the country than are these later comers. We are too conscious of our separation from the soil, even in our enjoyment of earthy sights and smells, truly to belong. I think the dusty roads must love to feel the bare footfalls of these scurrying children's feet. These little blond-headed things, in blue overalls or pink gingham dresses, slip into the picture as do the squirrels and the wrens.

The two clans are in a state of mild continuous feud, which breaks out in warning off from right of ways and posting trout-brooks. Family life in individual households is raucous and sometimes unkind. This is no more to the soil than is the eternal enmity of corn and weeds, and hawks and chickens. The quarrels surge over the bosom of the earth, but are not directed at her. Plants, birds, varmints, and humans are all at peace with the soil that gives them their living. Only those animals who, in the pride of intellectual understanding, try to separate themselves from the soil by whose grace they live—only those arouse her enmity.

When the rain stopped just before sunset, one autumn afternoon, we started down our road to gather bittersweet. We walked between walls of yellow and crimson and bronze leaves. At a break in the foliage, I looked across the swamp, where the wild ducks were calling, up to the pasture, where Ondia Ocif's cows

were slowly eating their homeward way. The young Russian farm-hand, who speaks no English, had let down the bars for them. He stood in the centre of the green slopes, his blue denim suit vivid in the slanting lemon sunbeams. His hands were folded in front of him, and he was chanting a long loud song, as the cows fed slowly toward him. There was the red cow, the all-white cow, and the black heifer, the heifer that had just had a calf by a young bull she had grown up with, and the Holsteins, with udders hanging down as big as rooms, all feeding placidly with heads toward the singer.

'He is singing to the cows!' I gasped. 'Is he crazy, or is it the new cider?'

'It is not unusual in Europe,' my husband assured me. 'I've heard men chant like this in Serbia, out on the hill-sides among the cows.'

Our happy land is giving better crops to men who sing the cows to the barn, than it gave the forefarmers, who argued foreordination and predestination. The pastures are green late in the summer, the corn-stacks high, the cows come into the barn with their calves, mortgages are paid off, and milk travels in motor-trucks.

Across the mountain from our home, the Italians have come in, and with them have come color and music and heaps of brown-eyed babies. Trim lawns, shiny paint, and orderly houses have disappeared. New England farm-folks were always trying to get into their houses away from the hot sun, the drizzling rain, or sharp winds. The old houses have no verandahs; only occasionally a small Georgian porch. The Italians live all over the landscape.

One family I watch with the greatest interest. Their house formerly belonged to a New England woman who was a wonderful cook. She made pumpkin pie, with whipped cream on the top, that was worth a half day's journey to

taste. She lived indoors, among white paint, green chenille portières and hand-painted plaques, and she was a very unhappy woman.

The Italian family have already ruined her beautiful lawn. They built a table of sawhorses and planks under the great maple trees right in front of the house. They eat there, and all their social life goes on there, in full view of the road. Between meals the mother, in faded cotton dress and apron, lies on the grass as if it were a bed, with her two youngest babies rolling about her. The whole family act as if they had reached home after a tedious journey.

The men have started in clearing the fields all over again, and piling up the walls; for in a hundred years new layers of stones have worked to the surface. But they don't take the heavy toil as resentfully as the forefarmers did. My great-uncle Jotham, who went to California in forty-nine, and learned there that land could be turned into real estate instead of corn lots, used to tell his children that the reason his fingers were short was because he wore off the ends building stone walls. After fifty years he still hated the memory.

The Italians take farming more easily. One Sunday morning the neighborhood was awakened by music. An Italian farmer, looking like a brigand with his fierce black hair and red sash, was sitting in a chair in front of his house, playing an accordion. One of my great uncles had three organs in his parlor for church music; but I can't imagine him — or any other real New Englander — playing on the lawn while waiting for breakfast. I think that that Italian farm will prosper.

These slow-moving, hard-working folk, who worry so little about their souls, make good farmers. They do not fight the land; they live with it and tend it. Under their patient nursing, the soil is gradually recovering its health.

HAIRY MARY

BY A. H. SINGLETON

It had rained heavily and persistently all the week. The earth exhaled a moisture which penetrated through the newly built walls of the cottages, and made even a good fire unavailing to keep out the damp atmosphere.

Herself had been laid up by a more than usually severe attack of asthmatic bronchitis, and lay for days propped up by pillows and attended by her husband and Rosie, who kept doors and windows carefully closed and would not allow a breath of outside air to penetrate into the room in which she was. 'The Mistress' had called to see her, and had advised opening a window or, at least, the 'street door,' by way of compromise; but the suggestion was received with horror.

However, in spite of her illness she would not hear of postponing the Cailey. 'The childher' had been promised the treat of hearing 'owld Mickey's grand story,' and it would be a 'crool shame intirely' to disappoint them, 'the craythurs'! 'And maybe,' she said more cheerfully, 'Mickey's story would be apt to take me out av mesilf.'

There was no gainsaying this, and accordingly she was put into a chair as close as possible to a huge fire, a warm woolen shawl was wrapped tightly over her chest, and even round her head.

'An' where's Mrs. Casey?' Smith asked, as Pat Holohan, his wife, and the hopeful Patsey appeared.

'She cot a bit av a cowl'd, an' has a smotherin' on her chest,' Mrs. Holohan explained. 'So she stayed at home to mind the young wans. Sure an' it's a

terr'ble wet night intirely; an' only that Patsey was so set on comin', we'd ha' stayed at home, too.'

'There's an owld sayin',' remarked Smith in his slow, deliberate voice: "The more the merrier, the fewer the bettther the cheer." Have ye the kettle filled, Rosie? It might be bilin' while Mickey is tellin' his story. Fire away Mickey; ye'll get no interruptin' this night, anyhow.'

But Mickey was not as pleased as might have been expected. Mrs. Casey's interruptions served to give point to his eloquence, as well as an opportunity of showing his powers of repartee. He looked sadly, at his diminished audience, and began without his accustomed *verve*.

He began, as usual, with 'Wancest upon a time, — an' a very long time ago it is, too, — there was a widdier woman, she was a born lady, but her husband lost all his money; an' when he died, she had to go wid her daughters to a backward sort av a place where livin' would be chape. She had three daughters. The two eldest av thim was rale beauties. The eldest wan had hair as black as the wing av a crow, an' it curlin' over her shoulders. She were tall an' had a gran' appearance. The second eldest wan was n't as tall as her sisther, but there were many as thought she were even handsomer; she had a skin like crame an' roses, an' her hair was like a ripe wheat field, an' the eyes av her was as blue as the sky on a summer marnin'. She was a rale beauty! The two av thim was the

beauties av the wurld. But if they was beauties, was n't the youngest av them the ugliest iver ye seen? She was as brown as —' here he hesitated for a simile — 'as bog-wather, only ye could n't see much of it be raison that her face were all covered wid reddish hair; the only thing good about her was her eyes: they was as bright as the sun on a May marnin', an' they had such a nice, kind look in them that you'd forget how ugly she was wance ye got talkin' to her. She was always civil an' friendly to ivery wan, an' ready to do a good turn to no matther who wanted wan.'

'Like Rosie here,' said Mrs. Smith gently, putting her hand on the girl's shoulder; and Rosie, who was sitting at her feet, looked lovingly up at the worn, sickly looking old face.

'Begad an' you're right,' agreed Mickey; 'only Hairy Mary, as they called her be raison av the hair on her face, were terr'ble ugly, an' Rosie is n't *that*. No matther if Molly were ugly, she were rale good, an' the two beautiful sisthers was as proud an' disagreeable as she was good an' kind.'

'I thought in stories it was always the pretty wans that were good, an' the ugly wans bad,' said Patsey reflectively.

'Well, it was n't so this time,' said Mickey angrily. 'If you wants to tell the story get into the chair an' tell it yersilf. Sure you're as bad as your owld gran, wid yer foolish chat.'

Patsey was crushed. The indignity of being compared with his 'owld gran' was too much for him. Mickey continued triumphantly:—

'An' where was I at all? Sure ye put iverything out av me head wid yer gab.'

'You were sayin' that the two beautiful sisters were proud and disagreeable,' said Rosie timidly.

'Ay, that's it. They was proud an' disagreeable, an' they had no sinse at all; but me poor Hairy Mary had sinse enough for the lot av thim; so, when

the two sisthers said they was tired av livin' at home wid no wan only the mother, an' that they'd go out into the wide wurld to see could they get married, as no dacent boys seemed to be comin' that way, Mary said she'd go too, for fear would they get into thrubble wid their foolishness. The sisthers did n't want her, bekase they thought she'd shame thim wid her ugliness; but they had not got to th' ind av the bohween that led to the road when Mary says to the mother: "Give me the cake ye have on the griddle wid yer blessin', an' I'll be aff afther thim, for fear they'd do somethin' stupid an us." So whin the sisthers turned on to the road, was n't Hairy Mary at their heels?

"Go home wid ye," ses they. "Sure it's disgracin' us you'd be if we let you come wid us."

'But Mary would n't go home for thim; so they tied her to a big stone that was on the side av the road, an' on they wint, thinkin' they'd got rid av her intirely. But they had n't gone a mile, when was n't she beside thim again? They was rale mad, an' when they come to a bog, did n't they make her lie down, an haped a lot of turf sods over her? "She's done for now," ses they. But they had n't gone far before she was afther thim agin.'

'The next time they tied her to a tree, an' the knot they put on the rope had some sort av a charrum on it. But sorra the knot nor charrum could howld Hairy Mary, an' before they'd got another mile, was n't she up wid thim agin? So they had to give up, an' said they'd let her walk behind thim, if she'd not let on that she was their sisther, only a sarvint girrl they'd brought to attind on thim. Well, Mary agreed to this; all she wanted was to see that the foolish girrls did n't get into thrubble.

'Well, they walked on till they was clane bet out; an' at last they comes to

a house an' axes for a night's lodgin'. It was a giant wid his wife an' three daughters as lived in th' house, an' they said they might come in for the night, but they must lave agin in the mornin'.

'Hairy Mary did n't like the looks av thim at all. The lot av thim had long, sharp teeth, an' their nails was like the claws av a big bird. There was three beds in the room behind the kitchen; the giant an' his wife slep' in wan bed, an' the three daughters in the next biggest bed, an' th' other bed was close beside it, an' Hairy Mary an' her sisthers was put into it.

'Well, Hairy Mary misdoubted but that there were some mischief schamed; so she waited till they was all asleep, an' then she tuk the hair necklaces that was on the necks av hersilf an' the sisthers, an' put thim on the necks av the giant's three daughters; an' she tuk the gran' necklaces that was all gould an' jools aff av the necks av the giant's daughters, an' put them on hersilf an' her sisthers; an' then she lay down beside thim, an' waited till she'd see what 'ud happen.

'Well, the giant an' his wife were sittin' beside the kitchen fire, an' ses he: "Won't thim three girrls make the gran' pie for our dinner to-morrer?"

"Aye, will they," ses she; "but I'll have a job to singe the hairy wan." An' wid that they both laughed as if it were a fine joke.

"But how 'll I tell the differ in the dark?" ses the giant.

"Just feel the necks av thim. The strange girrls has only hair necklaces on thim, an' our wans have illigant gould necklaces on thim. It's aisy tellin' the differ," ses she.

'Well, when he thought all was asleep, the giant takes a sharp knife in his han', an' crep' softly to the bed wid Hairy Mary an' the sisthers in it. She felt the giant's big hands on her neck, but she lay as still as anythin', purtendin' she

was asleep; an' whin he felt the gould necklace an' her, ses he to himsilf, "Begad, an' was n't I near makin' a quare mistake. I might ha' been afther killin' me own beautiful girrls instead av these strangers. So he goes to the next bed an' cuts the throats av the three in it, an' not a screech out av thim.

'Hairy Mary did n't get much sleep that night; an' as soon as she sees the first light of day, she wakes the sisthers very careful. "Get up," ses she, "an' don't let a sound out av yees; we must be aff out av this at wance."

'So up they gets, an' stales out av the door; an' as soon as the yard-gate was open, out they goes. They had n't gone far when they heerd the giant roaring afther thim to stop. The two sisthers begins to shout an' screech, but me brave Mary catches thim be th' arms. "Ah! Can't yees stop that noise?" ses she. "We'll want all the breath in our bod-ies to get away from the giant! Run for your lives!" ses she.

'An' bedad they run as they niver run before in all their born days, till they come to a river that was between the giant's land, an' the King av Spain's lan's; an' if Hairy Mary did n't make a buck lep over it, wid the two sisthers houldin' an' to her, an' all three av thim landed on th' other side safe from the giant, bekase he did n't dare set fut on the King av Spain's land. He sat down on the bank an' looks at Hairy Mary an' the two sisthers on the bank fore-ninst him.

"You 're there, are yees?" ses he.

"Aye are we, an' no thanks to ye," ses she.

"Ye're afther killin' me three beautiful girrls an' me," ses he.

"You're afther thryin' to kill me-silf an' me two sisthers," ses she.

"Wait till I catch ye," ses he.

"Wait till ye do," ses she. An' wid that she turns roun', an' the three of

thim walks up the hill quite cool till they comes to the King av Spain's castle. An' when the people in it seen the beautiful sisthers, an' the gran' necklaces on the three av thim, they was brought in an' got great entertainment from the whole coort.

'The King av Spain had three sons, an' did n't th' eldest av them fall in love wid th' eldest sisther? an' th' second eldest fell in love wid th' second eldest sisther, the fair-haired wan; but th' youngest av the princes was the best av the lot, an' me poor Hairy Mary fell in love wid *him*; but he would n't look the same side av the room wid her.

'Well, they had great feastin', an' the next mornin' ses the King av Spain to Hairy Mary: "The other two is rale beauties, but you're the cliver wan. If ye can bring me the talkin' quilt aff the giant's bed, I'll give me consint to my eldest prince marryin' your eldest sisther," ses he.

"I'll thry me best," ses she. "But the giant an' his wife is terr'ble light sleepers, an' what 'll I do if I get cot?" ses she.

"The divvle would n't catch *you*, Molly," ses the King av Spain. "Aftther the cliver way you got safe out av the giant's house. There's many a wan met his death in it."

"Maybe I'll meet my death in it, too," ses me poor Hairy Mary; "but I'll have a thry at it annyhow."

'Well, whin the giant an' his wife was fast asleep in bed, an' th' talkin' quilt over thim, did n't the quilt feel some wan pullin' soft at it? "Who are ye at all?" ses the quilt. "Aisy now," ses Hairy Mary, "sure it's only mesilf," — "Masther! Masther! wake up," ses the quilt; "there's somebody takin' me away!"

"An' who's takin' ye away?" ses the giant. "It's only mesilf," roars the quilt. "Then let only mesilf quit wid

his nonsense, an' not be annoyin' us," ses the giant; "bekase I want to go to sleep." An the next minit he was snorin' fit to raise the roof off the house.

'Whin Hairy Mary heerd the snores av him she takes another good pull at the quilt an' pulls it clane aff the bed, an' away wid her an' the quilt over her shouldhers. "Masther! Masther! Only mesilf is carryin' me off," ses the quilt, but the giant tuk no notice.

'Aftther a bit the giant's wife began to feel cowl'd, so she wakes him, an' ses somebody made away wid th' quilt; or maybe it was bewitched and walked away wid itsilf.

'So the giant gets up an goes out to th' yard, an' whin he seen the gate open, — for Mary was in such a hurry she did n't wait to put the lock on it, — "Holy Moses!" ses he, "if that villin av a Hairy Mary has n't walked off wid me illigant quilt! There's no other wan wud be cliver enough to do it."

'Wid that he puts on his boots, an' away wid him aftther her; but Mary got a good start, an' was over the river before he could catch her. "Have ye got me talkin' quilt?" ses he, shoutin' across the strame.

"I have," ses she. "I tuk it to get me eldest sisther married."

"An' when will ye come agin?" ses the giant.

"The next time I wants annything," ses she makin' aff to give the quilt to the King. An' it was coverin' his bed that night, an' himself an' the queen had great divarshion out av it.

'Well, the eldest sisther got married, an' there was great doin's intirely; but me poor Hairy Mary was out av it all, be raison that she was so ugly the two sisthers thought she'd have thim shamed; so she spint the day talkin' to a poor thravelin' woman that come from her part av the counthry an' brought her news av her mother an' the neighbors at home.

'The next mornin' the King ses to Hairy Mary: "If ye'll bring me the swoord av light that hangs beside the giant's bed, I'll give me consint," ses he, "to me second eldest son gettin' married to your second eldest sither, the wan wid the light hair."

"That's a hard job ye're givin' me," ses she, "but I can only do me best. I'll have a thry at it annyhow." An' wid that, out she goes to the thravelin' woman who had a lodgin' near the castle, to consult wid her what she could do.

'Well, the next night, when the giant's wife was boilin' the stir-about for the giant's supper, was n't me brave Hairy Mary sittin' above on the roof an' pourin' salt down the chimbley into the pot?

"Ye put too much salt into the stir-about," ses the giant; "it's that salt I can't ait it at all." "Ah, what's thrubblin' ye?" ses the wife. "I just put in the same as usual, nayther more nor less. You're gettin' terr'ble particular these times," ses she. "Ait it up, man, an' quit yer nonsinse."

'Well, the giant had to ait it up an' say no more; but that night he could n't get a wink av sleep be raison av the drought that was on him. An' ses he to the wife, "Get up an' fetch me a drink av wather, for I'm destroyed intirely wid the thirst that's on me."

'Well, she sarched the whole house, an' sorra the drop of wather she could get, bekase Hairy Mary had crep' in when they was sleepin' an' emptied out ivery can of wather she could find. "Well," ses he, "ye must wake up the sarvint boy an' sind him wid a can to the well till he fetches me a drink."

'So the boy tuk the can to go to th' well, but Mary was standin' behint the door wid a handful av sand in her hands, an' she dashes the sand in his eyes till he was near blinded wid it. "O Masther!" ses he, runnin' back into

th' room, "it's that dark I can't see me way to the well!" — "Ye grate oma-dhaun!" ses the giant in a rage, "take the swoord av light, an' it'll show ye the way to the well."

'So the boy tuk the swoord, an' he puts it down beside him when he wint to draw the wather; an' did n't Hairy Mary pick it up, an she waves it over his head till he was near blinded wid th' light av it. "Go home wid ye," ses she, "or I'll cut the head off ye." An' away wid her over hill an' holler, till she gets to the river. It was swelled that night bekase there had been a good lot av rain in the day; but she made the terr'blest lep iver she made, an' just clared it in time to get safe away from the giant who was close on her heels. He made a lep too, bekase the swoord av light was the most preciouesest thing he had an' he was loath to lose it; but he only got his toes on the bank fore-ninst him, an' did n't he fall back head over heels into the river? an' the splash he made you'd hear a mile away. He were a long time gettin' out, be raison that he was so heavy the bank 'ud give way under him ivery time he'd get near the top av it; an' when he was out at last, Hairy Mary was clane out av sight.

'Well, this time she did n't wait to be sint for to give the swoord of light to the King, but she runs into his room, where he an' the Queen were, as bowld as brass. "Take yer swoord," ses she; "it was the hardest job iver I had; the giant nearly had me cot, only I lep the river just as he got up beside me. He tried to lep it afther me," ses she, thryin' to keep herself from laughing, "an' maybe he's in it yet. I wisht ye heerd the splash he made in the wather whin he fell in on the broad av his back!" An she runs out av the room bekase it was not respectful to laugh before the King an' Queen.

"That's the cliverest girl iver I

seen," ses the King to the Queen. "If she was n't so terr'ble ugly, I'd give her our youngest son. He 's the best av the lot," ses he, "but he's a bit soft, an' it 'ud take a cliver wife to sharpen him up."

"'Handsome is as handsome does," ses the Queen. "Maybe he'd not think her so bad whin he got used to lookin' at her. I'd rather have her, not the two beauties that thinks this worl'd is n't good enough for the likes of thim."

'Well, the second eldest son an' the second eldest sisther got married the next day, an' you'd think th' owld King would ha' been contint, an' not set me poor Hairy Mary anny more hard jobs to do. But not a bit av him! He heerd tell av a wondherful buck goat the giant had, wid gould bells hangin' on a collar round his neck; an' nothin' would satisfy him but he must have that goat. So ses he to Hairy Mary, "If ye'll fetch me the giant's white goat wid the collar an' gould bells, I'll give ye me youngest son for a husband for yerself."

'Well, Mary was goin' to refuse; but she had a great wish for the youngest son, so all she said was that she thought he would n't take her, be raison av her bein' so ugly an' not like the two beautiful sisthers.

"'Bedad an' I will have ye!" ses the prince, who was not such a fool as they thought him. "There's no denyin' that ye 're no beauty, but ye have sinse enough for a dozen av yer sisthers, an' ye're good too, an' that's betther nor beauty anny day." He was for gettin' married at wancest, an' niver mindin' the goat; but th' owld miser av a King stuck to his bargain.

'So Hairy Mary wint out in sarch av the thravelin' woman to see could she help her; but she was not in. Well, Mary got some of the marrer that's undher the elder-tree bark, and she crep' into the goat's sthable an' stuffs

his bells wid th' marrer the way they could n't ring; an' thin she lades the goat out av the sthable. But no sooner was he outside, but he began to rare an' cut all sorts av capers, till he shuck the marrer out av the bells an' they rang loud enough to wake the dead.

'Out comes th' owld giant, wid his wife an' the sarvint boy; an' if they did n't catch poor Hairy Mary an' bring her into the house.

"'Now me brave girrl, I've cot ye at last," ses the giant. "What 'ud ye do to me if ye had me cot?" ses he makin' fun av her.

"'What 'ud I do to you, ye owld vag-abone," ses she, not a bit afeear'd av him. "I'd put ye in a sack, ye owld villin," ses she, "an' I'd hang the sack to the bame that's across the top av the ceilin' in the kitchen, an' I'd lave ye hangin' there till mornin'. How 'ud ye like that?" ses she.

"'Troth an' it is n't a bad notion," ses the giant. So he takes a big sack that was lyin' in a corner av the kitchen, an' puts her into it head an' feet, and he ties her up to the bame that was acrost the kitchen. When he had her safe tied, ses he to the wife, "Stay ye here an' mind her, till I go to the rassan¹ wid the boy, to gather some green sticks to make a fire that'll smother her; an' then we'll be quit av her," ses he.

'So away wid himsilf an' the boy to the rassan, that was near a mile away; an' the faymale giant puts on the pot to make the stir-about for the giant's supper before he'd be back. When she was stirrin' the pot, what does she hear but Mary shoutin' an' laughin' as if she were havin' a gran' trate.

"'What are ye laughin' at?" ses the faymale giant.

"'I'm laughin'," ses me cute Molly, "bekase th' owld giant thought it was punishmint he was givin' me; but it's

¹ A small wood, with undergrowth of brush-wood.

a trate it is, bekase the sack's full of gould an' jools, an' niver fear but I'll get out an' be a rich woman for the rest av me days. I whisht ye was in here wid me, till ye'd see the dimonds, an' grand joolery there's in it, an' I fillin' me pockets as quick as I can. I would n't ha' tould ye wan worrd about it, only that ye was always a good friend to me," ses Mary, humbuggin' her, "an' I'd like to do ye a good turrrn."

'Well, after more perswashion, the faymale giant cuts Mary down, an' she gets into the sack, an' Mary ties her up to the bame; "For," ses she, "ye'll not get a sight av the gran' things till ye's up near the ceilin'."

'Mary had a hard job to lift up the sack, but she did it at last, an' away wid her to the sthable to get th' goat, lavin' the faymale giant screechin' murder an' all sorts.

'Well, to make a long story short, the goat wint wid her an' passed no remarks an' the two av thim run till they got to the river; an' did n't the two av thim lep clane over it to th' other side?

'Whin the owld giant got back to the kitchen, what did he see but the sack lyin' on the flure, an' not a sight av his wife annywhere could he see.

"How did ye get loose?" ses he, givin' the sack a powerful kick; an' his wife let a screech out av her fit to raise the roof aff av the house. "I'll larn ye," ses he, "to stop where I put ye." An' wid that he begins to bate the sack, an' the wife inside screechin' that it was herself that was in it.

'While th' owld giant was batin' his wife, the sarvint boy runs to the sthable to see was the goat all right, an' back he comes roarin' that Hairy Mary was away wid him, an' to quit batin' the mistress for he had her near kilt. Away goes th' owld giant as quick as he could leg it; but when he got to the

river, there was Hairy Mary an' the goat on th' other side, an' the two av them laughin' at him fit to kill thimselfes; an' then away wid thim to the King av Spain's castle. An' if he was n't plazed to see the goat, who was? But the youngest prince was n't too well plazed, bekase the night's adventure had made me poor Hairy Mary uglier nor iver; but he stuck to his worrd, an' said he'd marry her all the same; an' the weddin' was fixed for the next day.

'When they was all startin' for the chapel, Mary axed could she bring only the thravelin' woman in the gran' coach wid hersilf, an' the youngest prince was to ride on horseback an' meet her there. But when he got down aff av his horse an' wint to open the dure av the coach till the bride wud get out, what did he see but a beautiful lady; the two sisthers was n't a patch on her!

'She had the kind look of Hairy Mary in the blue eyes av her, an' a smile like her on the red lips; but her skin was like roses an' lilies, an' crame an' buttermilk, an' the hair av her was curlin' like threads av gould. Well, an' was n't the prince glad when he seen what a rale beauty he was gettin' for a wife. So she towld him that the thravelin' woman was a fairy as put a charrm on her when she was a babby, that she'd be ugly enough to frighten the crows till she'd find some wan that'd marry her in spite av her looks, an' think only av the goodness av her.

'So they got married widout any more delay, an' th' only wans that was not plazed was the two sisthers; whin they seen that me poor Hairy Mary that they made a joke av was a greater beauty nor ayther av thim. An' if Hairy Mary an' the prince don't live happy, that you an' I may!

HUNTING OIL IN OKLAHOMA

BY RODERICK PEATTIE

I

A GOOD deal is known of gambling with oil wells. But just what the 'business and pleasure' of the oil fields is, just what the fields look like, how oil is prospected for, is foreign matter to most of us.

One usually enters the oil fields through Tulsa. Though there are many minor centres, Tulsa is decidedly the centre of the oil life. And it is there that one gets first impressions of the people of the fields. They are that strange conglomeration that is characteristic of any 'boom' country. As a group, the geologists are the most distinctive and picturesque. They are men who necessarily have spent much of their lives in the field; and even though they may now be cooped in an office in Tulsa, they have that direct bearing which is given to men of the open the world over. Also into these offices comes the romance of the field. There is a great deal of visiting back and forth between the men of the offices — the work requires it. Also the field man, on arriving in town, will drop around to gossip and — well — make up a bit for the time that he has been exiled from society. Field men come in from everywhere.

'Where 's Scotty now?'

'Oh, he 's with the Gypsy. I saw him last in Dallas, Texas.'

'Donnelly 's working out of New York — just got back from Trinidad.'

The next man wants to know about the oil possibilities of the Spanish Riff

country — one of his men just got back from Spain and saw a chance to get concessions in Northern Africa. Eckes blew in. I use the word advisedly. Wanted a geologist for Venezuela — was going back himself. Must be a man that could handle himself in the Tropics, able to keep reasonably sober, preferably one born west of the Mississippi, and competent to knock down any of his porters if they got insolent.

But most of the talk is of Oklahoma. They speak of the oil districts as 'The Osage,' 'The Creek Country,' 'The Red Beds,' 'The Glen Pool.' They know each well, as they know men; and in referring to them, have a whole separate terminology which is foreign to the layman. 'The Kitty Harney No. 2 of the Northwest of the Northeast of the Southwest of 18-5 struck a sand at 1658. Went through it for 50 feet, then came in at 1700 and went over the derrick with a flush production of 50 barrels. Then they put the soup in her, and in two days she had gone to water. So they plugged her. That stuff down there is all on the edge of structure. Most of the holes are dusters.'

This merely means that the second well on Kitty Harney's farm — she may be an old Indian who cannot write her name — gave forth 50 barrels of oil in a day's flow, and at first the oil shot up higher than the derrick. Then, hoping for more oil, they exploded nitroglycerin in the bottom of the hole, and the shock, instead of opening

up fractures, closed such as were there, and the salt water included in the rock had crept up. So they pulled the pipe-casing, as most of the wells drilled there had proved to be dry holes anyway. The region was merely on the edge of an oil pool.

Another distinctive class is that of the operators. Many of these men are indigenous — farmers, or bankers, who have drilled and succeeded, and hope to succeed again. Many of them are, of course, outsiders. Every town in Oklahoma has its men who have become rich through drilling; but Tulsa leads; it is their Mecca. They are an interesting class. Their reddened faces speak of a life in the open. Now they have retired to expensive homes in Tulsa, representing their various conceptions of opulence (and some of these are strange to behold), where they may sit on the front porch, collarless, in their stocking-feet, while their wives have donned boudoir-caps and rolled to town behind six cylinders, to buy whatever hits their fancy.

There are also the young men, whose fathers in the East, having invested well in oil, send their sons out to learn the game from the bottom. The training is a severe one, and may mean five to ten years actually in the fields. Much of it is grimy and hard, and under coarse living conditions. Such a man is, at first, merely a roustabout — a greasy laborer about the wellhead on a twelve-hour shift. Then he becomes a tool-dresser. These tools weigh hundreds of pounds, and must be constantly sharpened and tempered, that constituting the 'dressing.' Then our fortune-seeker becomes a driller, the boss of the rig. There are two such crews to a well, and day and night for months the work goes on — at night by the weird flare of a gas flame burning freely from the end of a pipe. He then passes through the stages of scout,

who keeps the company constantly posted on drilling activities, to 'lease-hound,' and, perhaps, vice-president.

There are many college people in Tulsa, — fortune-seekers, — each living with the exhilarating expectation that his invested nest-egg will bring forth fabulous returns. It is a wistful community, and it is not unusual for a man to drive in two hundred miles from the field, for a bath and a Sunday evening of civilization.

II

I doubt if your reading ever sank so low as to include *A Slow Train Through Arkansas*. It was one of those continuous monologues of a traveling man's observations and jokes, as he passed the day in such a train as I took from Tulsa to the oil fields. All trains on the Midland Valley Railway stop a half hour at Tulsa, out of deference to so great a city. The day-coach that I entered was about half the length of a modern car, and was ensconced in the best North-German-Lloyd designing of the eighteen-seventies.

The types of people in an Oklahoma day-coach are far more varied than in the East. There is a scattering of men dressed as men in the East would be dressed; but most people look and act after a species far different. Many of the men wear the huge, high hat of the plainsman, buff-colored. They are of a clean-shaved, brown-faced, rather handsome type. The oilmen usually affect the black slouch felt hat. But it has come to a point where it is difficult to distinguish between a plainsman and an oilman, for many of the drillers are local products.

The woman who sat next to me on my journey was a fat squaw, who siddled with an embarrassed air into the seat, never did fully lean back; and who fixed her eyes on a point on the aisle

floor and never looked up until she reached Bixby, her destination. There were many other women in the car, most of them of the usual farm types; but a number were dressed in a baby-doll, theatrical manner.

On leaving the town, we crossed the Arkansas River in flood. It is hundreds of feet wide, and yet one could almost ford it. Occasional brown streaks of crude oil and what is known always as B. S. (bituminous sediment) marked the surface. The river smelled so of oil that one had the throat sensation of just having eaten vaseline.

Then we went between miles — literally miles — of tanks. A tank farm is an unhappy sight. Tanks of the size of city gas tanks are set in rows through the fields. Each has a great embankment about it, sometimes twelve feet high. These are in case the tank is struck by lightning; for then a small cannon is rushed up, holes are shot in the side of the tank, and the oil is allowed to run out within the limits of the circular dam. Thus it burns evenly, instead of boiling up and exploding. Finally, as my journey proceeded, the tanks gave way to land from which the tanks had been removed — where cows feed over the unnatural surface of druid-like rings.

In the midst of the tanks there was a town — Jenks. It is difficult to describe the gaunt and haggard landscape where these monster-like tanks arise. The work on and in the tanks — they are in constant need of repair and cleaning — is terrific under the summer sun; for each becomes like a huge boiler. There is everywhere an odor, and often the smoke and stench of the burning of the B. S. after the tank is emptied. Water is also separated from the oil while standing here in storage, and this makes the stream bottoms nauseating. At Jenks the rain was pouring down, as it can pour only on

these southwestern plains. A man thinly clad and entirely drenched was standing in a dray. An old man got off the train and stood looking at him. Then he looked up at the sky in face of the downpour. 'Think it'll rain?' The man in the dray considered the matter. 'Don't know, Jim, don't know — maybe.' The humor is as grim as the landscape.

The town which was my destination was characteristic, a farming town with oil production all about. A grain elevator, the towers of certain cotton gins, and the inevitable cooling-tower of the ice plant mark the town from a distance. My first night was passed in the better of the two hotels — the one having running water and a moral reputation. It was a barren series of rooms above some stores, and was built entirely of concrete. The rooms had dirty walls, though the lack of woodwork and paper gave one a sense of protection from bugs. My bed was reasonably clean, but I was not the first who had slept between the sheets since they had last been washed. My window had lost its screen, and from sunrise on I periodically drove, with the aid of the sheet, swarms of flies out of the room.

The town is one-third negro, and the hotel was on the edge of the shanty town that formed the negro quarters. That day our negroes had defeated the negroes of another town in baseball, and the mechanical piano in the café was kept going until late. About midnight there was a fight. Men and women took part. People fell downstairs, fell through glass, hurled glass at each other, and ran about like alarmed ants. They swarmed over the town, seemingly bent on murder; but the next morning all was even and happy-go-lucky again — it was merely part of the celebration.

But one should not think of Okla-

homa as lawless. The plainsman — not the oilman, far from it — takes his religion seriously. At the first clash of the cymbals and boom of the drum, the Salvation Army has a throng.

The favorite minister in one of the largest cities is known as the Jazz Parson. It is he who serves cooling drinks during the services, to moisten the lips of the devout. Besides the 'Army,' there are many smaller 'orders,' — farmers who, of a Saturday night, dress in uniform, strap a bass drum to the running-board of the Ford, and drive to the towns to harangue the Saturday-night loafer. 'For the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Let me tell you, brothers, the Judgment Day is coming. Oh, I used to smoke and swear and chew and go about with women. But I saw the Light, brethren, the glorious light. Hallelujah.' And then, before they get to the point of telling what the Kingdom of Heaven is, or give us a Vision of the Light, they break into a hymn, the families standing in a half-circle behind the speaker, the older ones singing with fervor, but the children singing mechanically and often sleepily. Men come out of the crowd to shake the speaker's hand. So the mavericks are corralled, some branded and then — turned loose on the range. First, however, money is collected for a 'tabernickle.'

I once saw an elderly preacher walk up from the railway station and deposit his suitcase on the curb, shouting, preaching, and singing meanwhile. As he talked, he removed his coat and hat, and donned a yellow-linen automobile dust-coat — the sacerdotal robe. People followed him to his stopping-place, and soon the crowd was dense about him.

From my room in one town I was able to hear the church choir practising. They were executing a rather difficult cantata. Considering the temperature

of the evening, their devotion was great. At the end of the evening, the singing became rather faint-hearted. Someone, however, started up, —

'When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
I'll be There.'

The half-hearted singing swelled into an uproar. We were back to the primitive again. It was like a Christianized savage breaking into a Voodoo chant.

III

Life is all new out there. It was but a few years (as in the Cushing country) since the settlers were gathered about the borders of the Territory, awaiting the zero hour, when the soldiers should allow the mad dash for the staking-out of farms. Men rushed in, in all sorts of vehicles, to race to some chosen spot to 'squat,' and defend it with a gun until their claim was made good by the government. Hence the towns have but one or two paved streets, and these are covered with the prairie dust and the dirt of living. They are seldom cleaned, — the town organization has not gone far yet, — and when they are cleaned, it is by the winds of the world, and houses suffer accordingly. Because of the novelty of town problems, the water systems are inadequate; and I have been in towns, where to bathe would have left one red with mud. The sanitation is a long way from good.

Many townships are of farms, all of which bear the marks of being but a few years old. You know the history of a normal farm — first a shack or cabin, then a shelter for the stock and the hay. Then the shelter is replaced by a large fine barn that dwarfs the house; and later on comes the new farmhouse and more decent living conditions. The first two stages are about as far as much of Oklahoma has progressed.

For a while I was in what is known as the Creek Country — the land allotted to the Creek Nation. After the Civil War it was broken up into farms of 160 acres, and given out to each person of the nation on his coming of age. I was in the region given over mostly to the slaves of the Creeks, and hence the farmers were mostly negroes. The Indians and the negroes to-day intermarry frequently. Most of the negroes have some white blood, and indeed the white men marry squaws and their 160 acres so frequently, that the term 'squaw man' is not one of special disrepute. Besides the black negroes, there are 'white niggers' and 'Indian niggers.' The negro is a fair farmer, though his fences are often in bad repair, and his house is apt to be a mere shack. This is not always so.

We ate lunch one day on a ridge in a large pasture. All about, the lands were wonderfully rich. The wheat was standing in the fields in heavy shocks, the uncut hay was thick and long. The several-hundred-acre pasture in which we were resting fed two hundred rangy cattle. The owner rode up to our machine in a muddy surrey, behind an excellent pair of mares. This was Jake Simons, negro. His mother was, I believe, a Creek, and it is said that he is one-quarter white. Jake is a slim elderly man, of fine features and well-bred dignity. He owns 1100 acres of the fine land that lay before us. Jake's house leaves nothing to be wished for.

The Indians have some of the best land of the region. Indians are poor farmers. They, too, often plant an excellent crop, but with the first indication of heat, retire to their porches. I think of one farm that was characteristic of many. It was an excellent piece of land — but rather than labor himself, the Indian let portions of it out to renters, who, of course, did not do the

land justice. The Indian had a fine new farmhouse, which was equipped with the best of beds and all sorts of comforts. But, characteristically, there was merely a three-sided shelter for his ponies, and a large Packard lay out in the yard, exposed night and day to the elements.

I remember one Indian girl, who came to call on a white woman on whose porch I was resting at noon. She was a large girl, in her twenties, dressed in a white middy costume, with white stockings and shoes, the latter having very high French heels — but the whole outfit carried all the dirt it had collected since the day it was purchased.

The old white woman was, after the custom of the poorer white women, barefooted. Her age 'rated' her a pipe to smoke. The porch floor was covered with flies. They fairly blackened the ankles of the women.

This call was a formal occasion — one could easily see that. There were long silences between remarks — many diplomatic feints before the real purport of the call was made clear. Finally — would she come and chop cotton on the morrow? Long silences, broken by mere generalities on the weather. Both seemed rather sorry that the real subject had been aired so frankly. Then — she would come. Finally, even the time and the price were arranged.

A haze came before my eyes, and I saw, as if by the immortal Remington, a picture of the council about the fire — the white man and the Indian — the long silences — and the reticence which was the Indian's symbol of wisdom.

The girl took her leave, her high heels turning under her fat ankles as she went down the road. A detachment of flies left with her. These were augmented by a swarm from the cattle standing near the fence.

IV

One of the most interesting sets of people in Oklahoma is the drifters. These are the people who are to be seen along any of the main highways, in rickety prairie schooners, traveling — God knows where. Their outfit consists of the tottering wagon, with a home-made box and a cloth stretched over bent sticks, much askew. The horses that pull it are slight and ill fed. Even diminutive donkeys are used. A long-legged foal may be running beside the mare. Household goods project from the wagon, in every direction. A disheartened man and woman sit on the front seat. There are usually some children, packed in with the household goods. They camp by the wayside — 'down in the hollar by the crick.' It is difficult to find out where they are going. They do not know themselves. Almost equally difficult is it to learn from whence they came, for they have come from so many places and known each so short a time. They are looking for greener pastures — literally. Someone has told them of better conditions elsewhere, better grass or more work. One sees them trekking off into the dust, or struggling through seas of mud, going a weary road to a mirage. They stop and raise crops as tenants — a poor affair for themselves and the landlord.

The drifter takes over a cabin left in squalor by the previous tenant, and with little or no effort to improve the place, he unloads his disordered belongings from the shambling wagon. Here he lives for a year, in a cabin through which the winter winds howl uninterrupted. The water is too often taken from a six-inch hole in the ground, which has been sunk just low enough to catch the ground water that drains from the vicinity of the house and barn. Occasionally there is a spring,

but this is seldom fenced off from the cattle. A spring that I was forced to use at times I shared with a mare and its ungainly mule-colt. Indeed, often a single fence encloses house and barn, so that the stock released from the stalls wander about the house, and are entertained to watch through the open door the family at meals, as in the picture of our childhood, *The Uninvited Guest*. The hardest thing is to see the children, — poor, little beings, — undernourished mentally and physically, their mouths drawn in the hard, firm lines that tell a terrible story.

The negro is never a drifter. He remains on the land, though he may or may not own it, and he accumulates some belongings. This is partly to his credit. But, also, he is not of the breed that has pushed from the thirteen colonies, forever westward. Indeed, it takes certain initiative to be a drifter — one must know how to make one's way and to be independent of friends and surroundings. The negro is preëminently social.

V

It was my habit to start my work a little before dawn. That means that one has done a day's work before the heat of the day. Oil prospecting is accomplished by two men — the geologist and his instrument-man. We would leave town just as the sun rose. There are three times when the prairies are at their best — at dawn, at sunset, and when a storm gathers great cumulus clouds into thunderheads, and the prairies are blue and green and purple like the sea.

A clear dawn — anywhere, at any time — is an experience. And each dawn is a *new* experience — like the coming of life. The birds are not fully awake when we pass out of town. The cattle are still lying in the fields. But before we have arrived at the fields in

which we are to work, the birds are singing. The cattle have aroused themselves, and the horses from the barns have cantered to the high point of the pasture, to nicker at the fresh morning breeze. As to birds — Oklahoma is a state of birds and of flowers. Nowhere, except in high mountain meadows, have I seen grass more gayly decorated. Nowhere have I heard more birds, more kinds of birds, singing at once, than in the hayfields here in full sun. Everywhere is the meadow lark. One hears its shrill note from the Pullman above the roar of the train, the first morning in the plains. The quail and the doves are all about the road — barely giving way to the car. Also, in the morning, all the baby rabbits are sitting in the road, afraid to get their feet wet in the cold dew, and loath to retreat until the last moment.

The town out of which one works is usually an agricultural centre, and may be surrounded by rich farms. Agricultural prosperity has a charm all its own. There is a succession of crops to watch — a wonder unfolding, that occurs each year, while we city people hardly know that the seasons are passing. The green grain grows yellow, and is cleanly cut by the binder. Then it stands for a time in rows of shocks. The cotton fields are then filled with whole families 'choppin' cotton' — that is, hoeing the weeds. Then the smoke of the threshing machines is to be marked all about. I have seen the smoke of five from one position. About the time that the field corn grows tall and the ears begin to fatten, the cotton blossoms, first white and then red. A field of even-topped cotton in blossom is 'sure a pretty sight.' Alfalfa is always beautiful, and, freshly mown, has an odor as of haying-time in Elysian fields. Then the low kaffir corn begins to 'head' — that is, to shoot up tall sprouts, on the end of which comes the

grain. Almost within the same week everyone starts cutting hay, and the countryside is sweet with the drying grass. Soon there are huge, rectangular piles of hay bales in the fields, and in place of the farm wagons hauling the wheat to town, bulky loads of bales crowd us off the road.

It is shortly after dawn, that work begins for the farmer, and for some geologists alike. And it is not long after that, that the heat of the day begins. Following the first fierce blast of the sun, there is a breeze, the saving grace of the prairies, that springs up with the stirring of the convection currents. This breeze soon becomes the steady prevailing, southwesterly wind — a wind so constant as to rule the lives of the people. Houses are built on the windward side of the dusty roads. The sleeping-quarters are properly on the south and west exposures, and rents for sleeping-rooms vary accordingly. Barns are, or should be, built to the northeast of the houses, and the horses' stalls with their windows in the direction of the wind.

All towns and some cities are naturally built about crossroads. The east-west street will invariably have its better building on the north side of the street, so that the windows will face the breeze. If you are driving a bundle wagon for a threshing machine, see to it that you are assigned to drive up on the southwest side of the thresher, or you will have the chaff of your bundles thrown back on you all day long.

But it is not in the farming country, but in the wooded hills, that most of the geology is worked out: one drives through this farm country to where rocks are better exposed.

In the close stands of rather stunted hardwoods, little that resembles a breeze penetrates. The woods seem to have a musty, dusty, odor about them, and the heat is deadening. Where the

sandstone makes a cliff, or forms a talus slope, the sun bears directly on the rock, and is thrown back like heat radiating from an engine on a summer day. Along the creeks are willows and cottons and sycamores, and here the shade is cool and moist, and the lines of the trees more gracious. But in hollows or on hills, the woods are infested with bugs — myriads of bugs. One farmer, riding out on his horse to plough, stopped to warn me. 'Yes, sir, in them woods is misquitters and musquitters and mosquitters and galley-nippers and hell-clippers. And up in the hills is red wasps and black wasps and travelers and hornets and yellow jackets and sweat flies and bluebottle flies and green heads, and FLIES.'

I asked him if he knew of any ledges of limerock in these hills, as I was searching for them. This is the vernacular for 'outcrop of limestone.'

'Ledges of limerock is about as hard to find in these parts as a quart of whiskey.'

I 'allowed' that it was possible to have an interest in both.

'Wal, by Jimminy, I know where you can get the quart of whiskey' — eying me as a possible customer.

Whiskey is easier to find than oil in those parts. I know of several farms in the backwoods where the number of fat hogs is all out of proportion to the tiny acreage of corn: a study in 'still life.' I asked one farmer how much his corn would yield an acre. He eyed me for a moment, and then drawled, 'Do ye mean, quarts or bushels?' In one town with which I have acquaintance, there is a pale-faced man who sits on the sidewalk all day, occasionally rising to meet a man who drifts into his office with studied casualness. At night these men go on long pleasure-drives to distant — shall I say? — filling stations. Our friend is the recognized local wholesale whiskey commissioner.

VI

The way that a geologist goes about to discover oil prospects is this. He is sent into the field with an instrument-man and a car — the machine always to be distinguished by the folded surveyor's rod, painted in cryptic symbols, which is folded and strapped to the running-board. The 'rod' is a three-inch board which, when unfolded, is fifteen feet long. This the geologist carries when tramping about the fields or woods. He endeavors to follow a rock formation about the countryside. When he locates an outcropping of the rock, he raises the rod, and the instrument-man, who is equipped with a surveying instrument known as an alidade, which stands upon a plane table, sights the rod from his position on some prominence. He then marks the position of the rod accurately upon the map on the plane table, and also computes the elevation of the outcrop.

Oil lies where there is a doming in the structure of the rocks. Thus, if the rocks of the countryside happen to be dipping south, each station on a certain formation, as the geologist works northward, should be higher and higher. If however, the elevations suddenly begin dropping as he goes north, he has a reverse dip and the prospect of oil.

Oil lies under the dome for several reasons. The oil 'sand' of to-day was once nothing more or less than the bottom of a sea of geologic antiquity. The life matter of that ancient ocean was converted by one of several methods into that particularly nasty, but precious slime, known as petroleum. Oil, being lighter than water, of course rises to the top of the sandstone, passing through the pores in the rock. The gaseous products of disintegration rise above the oil. In an oil sand there is everywhere a film of this oil at the top of the water; but where the rocks are

domed, there the oil collects, as it were, in an inverted bowl. If the surface rocks are domed, the underlying rocks also are domed, more or less.

There are a score of reasons, however, why even a correct diagnosis of the surface conditions — and that is not always easy to make — will fail. The rocks may have been domed, but the dome covered up with rocks of an age later than the doming. Hence the surface will show a bewildering horizontality. Or the subsurface dome may play out before reaching the surface. Again, the surface dome may play out before reaching down to the oil-bearing formation. For these and other reasons, the geologist's report is not infallible. But what the geologist does do is to reduce significantly the element of gamble, and make the matter of drilling more a business venture.

After the discovery, there is the matter of leasing the land. Once the decision is made to drill, a rig gang can erect a 72-foot derrick in a few hours. A huge bit is then dropped from the top of the derrick. Like an arrow, it sticks in the ground, and the well is 'spudded in.' Then begins the pounding through hundreds and thousands of feet of rock. These huge tools, the bits, are lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped. Influx of water, caving-in of the walls of the hole, losing the tools in the hole, cause a variety of troubles, which are overcome with the most ingenious methods. Repairing damages done at the bottom of a two-thousand-foot hole is no mean task, and a variety of tools, known as reamers, under-reamers, fishing-tools, swabs, and what-not, are employed. Finally, when the oil sand is struck, the detritus is swabbed out and, if there is the proper 'showing of oil,' 'the soup,' that is the nitroglycerin, is exploded in the hole to shatter the rock. If the gods are good, the oil shoots up over the der-

rick, and one hastens to cap the pipe-casing which lines the hole, and then prepares to pipe the fluid to the nearest refinery.

Oil once discovered in a region, the derricks spring up as if by magic — the fields become forested. But, in addition to these geologically favorable structures, there are innumerable areas, which are 'wild-catted,' drilled without any more indication than a 'hunch' and a hope. There is hardly a landscape in eastern Oklahoma without its derricks. And for each derrick there are ten to twenty wells from which the derrick has been removed. These may be dry holes, — 'dusters,' — or producing wells to which a pump is attached; for the free flow of oil marks only the beginning stage of the more successful wells. A number of these wells are pumped by a single pump, which is placed in their midst and connected to the wellheads by long rods or cables, which pull and release, pull and release, the pump plungers.

These engines work by gasoline; that last word is the *motif* and the last word in Oklahoma organization. The people ride in gasoline cars — indeed, not infrequently in airplanes. There are large plants everywhere for extracting gasoline from the gas wells, and these are operated by huge batteries of gasoline engines. The smaller industries are run by gasoline. There is a variety of domestic engines about the farm. The 'chug-chug' is heard everywhere throughout the land, and is the keynote of the region.

VII

In an oil field, when drilling is active, the nearest town takes on a boom character. Flocks of men arrive. Every room is filled. The streets of the town are crowded at all hours of the

day with the men off shift. If the field is large, towns may spring up, — as, for example, Shamrock in the Cushing-Drumright Pool, — to accommodate the men nearer the derricks. As I saw this town, it was a dirty collection of one-storied shanties, with all the vice and disorder of a mushroom city.

All night long the traffic passes along the road. I would wake up at night, to hear and see processions of wagon frames, each frame twenty feet long and loaded with iron casing, and drawn by four to six horses, go clanking through the town. It was reminiscent of the nights when I heard the caisson trains file past my billet in France. Trucks, which are gradually taking the place of the teams, are formidable in their size. And they are never-ending when a boom is on. I have driven out at dawn, over a road which had been drenched at midnight by a downpour. Already the road was worn in smooth, deep ruts by the continuous traffic.

Oil has a distinctive effect upon the farms of the vicinity. All farmers who are anywhere near production lease their lands. This brings them ordinarily from fifty cents to ten dollars an acre. Where there is production, a lease may run to \$500,000 for a quarter-section. One eighth of all the oil discovered on the land belongs to the farmer. Every farmer lives in hope of oil. It adds a zest to his life and lifts him above the weariness of the drudgery. Though many have improved their farms with the lease money, I should say that it had done about as much damage to the countryside as it has good.

The leasing game is one almost aside from the legitimate oil game. Many leases are bought up as a speculation, with no intention of drilling. As soon as you can persuade someone else that it is a better bet than the unknowing public suspects, you can sell it to him

for a handsome profit, and you are the richer, without knowing even what petroleum looks like. There are many tricks to the game, in which it is well for the layman to be educated before he ventures too far into the wolves' den. For example, a wild-cat was drilled in some years ago, and brought in a fine flow of oil. Before the fact was generally known, the operators bought out or bribed out the wires leading to Tulsa. They hired every sort of rig and automobile, and allowed none of them to be used. The news of oil could not get to Tulsa, and those scouts who happened to be on the ground were unable to get authority from their headquarters to buy up leases. Then, before the farmers were aware of the proximity of production, the operators bought up all the leases for miles around, only to resell them a few days later, to enthusiasts, at a huge profit.

The oil business has many crooked sides. Thus, a syndicate may lease 10,000 acres of land, and, after an apparent survey, decide to drill in some portion. Just before the drilling gets down to the level of the alleged oil sand, they begin selling leases on properties adjoining the acreage on which the rig stands, at prices that are sufficiently high, not only to pay for the drilling of the well, but to put the men on 'easy street' for a long time to come. Friends are let in on the 'ground floor.' Then, suddenly, imaginary difficulty is developed in the drilling of the hole, and it is abandoned. The 'suckers' then come to the realization that the hole was drilled merely to lead them on, and that from the first there had been no hope of oil in the country.

There are opportunities for the geologist to be crooked, also. He may easily word his report so as to mislead, and yet avoid legal difficulties. The promoter pays him a bonus for this, and then shows the prospectus of the

drilling company, to which is appended the report, to certain gullible persons in Fostoria, Ohio, or Bath, Maine, who for their hard-earned money are left with merely a hope — a forlorn hope — for the future. Or the geologist may work for a company, and conduct the exploration at their expense, only to resell the information to a second party. Indeed, though perfectly honest, he has to be very guarded in his conversation. There are always men ready to pump him. The best plan while in the field is to avoid conversations with those to whom the information would be valuable, and thus avoid giving away trade secrets. I have had a strange oilman come up to me in the field and ask me point-blank where I should drill. I studied my surveying instrument for a time and then said, 'Stranger, I have no idea. I'm surveying for a railway.'

VIII

The end of the summer usually means a drive into Tulsa, to turn in the equipment and make the report. I remember one such drive through the most famous of American fields — the Cushing field. Derricks were everywhere. Long pump rods ran from the pump houses to unseen wellheads. Little shanty communities among the scrub oak were passed almost before one was aware of their presence. And wells were everywhere — even in the graveyards.

Another such trip took me through Stone Bluff. To get through Stone Bluff in a car calls for all the tricks that a car driver has in his bag. Stone Bluff is a nest of worthless sand hills lying along the bank of the Arkansas, but situated over an important oil pool. How astonished must have been the farmer who lived there attempting to scratch a living from the soil! Derricks

tower above the trees on all sides. Great casing-head gasoline plants puff and chug with their batteries of engines. Pumping engines, boosting engines, other engines, snort and back-fire, as they pull and release the pump rods, or drive the oil destined for Tulsa or, perhaps, Whiting, Indiana, or Bayonne, New Jersey. The little creek bottoms are filled with horrid 'crude,' or are encrusted with salt from the salt water of the seas of millions of years ago.

The area around most of the wells is a scene of destruction done during the period of drilling — the black oily pump, the old timbers, the dead trees, the rusty remnants of the cable. Often the picturesque 'bull wheel' is left, looking like a pair of wheels for some giant's cart; for the wooden wheels stand some twelve feet high, and are connected by an axle a foot in diameter.

All about, in rows, are the cottages of the workers. This life on the leases is another sort of nomadism. A lease is important for from one to ten years. Moving about from lease to lease, these people have few belongings. Often settled in a wilderness of rock hills, — it is there that the geologists have the best opportunity to inquire into the possibility of oil, — they are isolated from the farming towns, and the road out is one not lightly undertaken. But these people are not to be compared to the drifter. The men are skilled workers, drawing good pay. The counties provide schools for the children. Life is orderly and progressive, if isolated.

Notice the names. After driving through Stone Bluff, I went over the Turkey Mountain road to Red Wing. Later I made Broken Arrow, Coweta, and Choska Bottoms. Coming up over Turkey Mountain, one could see Tulsa on the plains, rising with its skyscrapers like some Babylonian temple in the wilderness.

The great dirt highway east from

Tulsa is an experience. Coming out of Tulsa, you rise up over a hogback which gives you a glorious view of the plains in all their verdant richness. Then follow miles and miles of dirt highway. When the 'hot winds' are blowing, it is as if some powerful fan were propelling the air from a hot stove upon your face. Miles and more miles of road, until, in the glare of the sun, you become road-blind and the highway appears a smooth ribbon before you — except that the car is lurching about in the ruts. You meet other machines, and from their wheels the dust parts and sprays like water at the bow of a cruiser. You dash past them into a cloud of dust, through which you cannot see, and through which you drive safely only by the grace of God. Even a single horseman raises a cloud of dust that can be seen for miles. Great trucks pass you, laden with long pipe, whose ends are supported by bouncing trailers, the whole veiled in a cloud.

Also, there is something incongruous about the automobile being driven about the country by men who, but a few years ago, were accustomed to spend all of their waking hours in the saddle, and who pillowed their heads on their saddles after the day's drive was over. There are still men in these towns who were noted for their riding, for the way they handled the rope, and for their quickness with the gun. With a bearing that bespeaks pride in their ranch-day traditions, they may still

ride their horses into town of a Saturday afternoon, wearing the elaborate high-heeled boots and jingling spurs. The long shed out in the pasture was once for the sick 'doggies,' when the cattle roamed free on the range.

But those days are going. Oklahoma is fenced in. There are four farmhouses to the square mile, and four times as many fields. When Anderson, who was the first in town to do so, purchased an automobile and started it down the hill, he was unable to rein it in, no matter how hard he pulled on the steering-wheel, and the town still remembers his shouting, 'Whoa, whoa, darn ye!'

Mrs. Grayson could break any pony that her husband ever corralled. But the first machine was her undoing. Left alone with it, she threw herself into the front saddle and put spurs to it. The machine started round the house with her. The Grayson house is on a high hill. Like Anderson, she did not know how to stop it. As she was alone, there was nothing to do but to drive round and round the house until the gasoline gave out. At least, she was not thrown.

My friend Cantrell is a cattleman of the old school. His spark plug got wet one day, and he left his 'Whoopy,' as he called his Ford, out along the roadside. 'If I'd only had my saddle and a pair of spurs,' he said, 'I'd 'a' brought her home sure.'

Though the fields are now fenced, the same free wind that swept the open range still blows across the country.

WHAT IS COLLEGE FOR?

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

WHEN Zarathustra went one day over the great bridge, then did cripples and beggars surround him, and a hunchback spoke unto him. . . . Zarathustra answered thus: —

‘It is, however, the smallest thing unto me since I have been amongst men, to see one person lacking an eye, another an ear, and a third a leg, and that others have lost the tongue, or the nose, or the head.

‘I see and have seen worse things . . . namely, men who lack everything, except that they have too much of one thing — men who are nothing more than a big eye, or a big mouth, or a big belly, or something else big — reversed cripples, I call such men.

‘And when I came out of my solitude, and for the first time passed over this bridge, then I could not trust mine eyes, but looked again and again, and said at last: “That is an ear! An ear as big as a man!” I looked still more attentively — and actually there did move under the ear something that was pitifully small and slim. And in truth this immense ear was perched on a small thin stalk — the stalk, however, was a man! A person putting a glass to his eyes could even recognize further a small envious countenance, and also that a bloated soul-let dangled at the stalk. The people told me, however, that the big ear was not only a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed in the people when they spake of great men — and I hold to my belief that it was a reversed cripple, who had too little of everything, and too much of one thing.’

When Zarathustra had spoken thus unto the hunchback and unto those of whom the hunchback was the mouthpiece and advocate, then did he turn to his disciples in profound dejection, and said: —

‘Verily, my friends, I walk amongst men as amongst the fragments and limbs of human beings!

‘This is the terrible thing to mine eye, that I find man broken up, and scattered about, as on a battle- and butcher-ground.

‘And when mine eye fleeth from the present to the bygone, it findeth ever the same: fragments and limbs and fearful chances — but no men.

‘The present and the bygone upon the earth — ah! my friends, that is my most unbearable trouble; and I should not know how to live, if I were not a seer of what is to come.

‘A seer, a purposer, a creator, a future itself, and a bridge to the future — and alas! as it were, a cripple on this bridge.’

To be that bridge from the past with its cripples, to the future with its perfect men and women — that should be the function of the college.

So long as men live for and by the exercise of specialized functions only, so long will fine men be absent, and so long will society be chaos. The surgeon who sees all life in terms of physical derangements, the merchant who lives in a world of leather or of cheese, the artist who knows nothing but tone or color, the savant without capacity for action — these men lack the ability for coördination which makes human

relations intelligible and intelligent. Business men frequently are so helpless in fields other than their own, that they cannot choose service intelligently; professional men generally are so lacking in perception of educational principles, that the only distinctions they can make are between conservatism, which they may consider to be safety or stupidity, and innovation, which to them may be synonymous either with progress or with dangerous radicalism. Finer distinctions they frequently seem incapable of. I used to feel great satisfaction over the

enthusiastic approval I received when addressing Rotary Clubs or Chambers of Commerce; but after sitting in such assemblies for some years, I have come to the opinion that any man of fair personality, heard on any subject where prejudice does not interfere, if his voice is good, and his delivery plausible and vigorous, can at any time win the enthusiastic approval of his hearers.

We are becoming a nation of specialists, each man an authority in his own little corner, and ignorant of the relations of life as a whole. We assume that for every subject there is a specialist, and that specialists can make up life. But social life consists, not only of specialization, but also of coördination. Only to the extent that all these functions work together with mutual understanding and with unity of purpose, can there be stability or effectiveness in human relations.

There are two main undertakings that give promise of securing this element of coördination, and these undertakings constitute the essence of the Antioch Plan. First, to all the specialized callings in which men have striven for excellence, we are adding another — the profession of coördinator. The professional courses we give at Antioch all centre themselves in this — the development of ability to gather together the various tangled threads of forces, conditions, and affairs, which make up the elements of any potential human accomplishment, and to weave them into a perfect fabric, showing the texture and design of a preconceived plan. That is what we mean when we speak of training the manager, the entrepreneur, the proprietor. Despite all the specialized training of all our schools, the world always has paid its highest tributes to the coördinator, — whether he be king, philosopher, or merchant, — and it always will.

But it is not enough that our

specialists have a specialist to guide them. It is discouraging to the coördinator that he must deal with people who do not discriminate, with whom the demagogue and the charlatan are also in good standing. When he finds that people follow him because of the persuasiveness of his voice or pen, rather than because of the intrinsic merit of his plan, he is apt to become disgusted, and thereafter to go about the coördination of his private business.

If coördination is to be characteristic of our social and economic life, then it must result from the development of all-round balanced powers of discrimination on the part of all those whose native intelligence makes discrimination possible. While becoming specialists, while preparing to exercise our own special functions in our own particular callings, we must also become generalists — men and women who look at life as a whole, who have thought fundamentally in every important field of human experience. And not only must we have thought fundamentally, but we must have learned to will, to act, to undertake, and to achieve, in accordance with the results of that thinking. The unity of purpose which is to give society its motive-power is not the enforced uniformity that we came to know so well during the war, but the unity which comes from a critical examination and a reappraisal of old values; a breaking-down of barriers that are obsolete; and a building of new purposes which appeal so universally to the disciplined intelligence and instincts of men that they come to prevail.

Civilized society should be made up of men and women who have become generalists in their ability to think clearly and to act effectively in all the broad general relations of life, at least to the extent of choosing leadership intelligently; and who, with this foun-

dation of general fitness, have prepared themselves to render specialized service in the fields of their own particular occupations.

So the Antioch Plan is an undertaking to get a new appraisal of values, a new perspective of the importance of the factors that make up human personality and power; and to provide occasion for the development of these essential qualities in the proportion of their importance to complete and effective living. To turn that theory into an effective working programme is the essence of our undertaking.

II

Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, was opened in 1853, with Horace Mann as its president. The faculty and alumni of the college have furnished presidents to Harvard University, Ohio State University, Clark University, Wellesley College, Brooklyn Institute, Lincoln Memorial University, and other institutions. Its formal history has been that of a small liberal coeducational college. During the years until his death in 1859, Horace Mann so impressed his personality upon the institution that his influence still lives in the 'Antioch Spirit.'

I first became associated with Antioch three years ago. An examination showed a physical plant of positive merit, — buildings of simple dignity in a setting of exceptional natural beauty, — and a governing board ready to take any step that would advance the welfare of the institution. A proposal was made to the trustees for a complete reorganization of the college, aimed to carry out in terms of modern life the purpose of its first president; and the proposal was accepted. Shortly afterward, local members of the board of trustees offered to make vacancies, to be filled by new appointees, with

the result that fourteen of the twenty present members are men who accepted their positions because of their sympathy with and interest in the new plan. The faculty and the student body were made over to an even greater extent, and last September the new programme was put in operation.

If the Antioch Plan deserves consideration, it is not primarily because of the wisdom or efficacy of any particular method or expedient which has been adopted; but because it represents a specific, premeditated effort to develop a working programme for accomplishing the fundamental aims of college education, by methods which, though not new, have not generally controlled in the determination of educational policy. Since its significance lies, not in the details of methods adopted, but in the spirit and outlook which animate it, it is worth while, before describing the plan in detail, to indicate the general point of view which the programme is an effort to express. If there is an apparent assumption of originality in this description, it is for the purpose of simplicity of statement, and not by way of claim to any element of invention or discovery. Only through the efforts of many men, in many institutions, through many years, can a purpose such as that which animates the Antioch Plan be given full expression. In working out details of the programme there has been a careful avoidance of novelty or experiment for its own sake. At best our undertaking is so beset with problems requiring experiment and research, that we should be lacking in judgment to undertake unnecessary departures from prevailing practice.

European education, reproduced with minor variations in America, for centuries has accepted, as normal institutions, social failure, poverty, disease, the deterioration of the breed,

and war within and without; yet it does not see itself as completely, pathetically inadequate. It has no dominating impulse to admit colossal failure, and to build itself anew. Complacently it hugs to itself the bits of flotsam and jetsam it has saved from the wreck of human affairs, and thanks God it had the wisdom to choose salvage of such priceless value. Minor changes in methods it would introduce from time to time, but in the main it is content with itself. In its sentiments and its motives the old education frequently is superlatively fine; but even then it lacks the habit of visualizing and creating better ways of realizing those purposes.

Where shall we find a new vision which will set up new standards for comparison; new ideals for education which will reveal the pitiful asymmetry and futility of our own; new methods which will make our purposes effective? We cannot expect strange ships to appear on the horizon, bringing revelations of perfection; and it is very wasteful of time and of life to wait impotently through the centuries for new prophets to arise to point the way. Is there any basis for hope that we may find a way greatly to accelerate the process of evolution in educational methods? We at Antioch believe there is. We believe that men possess the qualities and resources necessary for reforming not only the details of practice, but also some of the fundamentals of the educational process, with results at least as far-reaching as those which are following the introduction of Western educational methods into China.

The essence of the Antioch method is this: denying autocratic authority to precedent and tradition and endeavoring to have the mind unshackled by prejudice, we aim to make a fresh analysis of human needs and of the factors, both new and old, which enter into

human development; and we endeavor to get a new mental picture of an educational process which will prepare men and women to meet these needs. As a limitation upon the process of unbiased analysis and of original synthesis, the past must be eliminated; as a source of data for analysis, of suggestion, and of stimulus for imagination, the past has never been taken half seriously enough.

How can we apply new methods to education? First, there must be imagination: the habit of seeing far beyond what is, to what might be. Only in the presence of what might be does the present seem mean and small, and we are furnished with the basis for productive discontent. Second, we must have faith and hope. These produce the willingness to venture. Hope and faith may not directly create values in any field. But they do discover values, the existence of which was unsuspected. William James, in his essay on 'The Energies of Men,' pictures the enormous unsuspected resources of men and women. Human life is so full of undeveloped possibilities, that whoever explores with a trained alert mind, inspired by hope and faith, will make discoveries forever withheld from the cynic and the conformist. Third, we must have analysis. There can be only one proper aim and end of education — to use to the best advantage the available economic, social, and æsthetic resources, to bring about for boys and girls and men and women such development and preparation that they can best meet the experiences and relations of life.

Such a programme must be based on knowledge as definite as possible; first, of qualities of the persons affected; second, of the probability, frequency, and comparative importance of their experiences and relationships; and third, of the available resources and method of education to meet those

experiences. This process of analysis must be untrammelled by tradition and authority; and we need not be surprised when we find ourselves taking issue with current educational methods. Then, to complete the process, we must have the synthesis of the educational programme, using precedent as information, but not as authority. 'She should be my counselor, but not my tyrant.' Our fundamental process is to make a new, fresh inventory of all the universal experiences and relationships that a student will need in order to give and to get the greatest values for his life; and so to balance and proportion his preparation that any disturbance of that balance would leave him less effectively prepared.

We aim for symmetry of development. Society and the student, and not courses, are the units for which symmetry is demanded. We plan to carry no line of preparation beyond a point where its further extension would mean the elimination of other experiences more important for the development of balanced personality; even though these other experiences lie entirely outside the usual range of traditional college interests. Thus, among the most far-reaching decisions the student ever will make are his choices of a vocation, of business associates, of a mate, of a home and its equipment, of avocations and recreations, of his manner of spending his income. Would it seem strange if these subjects should appear on the curriculum, replacing Calculus and Latin? We dare not undertake all such subjects at once, for lack of preparation and of equipment; but they loom large in our analysis. College students are poring over their mathematics and languages, whereas, in these other momentous matters, in most of which they will make decisions shortly after leaving college, they are as ignorant as babes, frequently ar-

riving at decisions based upon the most ephemeral of reasons.

A fund of information, combined with reasoning power and the habit of diligent study, while they fill the requirements of academic excellence, do not prepare a young man or woman for effective living. Only by actual experience with the real world he is to enter on leaving college can he complete his preparation. Under the Antioch Plan, while a few of our students spend their entire time at study, most of them divide their time between school and practical work as part of the economic community. To accomplish this, the students are divided into two groups, alternating in periods of five weeks between college and industry.¹ These periods of economic effort are of great advantage in acquainting young men and women with the methods and technic of the calling they may later follow. But other gains are even greater. The student learns by actual experience how much life costs in labor. He learns the range and limits of his own resources, and becomes better able to judge the significance of the difficulties and resistance he must encounter. He tries out his own personality against that of others, and in general 'finds himself,' with the prospect of saving several years that otherwise would be taken up in that process after college. He saves industry the cost of reëducating him. It is a mistake, moreover, to consider the time spent in industry as lost to education. The student's mind continues to grow while he works. Time is an essential element in assimilation. Instructors report less wasted motion in taking up work after five weeks' absence in industry than is commonly experienced with the college student after a three-day intermission.

¹ For the development of this method of co-operation, we are greatly indebted to Dean Schneider, of the University of Cincinnati.

His reading continues. He is being introduced to the proposition that education is a life-long process and is not confined to school hours. In the absence of undue stress, which frequently results from working one's way through college in the usual manner, the plan of alternating work with study is entirely superior to the habit of odd-time work of the usual self-supporting student. Self-support is incidental to the plan; yet it provides an experience in self-reliance and independence, and in the habit of measuring one's resources, which is invaluable. In maintaining the reputation of the college as its representative in industry, the student has a responsibility which he cannot delegate.

How well a body of students can rise to such responsibility is indicated by the fact that during the first half-year of this programme ninety per cent of the student-workers very definitely made good in their undertakings. The elimination of only ten per cent in the double test of work and study indicates reasonable success in the initial selection of student material. From the employer's point of view, the high morale of the students more than makes up for limitations of experience and maturity. Youth craves adventure. To be a part in a great undertaking brings into action hidden resources of energy and character, which are unsuspected and which never would be developed by a cut-and-dried programme. In their industrial work our freshman students during the first month at times exceeded experienced workmen, both in quantity and in quality of production.

Not knowing how long it would take to find places for our students in industry during the present extreme industrial depression, we left the reconstruction of our buildings to be completed by student labor, thus furnishing immediate employment. As a result,

the students arrived amid a *maze* of sewer-trenches, lumber-piles, and the hubbub of building operations. Classes were interrupted by steam-fitters installing heating systems; and, for a month or more, working and living conditions were primitive indeed. The students took the situation in fine spirit; and by the time reconstruction approached completion, the entire student body was provided with other employment. They are now working in more than fifty different institutions, including factories, laboratories, banks, stores, schools, farms, and various other industries.

Little by little, as finances make possible, it is planned to assist students in the establishment of small industries, where they can assume responsibility to an increasing extent. The Antioch programme seems to have succeeded in its appeal to young people who wish to be responsible for their own undertakings. During these first few months we have been embarrassed by a multitude of requests and suggestions from our students, that they undertake industrial projects. These include contracting, operating a restaurant, a store, a laundry, a printing and publishing plant, a furniture-repair shop, a dairy farm, a house-wiring business, and numerous others. A few of these are now in operation; many prove unfeasible; and some cannot yet be initiated because we are not in all cases able to assist in the preliminary financing. The oversight of these projects by our accountants, engineers, and other faculty members helps to expose many a youthful fallacy in industrial policy.

It is planned also to build an industrial building on the college campus, where a number of privately owned small industries will be invited to locate. The facilities offered to such industries would be floor-space, electric-power

supply, an intelligent, serious-purposed working force supplied from the student body; and, to whatever extent desired, the services of the professional men connected with the college faculty in accounting, industrial research, traffic, cost-analysis, advertising, and in other departments of administration. Certain of these industries already have been decided upon, and we are now seeking contacts with others of the right type, including printing and publishing, metal, textile, and chemical plants.

III

Next to the provision for coördination of economic and academic work, the most notable departure in the Antioch Plan is the complete revision of the curriculum in an effort to proportion it to the actual needs of the student. It is a requirement of every technical or professional course at Antioch that it be accompanied by the fundamentals of a cultural education, the school time being divided approximately equally between the two. Technical men, as a whole, are lamentably weak in those qualities which should be developed by a liberal education. The regular course, which for the average student consists of six years of forty weeks each, for the technical or professional student is divided, fifty per cent to economic work, twenty-five per cent to technical or professional training, twenty-five per cent to a liberal education. The effect of extending this cultural work through six years is far greater than that of two years at a liberal college. Moreover, the continuity of liberalizing thought and study during six years is far more apt to result in the fixing of lifelong habits.

In the curriculum of liberal subjects also there is a complete departure from prevailing custom. Instead of a system of majors and minors, which requires

that the student give much of his time to going deeply into a few subjects, he is required to get a general view of the entire field of human knowledge and interest, and only in case he makes a very creditable showing in the fundamentals of any subject is he encouraged to proceed further with it. Moreover, such advanced work must often be by means of autonomous courses, in which the student carries the subject largely by himself, in the manner of the English college tutorial system, with occasional conferences with the teacher. The time of our faculty in cultural subjects is given to a large extent to the earlier years of the student, when his mind is getting its fundamental direction, and while he is developing the habit of going alone. In this condensed programme, for example, we allow two years for a survey of history, the same for a view of psychology and philosophy, a year and a half to biology, a year each to chemistry and physics, with other fields similarly represented. Literature is the heart of the cultural courses.

We are building thoroughly modern and attractive homes for our faculty, are providing our own school facilities for faculty children, and are paying reasonable salaries. These are conditions necessary to release one's energies for one's job. But we do not want men or women who come primarily for house, or school, or salary. The great compensation we have to offer is an adventure in living; an adventure with a selected small group of boys and girls, who are here for the purpose of committing all they have to the discovery and the winning of the highest values of life. Anyone who comes to us in any other spirit, and is unwilling to share with us the risks and disappointments of pioneering, and of hope deferred, will find himself lonely and discontented. It is obvious that thorough scholarship and sound, balanced personality are essential.

Antioch has room for two hundred new students next fall. A part of these are already selected. We aim to develop young men and women for management and proprietorship — for economic self-support and independence. But we are not interested in students whose sole motive is to prepare for making a better living. Students with such an outlook will find us talking a language they do not understand. Economic independence should be but an enlargement of opportunity for giving and getting life's highest values. Antioch is no place for the student of low ability or weak purpose, who needs imposed discipline and guardianship. His limited stay with us would be a mutual embarrassment.

The part-time work of the student, especially when he undertakes projects for himself, makes possible his gradual initiation into responsible management, at the same time that his school curriculum is giving him the theory of management. Whether it is the intention of the student to become a manufacturer, a merchant, or an engineer, the training at Antioch will aim to prepare for administration and management in that field. For instance, our students in the field of public education, as soon as they have met the legal requirements as to normal training, spend their working periods in teaching country and village schools, two students alternating in filling one position. After a year of teaching under supervision, it is the aim to secure positions which combine teaching with administration, until at the end of the college period the student shall be in responsible charge of village or consolidated rural-school systems, and laying the basis for larger responsibilities. The general vocational studies during this period include the elements of administration and management, while the specific vocational courses are concerned with pedagogical theory and practice. Antioch students are now

filling teaching positions on this basis.

Similarly, Antioch aims to prepare for management or proprietorship in the fields of engineering, contracting, printing and publishing, manufacturing, merchandizing, agriculture, home-keeping, house-design and furnishing, institutional management, and machine-shop operation. A fair proportion of Antioch students should be ready upon graduation to become proprietors on a small scale, or to secure positions in which management is a large element. Responsible management has a technic of its own which can be perfected only by experience in its exercise. Some men reach positions of large responsibility by beginning at the bottom and working up in large organizations; others by beginning as absolute proprietors on a small scale, and developing gradually as they master the technic of responsible management in all its phases. The latter is the Antioch way. The handicap of this method has been the lack of definite training in the technic of management. This Antioch supplies.

One requirement for financial independence will be an economical standard of living while at college. At our large endowed universities the student costs himself and society \$2000 a year or more. He is a privileged person who fails to carry his fair share of the world's burden. At Antioch we have a vision of a place where a student of high quality can come with a few hundred dollars, and complete his college course without being a financial burden upon society. A deficit of about twenty-five per cent of our annual operating cost will have to be made up, if not by endowment and contributions, then by the profit on industries owned and operated by the college. With student labor of high intelligence and morale, and with the provision for caring for much of the overhead of production and distribution, we yet need directing ability for the han-

dling of such industries. We dare to hope that we may make the acquaintance of men of executive ability, who will find it to be an interesting adventure to help such a college achieve economic independence through its industries.

In the treatment of technical and professional courses, we come at once upon definite limitations. In a small college, such as we plan that Antioch always shall be, it will not be possible to compete with the highly specialized technical and professional courses of our great universities. If Antioch is to be a success as a technical and professional school, it must be because we have chosen a field in which small size is a positive asset, and in which a great university, because of its size, would have difficulty in competing. The transmission of character and ideals comes best by personal intimate contact of maturity with immaturity, which only a small college can furnish. The discovery of a student's aptitudes, the counsel, the encouragement and advice necessary for organizing his personality — these must be individual, personal undertakings. Yet many college students never have opportunity to discuss their affairs seriously with any mature person.

These considerations strengthened us in our desire to make Antioch a school for developing proprietors — men and women with the entrepreneur outlook. There is room for independent proprietorship in America to-day as never before, and Antioch plans to keep that vista open. Naturally, this programme demands a careful selection of students, and carefully worked-out plans for such selection are in use. The necessity of relating educational opportunity to the character of the student is one of the fundamentals developed by any analysis. Without that precaution, either the student or the educational opportunity may be wasted. It should not be assumed that every

student must become a paragon of balanced qualities in order to succeed. We have come to associate right to ownership almost solely with administrative ability. Antioch hopes to develop the point of view that any high-class essential service is a sound basis for a claim to a share in ownership. Partnerships are more generally successful than individual proprietors, because weakness is neutralized and strength reinforced. We hope to teach our students to make such associations as will lead to the union of complementary qualities, and to share in ownership where an essential contribution is made.

Antioch hopes to take a place, however small, among the agencies that are at work to make a new world — new in power, in intelligence, in wisdom, in friendship and good-will. Any graduate who leaves Antioch without that spirit will be a failure in the eyes of his associates. In the ability to exercise the functions of proprietorship, where he can determine the conditions of service and of relationships, the Antioch graduate will be able to build his own little world about him to an extent that he could not in the position of an employee, where conformity to existing standards would be his first duty. The entrepreneur who has ventured and won in the field of economic competition is in a strategic position for influencing social and economic standards in his field. It is sometimes said that all fine human service has been performed either by men who kept themselves whole-hearted and uncontaminated by economic motives, and thereby died in the garret; or else by rich men's sons who therefore were able to avoid the contamination of business. Since most men must make their livings by economic effort, that attitude in effect is a running away from life. The right to serve is inalienable, and symmetrical education will make preparation for it.

UPLAND PASTURES

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

I

DORSET VILLAGE has always maintained a certain integral pride in itself. It is recorded by Miss Elvina Osgood, the village Holinshed, that in pre-Revolutionary days its voters, by a concerted effort, cleared a fellow citizen of debt, so that Dorset neither at that time nor in the future should bear the disgrace of his imprisonment. Such a spirit was manifested in times most recent when the newly organized Village Improvement Society planned the scope and character of its service to the community. Though for obvious reasons it was not publicly announced that the society purposed the reinstatement of Ursula Trundy to former respectability, such an aim had been seriously agreed upon at an early meeting of the Executive Committee.

Other and more immediate matters, however, demanded the society's first attention. A new flagstaff, already in process of construction, must be erected by Memorial Day upon the village green; rows of geraniums, which had been carefully 'slipped' and guarded during the winter by various ladies, must be set out along the walks leading to the Town Hall; it was imperative that some means be devised by which the Pendleton hens should cease their maraudings without a simultaneous cessation of Miss Aphiah Pendleton's interest in the new society; and, most important of all innovations, the new street-sprinkler must be in readiness to take up its urban progress through the

main streets upon the arrival of the first summer sojourner.

Meanwhile Ursula Trundy remained 'on the town' — that ugly phrase, so uncompromisingly literal and yet so vividly suggestive of all human misery, which characterizes at least one unfortunate in every New England village.

In Dorset parlance, Ursula Trundy was 'not all there.' To be sure, she did not exhibit infallible evidences of mental deficiency, as did Seth Thomas, whose incessant gigglings, vacant stares, and insatiable desire to play with little children were in strange contrast with his forty years. Nor did she have 'spells,' like Abigail Bowden, the 'grievously vexed' of Petersport. She was simply a placid woman in the late thirties, whose apparent inability to learn in school and whose later inaptitude and unfitness for any sort of employment marked her as one of those upon whom Providence had frowned. She had about her the inanimate quaintness of an old portrait, and a certain inexplicable dignity before which one felt a foolish, unaccountable sense of embarrassment, as if one had chanced, all unaware, upon the presence of greatness. It was doubtless this latter attribute which had prompted the Village Improvement Society in its somewhat deferred but wholly commendable decision.

'I declare for it,' said Alonzo Small, first Selectman of Dorset and, by virtue of his position, chairman of the new-

ly appointed Executive Committee, 'there are times when Ursula looks at me that I don't know which is the foolish one.'

Ursula had been the unwelcome result of a reckless marriage between Samuel Trundy of Dorset and one Sally Carter from Simpson Cove over against Sunset. Sam was pursuing his vocation in the early eighties as deck-hand on a coastwise schooner, when he met Sally during a 'lay-off' and married her. Ursula was the early pledge, if not of mutual affection, at least of mutual obligations. Twelve years later, while she was still unavailingly attending the primary school, her father, shipwrecked in an equinoctial storm, descended into a watery grave, doubtless far less ingloriously than he might have descended into an earthy one. Sally Carter Trundy was not made of the stuff that long endures poverty, loneliness, self-support, and ill-concealed social ostracism. With the nonresistance characteristic of the Simpson Cove Carters, she died when Ursula was eighteen, and by a warrant from the Dorset Selectmen was buried in the potters' field.

From that time until reawakened Dorset pride had resolved upon her reinstatement — a matter of some twenty years — Ursula had been fed, clothed, and housed by town warrants. Dorset prided itself upon having no poorhouse. It boarded Ursula with Miss Emmeline Eustis, of whose own economic condition rumors were rife. Indeed, it was surmised at more than one Dorset supper-table that, by boarding Ursula with Miss Emmeline, the town obviated a double issue of warrants.

To the outward eye at least the life of Ursula and Miss Emmeline in the old Eustis place on Douglass Hill was hardly less colorful than that lived by most of Dorset. There was no particular pathos about it other than that

which always attends the negative patience of daily life. Except for the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting and the Ladies' Circle which met every other Thursday, their days did not vary. They washed on Monday, ironed on Tuesday, baked on Wednesday, mended on Thursday, 'caught up' on Friday, and on Saturday made ready for Sunday. To be strictly accurate, Miss Emmeline did all these things. Ursula, it must be admitted, afforded little help except in going on an occasional errand which she often forgot, and in spreading the freshly washed clothes in summer on the field grass.

In winter (there was no denying it) the days were long and slow in succeeding one another. Miss Emmeline, knitting by her window in the kitchen, scanned the snow-blocked road and wished that someone would break through and call. Ursula from hers, which faced the sink and looked out beyond a stone wall upon pastures mounting to pine-clad hills, watched the march of shadows across the snow. In the morning they came striding over the uplands, gigantic, relentless things; at noon, grown more friendly, they rested, gladly catching the sun; in the early evening some unseen, lavish hand tinged them with violet until they quite enveloped the hills and nearer pastures.

Ursula watched them all winter. She did not knit or sew. Miss Emmeline, whose fingers were rarely idle, never ceased to wonder that such inactivity did not trouble her. This lack of annoyance was not due to any pity which she felt for her boarder. Twenty years will dull the edges of most emotions, and Ursula, never really pitiable because of her apparent indifference, had become a matter of course. Not infrequently a strange consciousness swept over Miss Emmeline, which, though she resolutely put it out of her head as 'mere notion,' nevertheless

clung to her. She felt as if Ursula, at the window by the sink, her hands listlessly folded in her lap, were more occupied than she herself with her clicking needles; and intuitively she knew that this strange, groundless perception forbade the annoyance which she would otherwise have felt at such obvious idleness. But, ashamed of so whimsical a fancy, she offered no such suggestion to her neighbors, who condoled with her over Ursula's evident aversion to even the negligible tasks of which she was capable.

'Sometimes I wonder why she don't get on my nerves more,' she confided to the minister's wife at a meeting of the Ladies' Circle in the parsonage. Ursula, oblivious to all about her, sat meanwhile in a corner of the room, her hands folded in the lap of her best dress, her gaze upon a blossoming fuchsia in a tin can on the window sill. 'Most folks that just hold their hands drive me plumb crazy. When Mis' Ezra Grindle takes it 'pon herself to come to spend the day and just *sets*, I get skittish as an eel. But I don't mind Ursula somehow. Come spring and summer, she won't be settin' still any longer; and when the berries get here, there'll be no holdin' her. She's quite a help then, though she's no great shakes at pickin'.'

The experience of twenty years had lent surety to Miss Emmeline's prophecy. She knew that, before the snow had left the hollows, Ursula would be on the hills. There never was such a person for ranging the pastures. Strangely enough, she felt an aversion to the deeper woods, and never vied with the Dorset children in their search for rare pink lady's-slippers, which grew only in the damp, woody thickets of the Dodge lower pasture. But she was always the first to crawl between the gray bars of Deacon Reuben Osgood's fence and scale the hill leading to the

wind-swept uplands. No one else saw the alders redden with the spring sap, or the slow ascent of catkins to the thinnest tips of willow trees, or the gleam of a scarlet partridge-berry on the edge of a last snow-bank. No one else felt the sudden thrill of seeing on some April morning the dark shadow of a ship spring, light-touched, from the fog into the blue freedom of open sea, like a wide-winged butterfly emerging from a gray cocoon.

Ursula herself was like that ship, springing from the dreary sameness of winter days into the wind-swept freedom of hill and pasture. Empty-freighted though she came, there was cargo to be gathered, enough and to spare. She found it in unfolding fern-fronds, in the vagaries of the spring wind, in the poignant fragrance of hidden arbutus. On July and August days, when the hot dry air of the pastures was heavy with pennyroyal, sweet fern, and bayberry, she gathered lavish armfuls of it as she picked blueberries slowly, with many journeys from one patch to another and with many pauses to look seaward. When autumn covered the pastures with a purple haze that throbbed with a hidden insect chorus, she completed her winter's cargo through her search for a secret as elusive as that guarded by the first maple that reddens before its neighbors.

II

Spring came early in that year when the Village Improvement Society drew up its platform. Surely some compensation was due after the most severe winter in twenty years. Ursula heard the first song sparrow on a morning in early March, while she fed the hens from Miss Emmeline's back porch. As his first full notes trembled in the keen, fresh air, she felt herself in a sudden glow of light, as radiant and all-

enveloping as that surrounding any mediæval saint at his orisons. It was as if her life, hungry in late February days and vaguely felt to be an empty circumstance, had been touched, like those at Jerusalem, with tongues of sacred flame. She stood dumb with gratitude, staring at the familiar things on the porch, — some ears of dried corn, a discarded broom, a frozen dish-cloth, — as if they, too, must soon be bathed in light. Nor did the glow vanish when Miss Emmeline, impatient at her idle lingering, called her to come in.

That year there was no keeping Ursula within doors. Long before the snow had left the pastures, and while only an occasional bare spot scarred the hills, she was in and upon them. It was in vain that Miss Emmeline, observing with critical, disapproving eyes her bedraggled skirts, torn rubbers, and wet shoes, remarked upon the aversion which the selectmen would undoubtedly feel toward issuing an extra warrant in these days of high prices. Ursula's eyes as they looked at Miss Emmeline might never have seen a warrant. Rather might they have belonged to that apostle who declared unto King Agrippa that he 'was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.'

The sympathy of Miss Emmeline's friends, which returned perennially with Ursula's spring-time vagaries, redoubled itself upon the apparent increase of her eccentricities. Mrs. Ezra Grindle, who, the roads being now passable, came to spend an April day, vouchsafed the utmost concern for her hostess's stock of patience.

'You must be most wore out, Em'line,' she said from Ursula's chair by the sink. Her disapproving gaze traveled meanwhile from Ursula's red calico, drying over a chair before the oven, to a distant, blue-clad figure moving slowly across the ridge of the Osgood pasture. 'Seems to me you get more 'n your

share. But then, as I say to Ezra, the just don't have no copyright on the rain, an' what you deserve in this world an' what you get are two mighty different things. If you have a lot, you're bound to get more, troubles same as joys. It's true in life as 't is in the Bible. But Ursula's one thing the Lord ain't seen fit to put on me, an' as I was sayin' to the minister's wife, — I spent the day with her just before Thanksgivin', — I can't be too thankful He ain't. With my nerves as edgy as they are, I could n't stand her starin' all winter and gallivantin' spring an' summer. No, it's lucky she ain't my lot in life. But there, poor soul! She ain't to blame for not bein' *folks*!'

Miss Emmeline bit her lips as she listened. All day she had envied Ursula her freedom. She would gladly have refuted the final observation of her guest, had she not felt it poor policy to open any argument which might prolong an always unwelcome visit. Doubtless, too, she felt it worse than useless to attempt to explain a matter of intricate psychology, hardly clear to herself, to one whose sense of economic honesty and social fitness did not prevent her from spending the day at least twice a year with every family in Dorset.

Meanwhile Ursula followed a song sparrow in his desultory flight from bush to rock across the pasture-ridge. On that day and on many days thereafter she felt as if she could both see and hear the growth of grass and leaves and fir-tips. Had she known of Heimdall, the old Norse god, she would have felt a kinship with him.

When arbutus gave place to bluets and white violets, and wild pear and cherry trees dropped their petals, and pale-bellied blueberry blossoms began to crown the pasture-hummocks, she drained her cup of joy daily, assured that the next morning would fill it

again with generous, overflowing hands. The Dorset children, seeking for sparrows' and brown thrashers' nests in hospitable bayberry bushes and blackberry thickets, always found Ursula before them. She was like some ancient divinity, forever haunting Ægean rocks and pastures; and, like the presence of divinity everywhere, she was shunned by those who, forewarned, saw possible evil in her strange ways.

In blueberry time she somewhat deemed herself in the eyes of the townspeople by picking; though, as Miss Emmeline had said, she was 'no great shakes' at it. She liked rather to seat herself in a patch of ripe, down-covered berries, some few of which she occasionally picked, and gaze out over the roofs of Dorset and beyond the land-locked harbor to the open sea. She was worried by the industry of Mrs. Alonzo Small, who not infrequently utilized by berrying that sometimes unoccupied hour between baking and dinner — an hour which no New England housewife feels free to waste. Mrs. Small, in her turn, as she diligently stripped the vines of their berries and tossed handfuls of them into her rapidly filling pail, felt an increasing disgust for Ursula's uselessness, and an increasing skepticism as to the plan of the Village Improvement Society. On such days she unburdened herself to Alonzo at dinner.

'Seems to me that society's plain throwin' away hard-earned money if it settles any sum on Ursula Trundy for board an' keep,' she told her husband in no uncertain tones as he refilled her plate with boiled dinner. 'And as for Dorset's respectability, what's worse, I'd like to know — to keep one undeservin' pauper clean and decent, or to pauperize a lot of deservin' folks? I declare, if they go to pushin' that idea, I believe I'll get a piece off my mind. I wish that Executive Committee and you three Selectmen could have been in

Reuben Osgood's pasture this mornin' along with me. Then you'd have seen what your money's goin' for!'

In the face of this onslaught Alonzo squirmed in his chair, intrenching himself none too successfully behind the remark that the matter could n't be settled anyhow before haying was over.

It was on a Monday morning toward the end of the berry season that Ursula, staying against her will to spread out the clothes for Miss Emmeline, came later than usual to the entrance of the pasture lane. So eager was she to breast the hill where she might feel the sweep of the northwest wind, which for the first time that summer bore a hint of the fall, that she was unaware of stumbling into and almost over a group of children, assembled in anxious conversation. But when, gathering her red calico about her, she stooped to crawl between the lowest bars, the largest of the group was hastily pushed forward as a spokesman by his worried companions.

'You can't go through any more,' he said, edging himself between the fence and her. 'There's a sign right there on the post that says it.'

'She can't read,' whispered a little girl with a nervous giggle.

'The sign says you can't go into Uncle Reuben's pasture any more,' explained the boy, his voice growing louder as if Ursula were both deaf and foolish. 'Someone's been leavin' the upper bars down and lettin' the cows out into the meadow. Uncle Reuben says the blueberries are most gone anyway, but they ain't. In the fall he's goin' to burn the pastures all over, so bye-and-bye the berries'll be thicker, and then he'll put in pickers and send the berries to the cannin' factory at Petersport.'

'Next summer maybe you can pick for him, Ursula,' vouchsafed another boy, emboldened by his companion.

Ursula's face made him feel suddenly sorry for her. 'You can earn five cents for every quart you pick.'

'Ursula don't pick,' whispered the same little girl; 'she just looks at things.'

Assured by Ursula's attitude that she had no thought of trespass, the children moved across the road, where they were torn between deliberations on the matter of other picking-grounds and questionings as to whether the trespass would stay up all winter. It would be a pity to destroy such a coast as the pasture lane afforded.

Ursula, meanwhile, unmindful of their chatter, sat upon a rock by the pasture-bars. When their words had first intruded themselves upon her consciousness, she had been assailed by a strange confusion and clamor as discordant and overwhelming as the cries of a street-vender to one who kneels in a prayer-filled church. Then, as their meaning slowly disentangled itself in her mind, darkness descended over her chaotic spirit as night swallows up the jangling cries of a city's confusion, quieting what it cannot still; nor was the darkness relieved or penetrated by Reason's kindly light. Once she arose and walked to the sign on the fence-post, touching it as condemned criminals have touched a rope, and perhaps vaguely wondering with them why such material things as wood and hemp should take away a life. When she again sat down on the rock, she asked herself why she should not sit there always.

In the days following the afternoon when Miss Emmeline found her by the bars, Ursula rarely left her window by the sink. Her dull eyes gazed upon the pastures which seemed to call to her accusingly to come back and reclaim that which she had left with them. She would eat but little, and Miss Emmeline, herself wakeful, knew that she spent

many nights by the open window. Only the most stringent of economic circumstances kept Miss Emmeline from begging of Deacon Reuben Osgood leave for Ursula's harmless wanderings over his pastures. But more than one memory of his reluctant and not overgracious permission to defer the payment of mortgage interest, already overdue, prevented her.

Thin days came in late September — days mystery-woven, almost transparent, tantalizing with their authentic tidings of things invisible. Ursula left her window by the sink, and wandered aimlessly about the yard and garden. Now and then she stopped suddenly as if halted by the call of someone; and when she fruitlessly resumed her walking, she was as one baffled by the lost trail of a thought, long-forgotten but for the moment almost tangible. Miss Emmeline, humbly conscious that she lacked the understanding to fathom such darkness, tried to suggest possible remedies in the shape of substitutes.

'T is n't as though there wan't other places besides the pastures, Ursula,' she said. 'There's our meadow — I never saw goldenrod thicker. And there's the Yeaton field down by the brook, and the pine grove in the Dodge lower pasture.' Even as she named these places, she knew that she was offering stones to one who longed for bread.

Ursula's reply was the same to every suggestion. 'There's nothin' down there,' she said dully.

III

On a Wednesday in October, Deacon Osgood burned over his pastures in the interest of future blueberry seasons. All day Ursula watched the tiny flames creep along the ridge and lose themselves in clouds of smoke. Not infrequently a thicket of juniper blazed up-

ward in a quick burst of flame; now and then a bush of scarlet sumac lost its glory. The uplands might have been an immense altar crowned with sacrificial fires.

The sight of the flames terrified Ursula. She felt as if they must consume everything in the pastures — even that living thing which she had found there. Should the day ever come when she might again roam the hills, must she return empty?

Tormented by this thought, she could neither eat nor sleep. Long after Miss Emmeline, tired from her walk to and from midweek prayer-meeting, slept heavily in her room, Ursula sat by the window whither she had crept in the apprehension that even the hill summits might be ablaze. But she had been spared that last anguish. The pastures now seemed quiet, as if they rested their tired bodies after the blazing sacrifice of their souls. Only the acrid smell of smoke weighted the night air.

Still almost distraught by the torture of the fear that held her in its clutches, and emboldened by the heavy breathing of Miss Emmeline, Ursula yielded to a sudden impulse. She would go into the pastures, even to the summit of the hills, and see if the fires had robbed them and her. Dorset slept. There would be no one to prevent her passing the portentous sign upon the post and crawling through the bars into the pasture lane. She followed stealthily the high wainscoting of the kitchen wall to the door, where she paused to be assured that Miss Emmeline still slept. Then, lifting the latch, she passed into the yard, shadowy in the moonlight.

She was conscious of an almost overmastering weariness when, having made a wide detour of the sign, she crawled between the bars and began to climb the hill to the still-smoking uplands; but the urgency of her errand

would not let her rest. The pasture ground was hot beneath her feet, and she tried to keep nearer the fence to avoid burning them. Had it not been for the pungency of the smoke and her own bitter knowledge, she might have imagined that a summer mist, shot by an occasional firefly, was rising from the uplands, so kindly was the moon.

When weariness a second time threatened to overtake her, she was again set free, not by the urgency of her errand, but by the blessed certainty of its result; for the rising night wind, blowing upon her tired face and encircling her stumbling figure, declared itself free from destruction by fire and smoke. A familiar bayberry bush, surrounded by burned and charred grass, but itself quite untouched, welcomed her with faint fragrance. When, buoyed by sudden strength, she at last reached the highest ridge, untouched by fire, and threw herself down beneath a great pine tree, the sleepy twitter of a half-awakened bird banished the last vestige of her fear. For her there had passed away no glory from the earth.

There was healing in the night wind and peace in the silent faces of the clouds. Ursula's spirit, about which the shades of no prison house had ever closed, drank in the tangible secrets of the night. In them and by them did she live again. Her simplicity, unimpaired by thought, offered and received undisturbed communion with them. When the winged spirits of dawn and sunrise came, they built a nest for her ready soul, as in the old Celtic legend God is said to build the nests of all birds whom He has blinded by his providence.

Miss Emmeline did not need early the next morning the breathless message of Alonzo Small's oldest boy to know the whereabouts of Ursula. She met him as she was already skirting

the burned ground of the lower pasture on her way to the uplands. Nor did she need the unasked explanations of half a dozen of her neighbors gathered about the great pine. She pushed them all aside in her eagerness to see Ursula's face and to be assured that she had found what she sought. Half unmindful of what they said, she heard them conjecturing, sharing this opinion and that, importantly relating all they knew to those who, hurrying through the pastures, continually joined them. Someone deplored the deferred action of the Village Improvement Society, and someone else suggested that to counteract such delinquency, Ursula be buried in the cemetery proper.

A few minutes later Miss Emmeline had left this babel of confused and confusing tongues, and was hurrying homeward, down the pasture lane, through a path-cut field, along a brown road flanked by stone walls, red-splashed with the wrinkled berries of elder. Details of burial might be settled later. They were unimportant as compared to the work before her. She must make ready the house for Ursula's reception.

Once within doors, she raised the parlor shades and threw open the front door. Then she ran upstairs to the best room. She put up the curtains and flung the windows wide. Her best

black silk, which was spread upon the bed, she hung in the closet. From the linen-press she brought her best sheets, sweet with dried heliotrope blossoms from the garden, and made the bed fresh and clean. Just as she finished, she heard footsteps on the flagstones leading to the kitchen door, and ran to tell them to come in the front way. She was oblivious to their surprised and puzzled gaze when she told them to wait in the parlor for a moment before bringing Ursula upstairs. In that moment she ran to the garden and picked a half-blown pink rose, which all unreasoningly had opened the day before. This she placed in a glass vase on the table by the bed.

Before calling to the men below stairs, she stood in the doorway and surveyed the sunlit room, the bed fragrant and white with her best linen, the pink rose. From some forgotten source she had heard that the souls of those who die happily sometimes hover for a little while about the bodies in which they have lived. If that were true, she wanted to plead with Ursula's soul for as long a sojourn as might be. In that sojourn, perhaps, she might learn its secret, against that day when she would watch from Ursula's window the march of gigantic winter shadows across upland pastures.

USELESS INFORMATION

BY ROBERT M. GAY

THE other night, as I sat reading the *Variorum Shakespeare*, I was moved to apostrophize the poet as follows:—

‘O mighty reservoir of useless information! Nothing about thee is more wonderful than this, that thou daredst to remain uneducated. Who shall say that thy supremacy among men is not due to thy being the most uneducated great man that ever lived? At a tender age, thou escapedst the clutches of the specialists, and took to reading and looking at whatever was handy, hoarding up the largest collection of useless information ever inclosed in a single head. No one seems to have told thee that this is no way to form a mind. If anyone ever did tell thee so, thou probably only smiledst and wert still. So vast was thy accumulation that it has kept an army of experts busy ever since, trying to identify, arrange, label, and pigeonhole it. Thou hast given heart to thousands of unmethodical and indolent scholars, hast given to thousands of methodical and industrious scholars a pleasant and innocent occupation. Others have praised thee for everything else under the sun; but I will praise thee for this: that thou hadst the courage to know everything that was useless, and the address to make it all useful!’

I closed the book, but continued a train of thought which its perusal had suggested. A mind, thought I, that is full of useless information has a mellow complexion, like a fall pippin; while a mind that contains nothing but useful information must be as raw, acrid, and

savorless as a green apple. Why is this? Evidently one is a fine, fat, comfortable, and hospitable mind, which has its doors always open to any waifs and estrays that may be looking for a night’s lodging; while the other is a thin, suspicious, critical, and calculating mind, which admits nothing that cannot show its credentials. No wonder the latter impresses us as exiguous and adust.

The hospitable mind, nevertheless, seems nowadays to be not quite respectable, on the one hand, or just a little shabby-genteel, on the other. A mind that is not quite respectable gathers its information from newspapers, magazines, and light fiction, or, like Miss Dartle, by asking questions; while a mind that is shabby-genteel seeks its treasures in books that nobody else reads, in the discourse of its cronies, and in out-of-the way nooks and crannies of thought and experience. The one is ‘enamored of contemporaneity,’ the other of antiquity.

In these bustling, opinionated days nothing could be more futile, however engaging, than a mind that never asks whether information is useful, but simply whether it is interesting; that seems to be guided in its collection of knowledge by no purpose, but merely by love of knowledge for its own sake. What an out-at-the-elbow, down-at-the-heel sort of mind this is, which reads books of science, history, philosophy, for fun, accepts its facts as gratefully from a novel as from a treatise, and prefers those authors who have been

most like itself in storing up knowledge, not because it is important, but because it is picturesque.

Herodotus, the elder Pliny, Petronius, Apuleius, Rabelais, Dante, Ariosto, Montaigne, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Browne, Aubrey, Burton, Fuller, Sterne, Scott, Peacock and, among moderns, Anatole France — these are some of the favorites of the mind I have called shabby-genteel. The not-quite-respectable mind has no favorite authors, though it has favorite departments in the newspaper. The former is also a great reader of forgotten books, and of Bayle's *Dictionary*, Brand's *Antiquities*, Disraeli's *Curiosities*, Hone's *Everyday Book*, Southey's *Commonplace Book* and *Doctor*, the *Biographia Dramatica*, Genest's *English Stage*, and all the quaint compilations of John Timbs, Jacob Larwood, George Daniel, Cordy Jeaffreson, and the like, who have passed an industrious but cheerful life among the rubbish-heaps and dustbins of literature. A textbook, if it is fifty years old, will hold it for an hour, and an almanac half a day. Even old magazines — unilluminable catacombs, as Max Beerbohm calls them — do not scare it; and it has been known to chuckle over a town directory, after all the inhabitants were dead. An invitation to contribute to the *Journal of Philology* would fill it with alarm; but it has always been the mainstay of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Notes and Queries*. In short, anything of the sort that our grandfathers used to call the 'quaint, curious, or quizzical' delights it, and it is as likely to be finding it at any moment in one of Mr. J. S. Fletcher's pleasant detective stories as in Saint Jerome's *Commentary on the Book of Job*.

I have been specific about the shabby-genteel mind, because its knowledge is so typically useless. Facts that are current may have some conceivable

utility, but facts that are out of date are fairly safe from such imputation. To a practical man or a scientific specialist such a mind as I have described is nothing but a cabinet of curios, amusing perhaps, but haphazard and therefore negligible; and yet the sympathetic observer can find something to say for it. It at least has carried over into manhood, bravely and with a fine ignoring of current educational theories, an impulse, which we all know in childhood, to stow away any information that looks interesting. A child's taste in information is not scientific, indeed, but it is poetic, and may be more worthy of respect than nowadays we are willing to grant.

A man who has kept his liking for general information fresh and untainted by considerations of utility may still be guided in his collecting of facts by an absorbing interest in human nature, such as has always guided the poets. If he is particularly taken with the weaknesses of human nature, — its illogicalities, credulities, whims, and humors, — that may be because he has discovered that its strengths are best discovered by delimiting them. Some would say that his interest in human oddity and credulity is a kind of humanism gone to seed; and, doubtless, it sometimes is so. He may be only a frivolous person or a learned trifler; but he may, on the other hand, be potentially a poet. The poets seem always to have agreed with him that it is a mistake to examine too rigidly what is permitted to enter the head, and to have doubted whether anyone but the owner of the head can tell what kind of information is best for it.

It is for this reason that so many poets have run away from college. Even the owner, they would say, is likely to make mistakes if he approaches this problem too solemnly; for it is hard enough to determine what kind of

special or professional or useful knowledge one should collect, in order to earn one's daily bread: to carry the same circumspection into the domain of general information is to be merely morbid. They have all been careful, at any rate, to provide their brains with a thick padding of useless information which serves variously as ballast, ferment, color, filling, and ornament for their thought. It is desultory, discursive, unsystematic, and of no discernible practical value; it is, notwithstanding, characteristically and intrinsically *theirs*.

But all well-appointed heads carry about a quantity of odds and ends, picked up without thought or conscious intention during the journey of life, as we collect burdock-burs and beggar-ticks on an autumn ramble, — half-remembered quotations and allusions, anecdotes *minus* their heads or tails, snatches of statistics that have gone wrong, stray items of history and geography, names that have no family connections, fragments of science, superstition, and folklore, — trivial enough now, but vestiges of an unconscionable amount of reading, observation, and experience.

We are wont to deplore the waste of effort that shows so little permanent acquisition. It is like the waste of nature, which permits the incubation of millions of eggs or seeds to secure the survival of two or three. And we try to comfort ourselves by saying that nothing we learn is ever lost, but is lying in the unconscious, whence it may emerge if we have brain fever. This would seem to me a poor consolation, if I needed any; but I could never see much reason for deploring the loss of that which was so uninteresting that we did not take the trouble to remember it. I am more interested in what we remember, even though it bear the same proportion to the original in-

take that the surviving toe-bones of a megathere bear to the whole carcase. It is an interesting speculation, why the toe-bones survived, while the sparry architecture of the colossus fell into dust; and it is not without interest, why we remember one trifle and forget a thousand.

I suppose that certain items are taken in, or survive, because they have a peculiar fascination for our particular kind of head. One person, for example, likes hard facts, another soft fancies; just as, of two persons taking a walk, one, to be happy, must pick flowers, another, pick up pins. And so we stow away and preserve our pet items, as a squirrel its nuts, not because we can see any immediate use in them, but because we like them, because they look meaty and suitable for filling a cavity. They give us a feeling of comfort, such as the squirrel must have in a well-filled pouch or cold-cellar. It may be that like him we hope some day to use them; but it is certain that, also like him, we collect far more than we ever can use. Whatever our motive, they satisfy a hunger of the mind, as his nuts a hunger of the body.

This hunger of the mind we call curiosity, and, like hunger of the body, it is instinctive, and its satisfaction gives us pleasure. Special or useful information we acquire because we think we ought to, but general or useless information we collect because it is pleasant to do so. Hence it is that a man's general information is the true key to his personality.

We may go even further and say that general information is a mark of humanity: for the information of animals is all special, and no human specialist has ever achieved the singleness of purpose of a bee or a beaver. To know one thing is an attribute of the brute, to know everything, of the god; and man, set between, has always been,

as regards information, a Mr. Facing-both-ways. Of late years, however, he has inclined more and more to look upon the emulation of deity as foolish, and has tended to look down and in, rather than up and around.

Our remote forefathers chased knowledge, so to speak, through the heavens and over the earth on a hippogriff, and they doubtless wasted a good deal of time; but they enjoyed a fine exhilaration, beyond any they could have got in chasing it down a rat-hole like a weasel. An occasional voyage through the empyrean hurts no man, and is likely, if nothing more, to give him some idea of the real dimensions of his hole in the ground.

General information is also the salt of conversation, because, when the facts exchanged are all useless, one is as good as another, there is no chilly atmosphere of shop, and talk circulates freely; but special information is always aristocratical and hierarchical. A mind that is full of the data of ethics, for example, is supercilious toward one that is full of the data of millinery; but, as general information, fashions in hats may be even more significant than fashions in morals. It should be remembered, too, that a man who is rich in general information is not at all the same as a 'well-informed person.' The latter always fills us with alarm, outside the classroom or lecture-hall, because he has never admitted anything to his mind without first testing its validity and timeliness, and then connecting it with matters already there. The consequence is that we feel vaguely that he is unsportsmanlike. He has attempted to carry over into general information the rules that govern special. This will never do. It is professionalism tainting an amateur sport, — conversation, — which should always be lightly impressionistic, sketchy, neatly skipping over the

sharp stones of fact. Here, however it may be elsewhere, 'the truth,' as some great Frenchman or other has said, 'is always a matter of *nuances*.' Here is no place for browbeating and dogmatizing. In conversation, a man who is always sure of his facts has the rest of us at a disadvantage, and we quail before him as pupils before a pedagogue.

And, speaking of pedagogues, educational theorists are always quarreling about the relative rank and importance of this and that 'subject,' but no one ever heard them quarreling about general information. Somehow it has escaped their attention, and only to-day are they beginning to look at it, and to be shocked over their past neglect of it. Indeed, they have suddenly become quite excited about it, and are devising all sorts of tests for it; and if we do not look out, they will be trying to reduce it to a system, to make general information special. It is a project against which we should set our faces sternly.

For at best (or worst) they can only make our boys and girls well-informed persons, morbid creatures, who conceive as a duty what should be a joy. Let us have at least one part of our brains from which the pedagogue shall be excluded; let us reserve at least one large section free from scientific farming, one tract of wild woodland with plenty of underbrush, where commercial fertilizers shall be unknown, and humus, or leaf-mould, blown in from the four corners of the earth and the interstellar spaces, shall form a rich deposit in which the native sprouts can germinate, take root, and flourish. So long as education is as it is, it is inevitable, I suppose, that most brains shall be thin, nervous, and circumspect, and that fine, fat, umbrageous brains shall be rare; but let us at least not tamely submit to any movement that may be impending, to teach general informa-

tion. That is one thing that cannot be taught. A man must get it for himself, like happiness and religion.

The freely hospitable mind ends by being crammed like a boy's pocket, in which even the owner can make surprising discoveries. Under the flotsam (to change the figure) of detached facts on the surface of consciousness is a veritable deep-sea ooze of facts that may float upward at any moment into the light of day. Here is this Shakespeare, for example: think what astonishment must often have been his, when some odd little fact popped up in his head just at the right moment — something picked up years before in a Latin grammar at Stratford, or under a haystack near Oxford, or in a back alley in Southwark, and tucked away and forgotten ever since. Needing a phrase, he dips down into the ocean of his mind, so full of queer fish, pulls up a fact, some poor little smelt or white-bait of a fact, and salts it down in a metaphor; and the generations gasp at its aptness and beauty.

In his day men were not self-conscious about their minds, as we are. They let their minds grow: we cultivate ours. They seem even to have neglected their minds on principle, relying on curiosity to supply both the incentive of learning and the nutriment. This was very careless of them, and would be horrifying to the modern educational expert, who can tell you how to put a mind together as one would a salad. Even their formal education, which seems rather insane to us, had its good points. For one thing, while it kept the mind busy, it also kept it comparatively empty. It fed the mind dry husks in school, but the mind was therefore properly hungry outside, and foraged for itself. As a friend of mine puts it, they never let

their lessons interfere with their education. The Renaissance man would be astounded at the thought of an American child sitting in a classroom five hours a day, five days a week, for sixteen years, while an army of devoted teachers fed it on a scientifically selected diet. Small wonder, he would say, if, after a sufficiently protracted schooling, the average American is interested only in business and play.

It is certainly true that, as children, we like general information, and would amass quantities of it if we were encouraged; but adults early impose upon us their conviction that we must learn, not everything or anything, but something. The something they pick out seems to us a strange choice, often enough, but 'that monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat,' soon fastens his claws in us, and we succumb. Before long, most of us have so little mind left of our own that we would study anything, if it were demanded of us. Gone are the happy days of infant depravity, when Life went a-maying with Nature, Hope, and Poesy; when every new fact was a new joy, and the quest for information was the finest adventure in the world. Knowledge has become simply something we learn in school, for reasons not wholly clear; and we learn so much there, that natural curiosity dies.

There are already signs that we are beginning to perceive that the uses of information are more mysterious than we have realized. We are beginning to discover that the choicest grist of our selecting may be all chaff to the recipient, and that he, following his native inclinations, may turn what seems chaff to us into pure grist. The main thing seems to be to restrain our longing to be forever putting spokes in the wheels of his mill. It is his mill, and he must run it.

SOCIALISM IN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRIES

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

BEFORE discussing this subject, we must briefly answer the preliminary question: What do we mean by 'Socialism'? The word is often used very vaguely, but it is not difficult to give it a precise meaning. The definition of Socialism consists of two parts—one economic and one political; one concerned with the production and distribution of goods, the other with the distribution of power.

As regards production, all land and capital must be the property of the State—though perhaps the State might sometimes delegate possession to some large body of producers or consumers, such as a trades-union or a coöperative society. As regards distribution, what is paid for each kind of work must be fixed by a public authority, with a minimum of what is required for bare necessities, and a maximum of what will give the greatest incentive to efficient work. There is no need of equality of income for all, as part of the definition of Socialism; the fact that Chaliapin is paid more than a scene-shifter does not suffice to prove that Russia is still bourgeois. What is essential is that a man should not be able to extort profit by his possession of means of production, whether land or capital. But Socialism certainly has as its ideal, equality of income, subject only to such modification as may be imposed by the special needs of various classes of workers.

On the political side, Socialism is not

compatible with autocracy or oligarchy but demands that all sane adults shall have an equal share of ultimate political power. Even the Bolsheviki, who oppose democracy during the time of transition, regard it as part of their ideal, and admit that Socialism will not be fully realized until it is possible to restore liberal democratic institutions. (This appears in their writings, and was confirmed by Kamenev in a conversation we had with him while in Russia.) The different forms of Socialism do not differ here, but only on the extent to which proximate political power is concentrated in the democratic State, or diffused through various federated bodies.

It seems impossible that industrialism should continue efficient much longer unless it becomes socialistic. This is partly because the system of private profit rouses the discontent of the workers, and gives them a sense of injustice; partly because the private ownership of land and capital confers upon the owners a degree of control, both over private citizens and over the State, which is dangerous, since it is used to increase private power and profit. But the transition from the present system to Socialism is full of difficulty, and it is doubtful whether the attempt will succeed or will result in a return to barbarism.

Marx, whose prophetic insight was remarkable but not impeccable, conceived the transition with a schematic

simplicity which does not appear at all likely to be realized. He thought that the line between capitalist and proletarian would always remain quite sharp so long as Capitalism survived; and that the proletariat could never obtain more than starvation wages. Gradually the capitalists would grow fewer through the concentration of capital, and the proletariat would grow more discontented and more organized through experience of their misfortunes and struggles against them. Their struggles would be first local, then national, then international; when they became international, they would be victorious. Then, suddenly, by a revolution, the whole economic system would be changed, and international Socialism would be established.

In all these respects Marx has proved to be partly mistaken. The line between capitalist and proletarian is not sharp: trades-union leaders, with comfortable incomes, enjoy bourgeois comfort, associate with capitalists on equal terms, and often acquire much of the capitalist mentality. The iron law of wages, invented by orthodox economists to discourage trades-unions, and accepted by Marx to encourage revolution, was an economic fallacy: wages in America, and even in England, now afford far more than a bare subsistence to the majority of wage-earners. The concentration of capital in a few large enterprises has not meant a diminution in the number of capitalists, owing to the growth of joint-stock companies. The proletariat have not grown more discontented; they were certainly more revolutionary in England a hundred years ago than they are now. It is true that they have grown more organized nationally; but the war showed the complete futility, up to the present, of international organization. And if to-morrow a war were to break out between America and Japan, the pro-

letariat of both countries would equal the capitalists in enthusiasm, and surpass them in patriotism.

Finally, the numerical preponderance of the proletariat has been realized in only a very few countries (of which Great Britain is one). Elsewhere they are outnumbered by the peasant proprietors who, as a rule, side with the capitalists. In this last respect, however, time may yet justify Marx. Lenin's scheme of electrification is designed to industrialize agriculture, and thus give to the peasant the mentality of the proletarian. It is possible that technical improvement in agricultural methods may produce a similar change in other countries. This is a very important consideration; but, unfortunately, it is a matter as to which prophecy is exceedingly difficult.

The establishment of a Communist government in Russia has brought to the fore a new set of considerations. The Bolsheviki are attempting to establish Communism in a country almost untouched by capitalistic industrialism. This raises the question whether Capitalism is, as Marx believed, a necessary stage on the road to Socialism, or whether industry can be developed socialistically, from the outset, in a hitherto undeveloped country. For the future of Russia and Asia this question is of the most vital importance.

The Bolsheviki came into power with the intention of establishing Communism at the earliest possible moment; and this intention they, no doubt, still entertain. But apart from all external difficulties, the internal obstacles have proved greater than they expected. This may be gathered from a very candid article on 'The Meaning of the Agricultural Tax,' by Lenin, published in English in the first number of the *Labour Monthly* (July, 1921). What he says of Russia would be equally applicable to a socialistic

China, or to India if it became Bolshevik. Lenin distinguishes in present-day Russia, elements at five different levels of economic development, namely:—

1. Patriarchal — to a large degree, primitive — peasant production.
2. Small commodity production. (This includes the majority of peasants who sell corn.)
3. Private Capitalism.
4. State Capitalism.
5. Socialism.

The term 'State Capitalism' occurs frequently in this article, as well as in others of his writings. It seems to mean the running of enterprises by the State for profit, that is, in the same way in which they would be run by private capitalists. It appears in the course of the article that it includes the running of railways by the State, whether in Soviet Russia or in pre-war Germany. The term is not defined in the article. But the essence of the matter seems to be that, under State Capitalism, the State *sells* the goods or services concerned, instead of supplying them gratis to those who have a claim to them.

Lenin regards the later stages as higher in the economic scale than the earlier ones, and considers any development from one of them to the next as an advance. He also *seems* to hold — though this is scarcely reconcilable with Bolshevik policy — that no stage can be skipped, but all must be passed through in their proper order. He argues that small-commodity production must be encouraged, because it is an advance on patriarchal peasant production; that large-scale private capitalism is better than small production (though he hardly ventures to say that his government should encourage it); that State Capitalism should not be opposed by Socialists, because it is so much better than private capitalism; and that Socialism cannot be brought

about quickly. He quotes the following passage from a pamphlet of his, written in 1918:—

'State Capitalism would be a step in advance in the present state of affairs of our Soviet Republic. If, for example, State Capitalism could establish itself here during the next six months, it would be an excellent thing, and a sure guarantee that within a year Socialism will have established itself and become invincible.'

Later on in the article he says:—

'In the above-quoted arguments of 1918, there are a number of errors in connection with periods. Periods prove to be much longer than was then assumed.'

But the question of speed need not concern us at present; it is the nature and direction of the movement toward Socialism in undeveloped countries that we wish to investigate.

II

If one investigates Lenin's argument closely, one finds (if we are not mistaken) that its upshot is this: A government of convinced Communists can limit the phase of private capitalism to rather small businesses, replacing large-scale private capitalism by State Capitalism; also, they can enormously accelerate the movement from any one phase to the next; but they cannot enable a community to skip any of the phases altogether, or to overcome the laws of economic evolution.

A few further quotations will help to elucidate the position taken up in this very important pronouncement.

'State Capitalism is incomparably higher *economically* than our present economic system' (that is, that of Russia in 1921).

'Socialism is impossible without large capitalist technique.'

'Socialism is impossible without the

domination of the proletariat in the State.'

'I will, first of all, quote a concrete example of State Capitalism. Everybody will know this example: Germany. A victorious proletarian revolution in Germany would immediately, and with tremendous ease, smash the whole shell of imperialism . . . and would for certain bring about the victory of world Socialism.'

'If the revolution in Germany is delayed, our task becomes clear, to learn State Capitalism from the Germans, and to exert all our efforts to acquire it. We must not spare any dictatorial methods in hastening the westernization of barbarous Russia, and must stick at no barbarous methods to combat barbarism.'

'The problem of power is the root-problem of all revolutions.'

'Our poverty and ruin is such that we cannot *immediately* establish large State Socialist Factory Production.'

'It is necessary, to a certain extent, to assist the reestablishment of *small industry*, which does not require machinery.'

'What is the result of all this? Fundamentally, we get a certain amount (if only local) of free trade, a revival of the petty bourgeoisie, and Capitalism. This is undoubted, and to close one's eyes to it would be ridiculous.'

After explaining the folly of attempting to prevent all private trading, with a half-confession of the fact that this policy has been vigorously pursued hitherto, he explains the new policy which he now advocates: —

'Or (and this is the only *possible* and sensible policy) we can refrain from prohibiting and preventing the development of Capitalism, and strive to direct it in the path of *State Capitalism*. This is economically possible; for State Capitalism exists in one or another form, and to one or another ex-

tent, everywhere where there are elements of free trade and Capitalism in general.'

He proceeds to mention concessions and coöperative societies as examples of this policy.

On the subject of fitting the peasantry into a Socialist system, he says:—

'Is it possible to realize the direct transition of this state of pre-capitalist relations prevailing in Russia to Socialism? Yes, it is possible to a certain degree, but only on one condition, which we know, thanks to the completion of a tremendous scientific labor. That condition is: electrification. But we know very well that this "one" condition demands at least ten years of work; and we can reduce this period only by a victory of the proletarian revolution in such countries as England, Germany, and America.'

'Capitalism is an evil in comparison with Socialism; but Capitalism is a blessing in comparison with mediævalism.'

'It must be the aim of all true workers to get local industry thoroughly going in the country districts, hamlets, and villages, no matter on how small a scale. The economic policy of the State must concentrate on this. Any development in local industry is a firm foundation, and a sure step, in the building-up of large-scale industry.'

We have thought it necessary to make these numerous quotations, because they contain admissions, based on experience, of many things which socialistic critics have vainly urged upon the Bolsheviks, both in Europe and in Asia. The problem of what can and what cannot be done toward the hastening of the advent of Socialism in undeveloped or partially developed countries, is made much clearer by Lenin's exposition of his difficulties. The great importance of the problem lies in the fact that, while technical and economic conditions are more favorable

to Socialism in advanced countries, the political conditions are more favorable in backward countries. If, therefore, the technical difficulties could be overcome by the Bolsheviki, they would immensely facilitate the introduction of world Socialism. But the Bolshevik method has not only the difficulties recognized by Lenin. It has others at least as formidable, as we shall now try to show. The result seems to be that there is more hope of the inauguration of successful Socialism in the advanced countries than in those which have hitherto escaped any large development of capitalistic industrialism.

Industrialism in an undeveloped country must be aristocratic, and must at first entail great poverty for the bulk of the population, unless it is inaugurated by foreign capital. The Bolsheviki are obliged to manage industry as autocratically as any trust magnate, and are unable to afford more than a bare subsistence to their employees. Moreover, the attempt to dispense with the assistance of foreign capitalists has had to be abandoned since the resumption of trade and the adoption of the policy of concessions. The policy of developing industrialism without outside help entails such terrible hardships, over and above those that are, in any case, inevitable, that no nation, not even Soviet Russia, can face them. It is true that in England industrialism was built up without foreign capital; but the circumstances were very special, and not such as can be repeated. Coal and iron were plentiful and in close proximity to each other; new inventions, all English and confined to England by the Napoleonic wars, were cheapening production enormously; and above all, there were no other industrial nations to compete. In spite of all these advantages, the poverty and overwork of the operatives were appalling, and such as can be

imposed only upon a nation subject to an aristocratic tyranny. We cannot hope, therefore, that a modern undeveloped nation, without special advantages, can become industrial without the help of foreign capital.

Under these circumstances, is it possible for a country like Russia or China to pass straight to what Lenin calls State Capitalism, without passing through the stage of large-scale private capitalism? To make the matter concrete, is it possible to have railways, docks, and so forth, built and owned by the State, and mines worked by the State, by means, partly, of borrowed capital, but without allowing the lenders any voice in the management? A strong State can do analogous things for ordinary purposes; for example, the holders of war-loans were not allowed a representative at General Headquarters, to see that the war yielded good dividends. Nor did the French investors who lent to the Tsarist government demand a voice in the management of the secret police, although they knew that revolution might mean repudiation. In such matters it is assumed that the interests of governments and their creditors are identical, and that, therefore, governments need not be interfered with by private capitalists.

But in the development of new industrial resources a different point of view is customary, and a government can seldom effect a loan without selling some part of the national independence. In China, for example, foreign investors expect the concession of monopoly rights — railways, mines, and the like — before they will lend to a government. This makes State Capitalism impossible in so far as the rights granted to foreigners are concerned. The money that they lend is spent in bribery, paying troops, and so forth, not in productive enterprises; the produc-

tive enterprises remain in the hands of foreign private capitalists.

In Russia, the Bolsheviks hope to restrain this policy of concessions within narrow limits, and to retain the bulk of the nation's resources in the hands of the State. If they could succeed decisively, the Russian State, or perhaps the Communist party, could in the end replace the foreign capitalist as the exploiter of China, and could acquire a hold there which foreign nations would find very hard to loosen. The success or failure of Russia will probably decide whether it is possible to pass to Socialism through State Capitalism, rather than through large-scale private capitalism. If the Bolsheviks succeed, Asia may escape the advanced forms of private capitalism; if they fail, the whole world will probably have to arrive at the stage at which the advanced industrial countries are now.

The success or failure of the Bolsheviks turns on three kinds of factors: military, economic, and moral.

It is of course obvious that success is impossible without an army sufficiently strong to repel all attacks that can be easily provoked. Any trade agreements that the Bolsheviks conclude are the fruit of their success in defeating Kolchak and Denikin, and holding the Poles at bay. If at any moment a combination of, say, Japanese, Poles, and Rumanians had a good chance of defeating them, such a combination would, of course, at once declare a holy war against them. The only thing that may in time alter this state of feeling will be the investment of large amounts of foreign capital in the form of concessions which a White government might repudiate. It is the military strength of Russia that gives her pre-eminence above other undeveloped countries.

The economic factors introduce more difficult considerations. It is necessary

for the Bolsheviks, first, to import from abroad the minimum of machinery, rolling-stock, and the like, required for reviving agriculture and restoring industry to its pre-war level. When this has been done, and it has become possible to purchase food from the peasants by supplying them with goods instead of paper, it will become possible to revive and increase the pre-war export of food and raw materials, and at the same time to develop Russian industry enormously. It is the early steps in this process that are the most difficult and dangerous. Imports are needed, first of all, and although a few of the most indispensable can be paid for in gold, the bulk will have to be paid for in concessions, since exports are impossible in these days of famine and collapse of transport. Russia's need being desperate, the concession-hunters will exact very severe terms. Each concession will become a centre of private trading, and will make it more difficult to keep the bulk of foreign commerce in the hands of the State. There will be loopholes for corruption; and it may well be doubted how many of the later phases in the economic recovery will take place on the lines of State Capitalism.

All these difficulties are in no way peculiar to Russia, but are bound to occur in any undeveloped country which attempts a method of development disliked by foreign capitalists. But though the difficulties are great, they are not economically insuperable; by sufficient honesty, determination, and energy on the part of the rulers they could probably all be overcome.

III

This brings us to the moral factors of success. It is here that the difficulties of the Bolshevik programme are greatest. Few governments in history have

had more honesty, determination, and energy than the Soviet government;¹ yet it may well be doubted whether even they, in the end, will be found to have enough for the carrying-out of their original intentions. If the period of time involved had been, as Lenin believed in 1918, six months, or a year, or even a few years, the men who initiated the movement could themselves have carried it to a triumphant conclusion, without any great change meanwhile in their own outlook and disposition. But it is now four years since the October Revolution, and by Lenin's confession the work is scarcely begun. When the Bolsheviki speak of the period during which the dictatorship will have to continue, they seem to contemplate at least a generation. Meanwhile, many of the original leaders will have died, while those who remain and those who replace them will have acquired the habit of arbitrary power. The practice of negotiating with capitalists and their governments will tend to produce an acceptance of their assumptions, as it often does in trades-union leaders. Capitalists will endeavor to extend their concessions, and will offer corrupt bargains to induce extensions. It may not be assumed that all officials will be incorruptible.

It is of course possible, for a time, to secure a very high moral level through enthusiasm and hope. Revolutionary ardor will do wonders while it lasts; but it does not last forever. The road from pre-industrial production to well-developed State Capitalism (to say nothing of Communism) is so long that it cannot be traversed during an outbreak of revolutionary ardor; and after such an outbreak, there is usually a period during which demoralization and corruption are rampant.

¹ Readers of Mr. Russell's book — *Russia* — will know that his political philosophy is quite at odds with Bolshevik theory. — THE EDITOR.

An attempt to establish Socialism in an undeveloped country, while the developed countries remain capitalistic, must pass through two phases: the first purely militant, in which the forces of internal and external Capitalism are resisted; the second constructive, when the work of industrial development is undertaken under State management.

Russia is, perhaps, at the end of the militant phase, and has been successful so far as fighting is concerned; but the constructive phase is a more difficult test. During the militant period, men's combative instincts, as well as their nationalism, assist the enthusiasm for a new economic order. But when peace is restored, it becomes natural to grow tired of everything strenuous and tense. At this moment the foreign capitalists, in their concessions, begin to offer all kinds of advantages, from well-paid work for the ordinary wage-earner up to a fortune for the technical expert. To resist them will be very difficult — as difficult as it has been found to prevent small private trading: an attempt which Lenin frankly declares to have been a mistake.

There is, it would seem, only one force which could keep Communism up to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm, and that is nationalism, developing into imperialism as foreign aggressions are defeated. Otherwise the period during which revolutionary ardor can be kept alive will not be so long as the period required for the militant and constructive stages together. And if imperialism once gets the upper hand, it is of course vain to hope that any genuine Communism can result. Marxians, who believe that economic causes alone operate in politics, ignore such difficulties as we have been considering, because they are psychological, not economic. But the difficulties are none the less real on that account. Nor is it

safe for rulers to treat themselves, in the Bolshevik manner, as exempt from human weaknesses, not subject to psychological laws, and certain to retain their original purposes unchanged throughout any number of years.

In spite of all these obstacles, the Bolsheviks may succeed; and if they do, they may quite possibly become a model for China and India. There is one very important thing that they have made clear, and that is, that Socialism in undeveloped countries must be aristocratic, an affair of a few energetic intellectuals leading that small percentage of the population which consists of 'class-conscious proletarians.' It is impossible for progress in these countries to come as it has come in the West; because the men who are capable of leading revolutions have absorbed the latest Western thought, and will not be content with anything acknowledged to be out of date in England or France. Miliukov might have been content with a revolution like Cromwell's, Kerensky with one like Danton's; but the Bolsheviks, who alone had the energy required for success, wanted Marx's revolution, which Western revolutionaries still believed in because it had not yet happened. In the West, however, as in Marx's thought, his revolution had always been conceived as democratic. In Russia, where democracy is as yet impossible, some form of oligarchy had to be found until education could become more widespread; and this form of oligarchy was found in the dictatorship of the Communist party. For the same reason, namely, that democracy is not yet possible in Russia, it was in the name of democracy that Capitalism criticized and attacked the Bolsheviks. Thus both sides lost sight of an important part of the truth: the Bolsheviks, practically if not theoretically, of the fact that democracy is part of the aim

of Socialism; their opponents, of the fact that democracy cannot be achieved all at once in an uneducated nation.

The Bolsheviks have, however, made a very important contribution to the solution of Eastern political problems, by discovering an oligarchy which is neither that of birth nor that of wealth, but that of believers in a certain economic and political creed. When this creed is progressive and constructive, like that of the Communists, it is likely to produce a better oligarchy than any other that is politically feasible, except for the one reason that it rouses the hostility of the outside world. This is, however, such a very large disadvantage that it is scarcely possible to strike the balance. If the governments of the Western powers were socialistic, there would be no such disadvantage.

We are thus brought back to international questions, as dominating the problem of Socialism in undeveloped countries. If Russia proves sufficiently strong and determined; if China also comes in time to be dominated by Communists, then—assuming Lenin's new methods successful in keeping the peasants contented—it is quite possible that Asia and Russia may be strong enough to succeed in the establishment of their economic independence on a basis of Socialism. But there are so many *ifs* in this argument that probability is against it. It is more probable that China will remain, and Russia will relapse, under the economic dominion of the Western powers, until such time as their industry shall have been developed by capitalistic methods. In that case, the ultimate victory of Socialism, if it comes, will have to come from the advanced countries, as was universally assumed before the Russian Revolution. Whether and how Socialism may be expected to come about in that case, we shall not consider in the present article.

AN INLAND HARBOR

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

THE sharp reiterant clangor of an electric gong rises above the continuous blend of indefinable sounds that is the voice of the city; slowly the great double-decked leaves of the bridge lift upward, like the blades of an opened knife. The keen wind from the lake catches the falling dust from the slanting roadbed and whirls it to leeward.

North and south the flood of traffic ceases. Motors in triple row pause in their courses. The acrid reek of a thousand exhausts taints the clear penetrating air. Deep-throated, the whistle of a great steamer sounds its summons to the waiting bridges. Slowly it glides down the narrow channel of the river, which floods in like a liquid street between grim walls of brick and occasional skyscrapers. The sharp black bow moves past, followed by a league of deck; slowly the smoking funnel slides by, and the leaves of the bridge sink smoothly and silently into a level way.

From the bridge ramparts the walkers watch the vessel pass. Men of business and women on shopping bent are forced to pause. And from the decks of the steamer, lake sailors, in the slattern garb of their trade, turn curious eyes to these casuals of an interrupted city-street.

East, beyond the maze of tracks and warehouses and grain-elevators, the lake gleams a splendid blue beneath a paler sky. Strong from it comes the silent breeze, fresh with the purity of a vast expanse of open water. There are smoke-smears on the horizon, and where the long finger of the Municipal Pier

creeps out from the city, there are wisps of smoke and steam from other vessels.

Between the pier and the life-saving station the river enters the city. Far beyond, in the blue of the water, are the sweeping curves of protecting breakwaters. There is the open sea of Michigan.

But within, the river narrows to the breadth of a city street. It enters, disappears, and is lost in the maze of brick and steel and stone that for thirty miles borders the lake front.

A hundred years ago a gleaming sandbar stretched southward from the river mouth, and from the inland prairie the slow current of the river meandered crystal clear, past the stockade of Fort Dearborn, into the vast stillness of the lake. Where now rises the tremendous excrescence of the city, there were then groves of scrub oak among the sand dunes. And the current of the river, which to-day, by man's direction, swirls west through devious courses to the Mississippi, to disembogue finally into the Gulf of Mexico, then pursued its quiet course east to Lake Michigan, to mingle its waters with the flood of the St. Lawrence.

There is a mystery in this inland seaport. Great harbors suggest the open roadstead where vessels swing to the tide. There shipping may be seen and the units of commerce counted. There vessels tie to docks along the waterfront; the sea is in evidence; commerce greets the eye.

But in this lake port of Chicago, there is no such indication of water-

borne commerce. Hour after hour the deep throats of the whistles sound their summons to the reluctant bridges; one by one the huge steel carriers slide past interrupted streets, and are gone, lost in the wilderness of the city, forgotten by the waiting crowds who pause impatient on the bridgeheads.

East of the broad avenue which skirts the lake front, a mile of buildings and switchyards crowd outward to the shore. Between the towers of grain-elevators and the brick piles of warehouses are slips, where the ships may discharge or take on board their cargoes. Filled land is this, where once was the pleasant sand-bar. Choking with smoke and steam, the switch engines shunt their interminable strings of freight cars. From the bellies of steel freighters the grab buckets lift the coal which will feed a million furnaces, and pile it in mountainous ridges on the docks. Strings of stevedores, like ants, stream continuously from the opened ports of other vessels, trucking shoreward the fruits of Michigan, and bales and boxes and barrels, that people may be fed and clothed. Squat lighters swim like water beetles beneath the bridges, and tugs puff busily up and down the narrow channel, with stacks that dip backward to clear the bridge spans.

Here, too, in the quiet backwaters between docks piled high with coal or gravel, or crowded between salt warehouses or railroad freight-sheds, are the huts of fishermen. By day, in the shadow of the vast industries of the city, they mend their nets; in the early dawn their sputtering engines drive their small boats down the narrow lane of the river to the open lake.

Throughout the heart of the city the river winds; like a cañon, bridge-spanned at every block, it cuts westward, where, a couple of miles from its mouth, it divides into two branches. One of these swings north, the other bends

toward the south to form a junction with the Illinois River, whence they flow together to the Mississippi.

From the lake the water comes clear, except when a northeast gale piles the waves on the breakwaters and clouds the lake with tawny swirls of sand. Between steep walls of concrete or piling, it glides into the city, the dust of the coal docks and the oil of the water-front fouling its swirling surface. Beneath the latticed spans of the bridges, it flows steadily.

High on either hand rise the walls of buildings, behind a narrow shelf of dock. Mellowed by years, the red-brick walls look down through dusty windows. Here and there a new structure of clean brick, or gleaming terra-cotta, rises immaculate; but for the most part the walls that line the river are sombre and mellowed by years. With clocklike regularity occur the bridges. Street cars crowd the roadways and battle with motor-trucks for passage; men and women throng the footpaths, but they cross the river as they would cross an intersecting street. It is 'the river' — that is all.

To the north the stream branches. Rats scurry along the dock-piling on its shores. The surface of the water is brown with oil. A viscous smell rises from it. In a quiet pocket are tied a tug, two chasers, and a German submarine. The gray war-paint is flaked and weathered. A crust of oil smears their water lines. They are far from the salt reek of the sea.

High above the bank rises the monolith of an elevator, a cluster of mighty concrete columns pregnant with the harvest of the grainfields of the Dakotas. Other elevators rear corrugated sides, dusted with the dull yellow powder of the grain. From their flanks long tubes incline to the ships which wait in their shadow — tubes through which the golden flood of the harvest pours

into cavernous holds, that the mills of the East may grind, that men may live. From these repositories fed by clanking freight-trains, depart the silent steamers, which glide beneath opened bridges and, in the first starlight, arrest the impatient street-traffic homeward bound.

South, also, the river bends. Here the current flows more swiftly, tawny and cluttered with the mire of the city streets. Blackened piles embrace it; red walls of brick rise above it; street after street the bridges span its course. On the west bank a train of orange cars winds in and out past clicking switch-points. It is a coast train for Seattle, where perchance its passengers will marvel at a world port and forget, if indeed they ever realized, the commerce of the Chicago River.

The old swing-bridge at Madison Street is vibrating with the tread of feet, the rumble of street cars, and the roll of rubber-tired wheels. Like a smear of rouge, the red-lead-painted steel work of the new bascule-bridge lifts above the old rusting span.

High over the water men are driving home the rivets, with a reverberating rattle of their riveters. A few months, and the leaves of the new structure will fall into place. A few hours, perhaps, the traffic will be delayed. But to the passing ships there will be a wider channel.

The river narrows and the current quickens, dimpling and slinking in smooth oily streaks that bend about the confining abutments of the bridges. A black freighter, reaching almost from bridge to bridge, is hoarsely calling to a delaying bridge-keeper. Frightened automobiles scurry across; pedestrians are running; on the upper deck of the bridge an elevated train roars over the span of blackened steel. Slowly the bridge heaves; upward the centre bends; it divides and lifts its giant halves skyward. Into the gap the steamer glides,

the dirty water churning brown from the propellers, the helm hard over to meet the river's urge.

Twin towers, like London bridges, swing aloft a span of railroad track. Beneath it the yellow river floods. On either side the tracks of steel encroach upon it, crossing and recrossing, bridge after bridge; challenging its dominance. Martian structures, the gas tanks, crowd the bank. There is a reek about them, a nastiness in their presence, a majesty in their girth and altitude.

The river widens. On the right, long slips of still brown water pierce the land. The shore is piled high with lumber; wide acres of fragrant spruce and fir and pine; telegraph poles in piles, gaunt corpses of majestic trees; huge heaps of ties and toppling stacks of clean-cut boards. Mile after mile they reach; and here and here and here the slips, where lumber freighters come to bring the forests to the needs of men.

Coal, grain, lumber, fruit, and all the miscellaneous wares that a great city needs, are the burden which the river bears. There are no vessels flying foreign flags from distant ports. There are no rare cargoes from exotic lands. Nor are there any of those craft which grace a seaboard port. The square-rigged ship, the liner, and the tramp are not seen here. It is a river of utility. It is a port of inland commerce; but among the nation's ports it stands — high in volume of its tonnage.

When winter comes, the ice sweeps in in broken cakes of dingy white, and the brown river flows undisturbed. The swirling snow eddies out from the deep-cut streets and a piercing wind blows in from the lake. Against the night sky the low bridges trace the yellow west with sharp-etched lines of black, and the gulls wheel — the only sign of life along the stream.

But on summer evenings, when the air is soft and redolent with the breath

of the city, and the stars step dimly out from the soft blue of the night, a mystery steals over the turgid stream. Against the burning of the sunset the masts of ships mingle with the lattice tracery of the bridges. Blunt walls of dingy brick soften in the half light. The river catches the twilight glow. From lofty windows the white of electric lamps tells of late workers past the closing hour of the day. Across the

bridges, the headlights of automobiles stream.

Then, from the river's distance, comes the deep-bass whistle of the grain ship. Slowly the bridges rise against the sky. Red and green, the running lights seem to touch either bank. A giant palpitating mass of steel slides surely up the stream toward the lake. The bridges close; the traffic carries on — the streets are joined.

TIRED

No — Do not ask me to be wise.

I have no thoughts at all.

Only, that Life is swift, and flies

Shadow-like, strange, and small.

Only, that I am less than dew,

And frailer than a fern.

I have forgotten all I knew

Of certainty. To learn

This much is harder than I guessed.

I will not pass for wise.

I am too tired for a quest;

Too sleepy for surmise!

FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

THE AMERICAN EFFORT¹

BY ERICH VON LUDENDORFF

I

COMPLYING with the editor's request, I shall, in the following, research the question, what the United States' interference meant for the issue of the war; but I am quite aware that, when answering this question, I can do it only from a German point of view, especially from that of the German Headquarter. I can only contribute my opinion to the solution of the problem; but I believe that even this share will be interesting and important to any American who takes some interest in the matter. I am very much interested myself and think it most useful to listen to what foreigners say about the German strategy and — stirred by those critics — to examine carefully and repeatedly what I have done myself.

If both sides would act accordingly, free from passion and prejudice, it might help them to understand and to esteem each other again, to encourage the interchange of views among the leading intellectual classes of both nations, and to reconcile them after the deplorable historical conflict has been brought to a close.

It is my firm belief, and I draw from the very best sources, that before the war a 'Gentlemen's Agreement' existed

between important men in France, England, and the United States. It was directed against the alleged 'Pan-Germanism Danger' and bound the United States to interfere in case of a war with Germany and Austria. A German diplomatist states that Wilson came to a like agreement with England in 1913, and that he promised benevolent neutrality and copious supply of arms and ammunition. It stands to reason that this agreement made it much easier to the Entente to decide for the war.

Thus from the very beginning of the war the government of the United States has never been neutral. When, in 1914, before the battle of the Marne, some voices in France were heard who asked for peace, some official representatives of the United States in Europe declared that France had to hold out, because the United States would interfere in any case. The result of the battle of the Marne allowed them to remain aside. The Entente and Russia conceived new hope for Germany's and Austria's defeat. Besides, the Entente's propaganda in the United States had not yet stirred the hatred against Germany. It needed time, and the Entente was to take their measures, or to let things go when they took the right turn. In the meantime the government of the United States gave the Entente every possible support, and thus strengthened their purpose to go on making war. The government agreed to anything that the Entente was pleased to do or

¹ When General Ludendorff was invited to contribute this paper, he was given the choice of leaving the translation to the editor, or of submitting an approved English version. He chose the latter alternative, and it has seemed best to leave the Teutonic sentence-structure in every case where it has not actually obscured the sense. — THE EDITOR.

to order, and interfered every time when Germany tried to cut England's thread of life — its commerce. I shall prove it by mentioning a few historical facts which cannot be contradicted.

1. On August 6, 1914, the government of the United States suggested to all the belligerent parties to look on the Declaration of London as being obligatory. Germany agreed on August 19; England gave an evasive reply. America did not protest against it, but withdrew, though knowing that its own legitimate commerce suffered from the English oppression.

2. At the beginning of the war almost all the neutral states stopped their export of war-material. Not so the United States. However, this export did not flourish during the first months. So on the fifteenth of October President Wilson issued an annex to the declaration of neutrality, in which he explained that private people could supply as much ammunition as they were able to. From here begins the sudden growth of the manufacture of ammunition, to which finally, to the benefit of the Entente, almost the whole industry of the United States devoted itself. Thus began the economical relations with the enemies of the Central Powers, which were to be linked tighter by the war-loan — even so tight that Germany's victory was likely to injure the United States.

3. On November 3, 1914, England declared the Northern Sea as theatre of war. Thus Germany was blockaded, though no blockade had been declared. America did not protest and was greatly inconsistent with what it had supported as being international law at the time of the Russo-Japanese war, twenty years ago.

4. When, on February 4, 1915, Germany issued a declaration in which it forbade any of the enemy's trading vessels to cross the sea round Great Britain

and Ireland, on pain of being destroyed immediately, whereas it only warned the neutral ships not to do it, the United States government protested at once in a threatening language. Germany declared that it would have regard for the United States interests.

5. On February 22, 1915, America suggested the following arrangement between Germany and England. England should allow the import of food to certain firms in Germany, which should be charged by the American government with the distribution of the provisions among the civilian population. The German government accepted the proposal, with a slight reservation. The English not only refused it, but even did away with the last remainder of the international law. It took the last step on the way it had gone on since the beginning of the war, in order to cut off Germany entirely from the world, to make it starve, and to destroy its international commerce. On March 11, 1915, England issued its Order in Council, by which the English navy was allowed to confiscate all goods going to and coming from Germany, as well as goods of German provenance or property. The answering note of the United States was a voluntary agreement with the English measures. It is due to this agreement of the United States that it was possible to starve Germany.

6. Eight months after the Order in Council had taken effect, in November, 1915, America protested against the unlawful and indefensible 'alleged blockade,' but England answered at the end of April, 1916, that a country could be blockaded only when its geographical situation allowed it. As it was impossible to blockade Germany, it ought to be allowed to use the naval forces in some other way to Germany's defeat, in the way which the Order in Council adopted. Up to February, 1917, when America cut off all the connections with Ger-

many, that is to say, during ten months, America did not answer the English note and put up with the English practice, though consequently even the European neutrals could not get food enough for nourishing their own population in the usual way. Thus the American government has made good their own words: 'to admit it would be to assume an attitude of unneutrality toward the present enemies of Great Britain, which would be obviously inconsistent with the solemn obligations of this government.' The American government was unneutral according to their own statement.

7. As to what regards Germany, the American government always insisted on the old rules of sea-law being strictly obeyed, even then when the Congress itself disapproved with the government's view, as it happened on the question of the armed trade-vessels. From the beginning the government declared the use of the submarine boats illegal, and forced Germany to give up the U-boat war by communicating an ultimatum, which almost was a declaration of war. This ultimatum was sent at a time when — as it was stated at the Conference in Washington — the U-boat war was able to secure Germany's victory, as England's means of defense had not yet been sufficiently developed. I believe that this was the first time the United States rescued the Entente.

It was a small step only from the encouragement and furtherance of one of the belligerent parties to the beginning of real hostilities against the other.

Long before the war with the United States broke out, the German Headquarters was quite aware that the United States government would not allow the Germans to be victorious over the Entente; that they would take up arms in their favor, as soon as the possibility of the Entente's defeat should

arise. To-day the American people, with few exceptions, will admit that this opinion has proved correct. Mr. Tully's (the important private secretary of Mr. Wilson) book, *Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him*, gives new proofs. At last President Wilson himself states that the United States would have taken part in the war even without the aggravated U-boat war. His attempt to negotiate peace in the winter of 1916-17 was only a method of making the American people ready to follow his politics. No wonder that under those circumstances Germany's enemies scornfully refused the German peace proposal.

The political, military, and economical situation of the Central Powers at the end of the winter of 1916-17 was such that one could not hope any longer to win the war by military operations on the continent alone. Nothing else was left to be done, but to use Germany's naval forces for the unrestricted U-boat war in certain parts of the sea, to weaken and to shatter the enemy's economical life, and to destroy their conditions of life. This method made a success possible, and therefore it was to be tried. Besides, one was justified to hope that the U-boat war would make it more difficult to provide the enemy's armies with implements of war, and would relieve our own lines which were pressed hard. One had to put up with the fact that probably it would give the American government the welcome pretext for taking up arms by the side of the Entente, as — as I said before — was to be expected sooner or later. Thus the unrestricted U-boat war did not mean challenging unscrupulously and haughtily a neutral power. It was the late, but probably not too late, unrestricted use of a weapon which seemed to show the only way how Germany might maintain its position in that struggle for its life.

I hope that to-day this clear and sim-

ple exposition will meet an unpassionate judgment and understanding, even among the American people; they may remember how their government behaved from the beginning of the war; what its intention was; and, finally, they may bear in mind that the United States did not declare war immediately after the beginning of the unrestricted U-boat war, at the beginning of February, 1917, but after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, and after the great success of the U-boat war, when, at the end of March, Admiral Sims reported that Germany's victory was possible. At this time the American people had been influenced enough to follow the government to the war.

II

The question is, whether the German Headquarter was justified in believing that the unrestricted U-boat war would exercise a decisive influence, in case that America should augment the number and the strength of the enemy.

To begin with, it could never be Germany's intention to defeat England physically, as it was out of reach on its islands; but it was intended to weaken its military and economical forces to such an extent that it should prefer to give up the idea of defeating Germany and agree to a peace on conditions which were acceptable and unoffensive to both parties. One hoped that the unrestricted U-boat war would be effective enough during a certain space of time, which would be too short for the Americans to form considerable bodies, and to throw them on the European continent, and to influence the issue of the war; though one was aware that they would strain every nerve in developing their, on the peace footing, small army. The German Headquarter reckoned that it would take a year to form an army of a million of soldiers. As to the question,

how long it would take to carry such an army to France, it relied on the opinion and the calculations of those experts who were chiefly qualified for answering this question — the Admiralty Staff. If their calculation was right, then America was unable to interfere with arms pretty soon, and the danger was not so threatening.

I was justified in hoping for a peace which might have been acceptable to all the belligerent parties. To be short, from the beginning I did not make light of the importance and efficiency of the American military support of the Entente; but I thought I was not mistaken in believing that the support would not arrive soon enough, and, consequently, would not come into full effect. If this idea proved wrong, one must submit to it because of Wilson's firm intention of interfering. In any case the situation was such that one could only win the war as long as the United States were not interfering, with all their forces, in time to relieve the Entente.

The U-boat war did not completely fulfill the great hopes which had been raised, partly on account of the means of defense, which England had developed and which the United States supplied. England's vital interests had not been hit so hard nor so quickly that, before the United States interfered, it would have been forced to show itself ready to discuss such conditions of peace, which would have been acceptable to Germany. On the other hand, the United States' accession to the coalition gave a strong impulse to the nations and armies, and strengthened their morale and mood, which, after the failure of the Aisne offensive, had deeply sunk. It is known how the French were cheered up by the arrival of the first American troops. Ideas of peace, which, in the summer of 1917, seemed to have seized even the statesmen of the Entente, were put aside definitely.

Thus the approaching interference of the American troops became always more threatening. However, after the successful actions of 1917, the German Headquarter believed to have time enough to beat on the continent the two strongest enemies, France and England, so decisively that America's forces would arrive too late. Therefore the Headquarter resolved — and it was no easy decision — to begin the offensive on the Western theatre of war in the earliest spring of 1918, and called together all the available troops from the other seats of war.

The statesmen of the Entente seemed to look at things from the same point of view, for it is known that, in the winter of 1917-18, they suggested to the United States to send their forces quicker to the front, and asked for a quicker coöperation, even at the expense of the drill. General Pershing described the situation as follows: 'The Allies are weakened very much, and we must help them till in 1918; the next year it may be too late. I am very doubtful whether they can maintain themselves till 1919, if we do not help them copiously in 1918.'

One of the main reasons for the early beginning of the offensive was the uneasiness about the future enemy. In the winter of 1917-18 the German General Staff had made up a calculation, according to which, before spring, the American troops in France might reach the number of fifteen divisions, the greatest part of which, however, would only be fit for quiet parts of the battle-line and could replace there English-French divisions. This calculation may have been too favorable, and this number may not have been attained by the end of March, 1918. Further the memoir says: 'Recruits, armament, and equipment of the American troops are good. The drill is not yet perfect. But the first body which was sent to the battle-line fought well against a German

attack. We must expect the American soldier to become a considerable opponent, when his drill and experience have grown.'

The attack was to be directed against the lines on both sides of St.-Quentin. This sector had been chosen, partly from tactical reasons, but chiefly because the ground allowed an attack at any season of the year; an attack through the wet plain of the Lys would have obliged us to wait till the middle of April. Considering America's interference, I did not think that opportune; not because I thought it possible that by that time considerable American forces might have taken part in the battle; but they would have been able to relieve experienced troops of the Entente and, by this means, to augment considerably their defensive force. Besides, I bore in mind from the beginning that the first big attack would perhaps not attain its aim — to defeat the English army; another attack against the French would have been necessary. A series of blows, with pauses between them, might have become necessary. Therefore, the first blow could not begin too soon. It began on March 21, on both sides of St.-Quentin.

Things took a turn which I certainly had not wanted, but which I had foreseen as possible. In two attacks, following each other with short interval, on both sides of St.-Quentin and at Armentières, the English army was severely beaten and terribly shaken; but in the last minute both parts were saved from complete defeat by French troops. If, immediately after this second attack, which was carried on in Flanders from April 9 to April 17, the German Headquarter had struck a third blow on the French part of the front line, I am sure that the situation on the theatre of war would have been altered considerably in favor of Germany, and that the American troops, not sufficiently drilled for

war in the open country, would have been shattered in the big whirlpool. But the Germans had not enough troops for an immediately following third blow, partly because the victorious troops had exerted themselves to the uttermost, and had suffered considerable losses, partly because the influx of the new levy from home slackened more and more.

Thus precious time was lost in restoring the worn-out divisions. This unavoidable loss of time was most welcome to the enemies. They were able to recover, to carry fresh troops to the battle-line, and to hold them ready for further defensive actions. It would not have been possible, if the American bodies had not been arriving at shorter and shorter intervals, carrying with them enormous quantities of all kinds of implements of war. The ships needed were procured by a regardless policy, which did not recoil even from using force with the neutrals.

I was aware that the difficulty of deciding the war, before the American support became effective, grew more and more. Nevertheless, I adhered to this intention, knowing that only our initiative and the best use of the available time could bring us success. By the end of May, the German army was strong enough to raise its arm for the third big stroke. This time it was directed against the French line at the Chemin-des-Dames. Originally this action only aimed at forcing the French to draw away their reserves from Flanders; but it developed quickly to a surprisingly big tactical success against more than forty French divisions.

It is known that on the second of June a distressed appeal, signed by Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando, and sanctioned by Foch, was sent to the President of the United States, saying that the danger was imminent that the war might be lost, if

the inferiority in number of the Allies should not be compensated, as quickly as possible, by the American troops. America released the Entente from this calamity, and rescued them from breaking down. The 2d and 3d American divisions were hurriedly carried to the front, filled up the gap of the French, who retired hastily from the Marne at Château-Thierry, and raised their morale, which had sunk deep. It is fascinating to read the dramatic account of the Frenchman, Pierrefeufeu, describing what an almost supernatural impression that splendid youth from across the sea, those beardless boys of twenty, abounding in vigor and health, completely newly equipped, made on the emaciated, hollow-eyed French in their torn and threadbare uniforms. Both divisions stopped the German advance by their brave and sacrificing behavior, as the Germans were exhausted themselves and inferior in number. Already before that, at Cantigny, opposite Montdidier, the 1st American division gave the first proof of being fit for offensive actions.

Henceforth the American troops, formed in divisions of their own, — though there were not yet many, — were used at the most important parts of the battlefield in an active and offensive way. The German Headquarter had to reckon with this new and disagreeable fact.

III

Besides, another fact was thrown into relief. It was the effect which the enemy's propaganda exercised on the spirit of the German army and of the nation, which suffered hard from the illegal blockade, this effect having considerably grown since the United States joined the coalition. This propaganda must not be undervalued, if one wants to judge correctly the importance of the United States' intervention. The avail-

able space does not allow me to dive into the matter.

In consequence of the failure, right at the beginning of the last German attack at the Marne and near Reims, in the middle of July, 1918, I have been often reproached with having misunderstood the situation, overvalued the effectiveness of the German army, undervalued that of the enemy. I did not shut my eyes to the growing difficulties which were to be overcome, nor did it escape me that time worked more and more in favor of the enemy. The English had had time enough, during four quiet months, to rally their badly struck divisions, the more as the French and Belgians took charge of parts of their front line. Besides, according to what the prisoners said, the difficulties in procuring the new levy seemed removed. The especially well-trained and well-composed Australian and Canadian troops had suffered little in the past battles. From Palestine and Italy, four English divisions, two from each country, were said to have been carried to the Western theatre of war. Since the middle of June, the fighting and skirmishing at the front of the group of Crown Prince Rupprecht, between the Channel and the Somme, increased constantly — a sign that new strength ran through the veins of the English army.

Nor was it possible to argue that the resistance of the French army was growing weak on account of the losses which the May-June attack of the German army had undoubtedly inflicted on them. I was aware, too, that the French had one year's levy of recruits more than Germany; that the population of North Africa was a big reservoir of men; and that the Allies were able to withdraw more and more of their own troops from the front, the more the Americans took charge of parts of the front line. After April alarming news arrived about the

number of troops and the rate at which they crossed the ocean. It was calculated that more than half a million crossed in May and June. On the first of July, the General Staff reckoned the number of the Americans who were in France as more than a million — 600,000 of them being fighting troops. The number of the divisions was thought to be twenty-two in the middle of July, and they comprised twice as many infantrymen as the German divisions. It may be that the calculation of the German General Staff did not come up to the real numbers, because one could not get reliable information about the extent of increase and rate of the transports. Wherever the American soldier appeared, he fought unskillfully, but bravely, and in full control of his fresh nerves. The question was whether the new divisions which had not yet been used, would be equal to the picked troops, and whether the American officers would acquire the tactical and technical knowledge which they needed, in order to lead their troops in big wholly American units, especially in the war in open country.

The German army could no longer reckon on any reinforcements. It was impossible to withdraw such troops as were fit for an offensive from the other theatres of war; the levy from home slackened more and more; it chiefly consisted in returning slightly wounded and recovered men; partly it was to be taken from the transport columns, from the commissariat and other not-fighting units. The strength of the battalions sank down to 500 men, and less. Finally, it was evident that the dissolution of the German army, caused by the enemy's propaganda and the spread of revolutionary ideas, was going on. Altogether, I was fully aware that the spirit and the efficiency of the army was no longer the same as it had been at the beginning of the offensive in spring.

However, I still firmly believe that

there was no reason to doubt the efficiency of a weapon which had become notchy, but not blunt, as long as one succeeded in hiding one's own intentions, plans, and actions, — as one did in the past, — and in attacking by surprise the weak point of the enemy's line, which had been attacked several times successfully in the past. I valued so highly the advantage which the initiative had hitherto brought, that in my opinion it made up for the actual disproportion of the two opponents in number and quality. As yet, nothing was decided; things were kept in balance. It depended on the issue of the battle, which scale would be weighed down. After the failure, I was reproached that the German method of attacking had lost its spell, because the enemy had had time enough to make out new means of organizing its defense. It is true, as far as it regards the result of the attack in July, but only because the chief principle did not work. The enemy could not be kept in the dark about the time and the area of the attack, nor about the plans, partly on account of treachery. The task was very difficult, but not indissoluble. The action had been prepared with the same precaution and thoroughness as ever. The German troops were not lacking in bravery, nor in tenacity. But, to be successful, they needed something which the leader had no influence on, but with which he cannot dispense — good luck. More than once fortune smiled upon me; but in the decisive moment of the war it left me alone and favored the enemy. When stating that, it is not my intention to disparage the enemy's merit.

I have written so copiously about this question because it is my opinion that a German victory at the Marne and near Reims, even in July, 1918, would have been able to change the situation entirely in favor of Germany. A difficult and unthankful business would

have devolved upon the Americans: to support their Allies at any place, in order to keep them afloat. A systematic use of the reinforcements they brought would have been impossible. Ideas of peace, which dwelt in the hearts of the Entente, would have spread. But as things developed after the failure of the German attack, the Americans had the advantage of keeping their units together in the attacks they prepared, and of playing an important part in the decisive battles.

They did it vigorously and successfully. At first, they fought in close cooperation, side by side with the other Allies, especially with France. In Foch's big counter-attack against the German 7th and 1st Army on July 18, which started from the woods of Villers-Cotterets and from the north of it, as well as from the west of Château-Thierry, nine American divisions played the main part and pushed forth far to the east and northeast. Especially their attack to the southwest of Soissons — which was delivered by the 1st and 2d divisions, as far as I remember — was decisive. The more, during the next months, the Americans fought without assistance, the more their tactical and strategic efficiency grew.

In August, yielding to General Pershing's intense desire, which contradicted the intentions of the Entente's Headquarters, an American sector was built up, at first between the Moselle and the Meuse. General Pershing became its Commander-in-Chief. As to their outfit of material and their rear communications, they depended much on the help of the Allies, especially of the French. According to General Pershing's urgent demand, the Americans were charged with a not-too-far-reaching action, which they were to carry out unassisted by the other Allies. It took place on September 12, when the Americans assaulted from the south and the west

the German wedge-shaped lines at St.-Mihiel. This salient position, resulting from the fighting in open country in September, 1914, had been defended successfully in violent fighting till the summer of 1915, and had then become a decidedly quiet position. It was a fascinating object for an attack. The German leaders were aware of the impossibility of resisting an attack, launched against this position with all the means of modern warfare. In this case, it was planned to withdraw the troops into the chord position in the Woevre plain, which had been prepared for years.

Though the detailed American preparations had been made very skillfully, they did not escape the German attention, who immediately began the preparations for clearing the position and withdrawing into the chord. But these movements themselves were not carried out in time; so that the weak German forces — chiefly *Landwehr*, some worn-out active and reserve divisions, and an Austro-Hungarian division — were obliged to accept the battle against eleven (?) American divisions. One division on the southern part of the front, against which the chief assault was made, broke down; all the others resisted in a praiseworthy way. I believe the Americans would have won a big tactical victory, if they had made the most of their success on the southern front, pushing forward vigorously and unhesitatingly. I doubt whether it would have been possible to hold the chord position. Thus the Germans succeeded in falling back on it, but not without considerable losses.

In the following operations, aiming at a definite decision of the war, General Pershing acted an important part. In the big offensive toward Sedan on both sides of the Argonne forest, which French and Americans made together, the American troops had their main

forces between the Meuse and the Argonne. If, in autumn, 1918, it was General Foch's scheme to encircle the German main forces at the Meuse, near the Belgian-French frontier, or in the inner part of Belgium, it was General Pershing's task to lead, on the right wing, the decisive attack against the rear communications of the German army in the north of France, while the French, advancing in the Champagne, to the west of the Argonne, were to hold in check as strong German forces as possible, and the English were to break through the German line in Flanders.

In the Champagne the Germans noticed in time the imminent big attack, and organized their defense, between the Meuse and the Argonne. After the battle at the St.-Mihiel front had come to an end, the Headquarter of the 5th German Army thought that the American attacks would be carried on to the north of Verdun, on the eastern bank of the Meuse, not on the western. Full justice must be done to the skillful and farsighted way — very much like the way the Germans acted before the beginning of their offensive in spring — in which the Americans hid the extensive preparations for their intended attack between the Meuse and the Argonne, though they were obliged to put off the time of the beginning by several days. They were helped very much by the conformation of the ground, the network of railways and roads, and the weather, which allowed them to replace and reinforce the defensive divisions by offensive troops, which were carried up by motor-vans in the very night before the beginning of the attack, unnoticed by the enemy. Thus, during the night between the 25th and 26th of September, the French defensive divisions were replaced by seven fresh American divisions. Thus a wholly American sector was built — one of nine divisions, which were divided up in three groups, and

formed the 1st American Army under General Pershing's command. During these weeks the trench-war had been fought intensively, and the moral qualities of the troops were raised by orders pointed to what the Americans had done thus far, and tickling their ambition and pride.

More than the French, the Americans thought the success to be dependent on surprise. Their success, which was so much bigger than that of the French, justified their view. The preceding artillery-fire during the night did not last more than three hours. At 5 A.M., the infantry sallied forth from the trenches, which had been dug out for the assault. The main forces advanced in the middle, in the direction of Malancourt-Montfaucon-Nautillois-Cunel. Favored by dense mist, and helped by numbers of tanks and an extraordinarily strong artillery, they succeeded in pressing back the German front by five miles, and in taking possession of the first area of entrenchments. But the line which in American maps was drawn as aim of the first day had not been reached. Already in the night, new attacks of wide extent began, and went on up to the evening of the 29th of September; but they did not get on considerably farther than they had come the day before.

In the Argonne, the German lines were withdrawn spontaneously. On September 30 the actions were stopped for several days, probably on account of the big losses and the strain of the troops, perhaps on account of difficulties of supply. On October 4, the Americans resumed their attacks, with fresh forces, after an hour and a half of most vehement fire of artillery. As the action was no longer a surprise, the enemy's advance at first, in the middle of the last day's battlefield, was small. But this time the weight of the attack lay more to the west at the Aire, the attack being extended up to the Argonne.

By October 10 the Americans had taken the whole part of the Argonne forest south of the lower part of the Aire, and advanced in the plain up to the line St.-Furin-Brieulles, fighting hard and suffering great losses. In the meantime, beginning at October 8, the attack spread to the eastern bank of the Meuse. But here the Americans, coöperating considerably with French divisions, did not gain much ground to the north. After October 12, the action did not seem to be directed methodically any longer. Shortly after, the heavy battles, which had been carried on with rare pertinacity, slackened for a time.

The Americans' success did not so much consist in the gain of ground, as the line which was aimed at had not been attained, but in the effect which it exercised on the situation in the Champagne, where the French, during a fortnight, did not get on nearly as well in their hard battles against the German 3d Army. Only in consequence of the American advance in the Argonne and to the east of it, the 3d German Army was obliged to withdraw behind the Aisne and the Aire during the nights between the ninth and the twelfth of October.

IV

The question arises whether it has been wise to extend the American offensive to the right and to the left, as had been done during the operations, or whether it would have been better to keep the forces together and to attack in the same extent straight to the north. If the latter was chosen, one probably would have been able to carry on the attack longer by adding new forces. The German position in the Argonne would have been taken without attacking it, if the American advance in the plain should have continued; the situation in the Champagne would have been influenced indirectly, but not less con-

siderably. But tactical and strategical reasons advised to extend the attack up to the Argonne and to the eastern bank of the Meuse. It was necessary to eliminate the defenders' very disagreeable outflanking artillery-fire from the eastern border of the Argonne forest, to which the Americans, who advanced over the plain, were exposed. The capture of Châtel and Cornay, due to the pressure in the Argonne, forced the 5th German Army to withdraw its right wing across the Aire, which had the above-mentioned consequence to the neighboring army. Besides, the action on the right bank of the Meuse seemed advisable from a strategical point of view. As the total of the operations aimed at seizing the passages of the Meuse, it was of greatest importance to support these actions by advancing at the same time on the other bank of the river.

After a pause of more than two weeks, the Americans, who, in the meantime, had augmented to a group comprising two armies, resumed their offensive from the line Grandpré-Aincreville, in concert with the operations of the Allies. The weight of the attack lay as before on the left bank of the Meuse and, pressing to the north, it was intended to seize the Meuse passages above Sedan. The pressure which at the same time was exercised on the eastern bank, in co-operation with the French, was not as hard. The Germans fought on the western bank mostly in the way of rear-guards. Till the truce, the 1st American Army succeeded in establishing roads of bridges at several points on the Meuse, from Brioules *via* Dun, up to Mouzon, and in extending them by-and-by up to the Chiers brook. Here, too, the Americans most successfully influenced the general situation; by pressing back the opposite German lines in frontal attacks, they forced the German Headquarter to withdraw the German lines from the Aisne, where at the same time they had

been assaulted by the French, mostly unsuccessfully. The German report of November 3 displayed this fact.

When I picture to myself the general strategical situation, I am of the opinion that, in this second part of the offensive, the pressure exercised on the right bank of the Meuse could have been much stronger from the beginning. As far as I can see, the 2d American Army had been used very little only. It is an old rule, that, when fighting for the crossing of a river, one has to push forward vigorously on those parts where one has already reached the other bank, in order to help those troops who are still fighting for the crossing.

I do not know to what degree the American Headquarter was independent of the orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the Allies. The following critique of the general operations in autumn, 1918, only regards the Commander-in-Chief. In my opinion, the dispositions did not correspond with the grand strategical design which Marshal Foch is said to have had drawn. The only possible way to encircle the German main forces in Belgium would have been to make both wings of the Allied front as strong as possible, and to operate with them, from the beginning, in the most effective direction. Therefore, on the right wing, the main attack of the Americans should have been carried on the eastern bank of the Meuse, at least after October 4, and should have been directed straight to the northeast. Between the Meuse and the Argonne a secondary attack would have sufficed to hold the German forces. For the same reasons, on the left wing of the Allies, an attack in the direction of Anvers-Brussels was to be preferred to a mere frontal attack against and over the German Siegfried position.

I certainly hate any 'paper' strategy, which always prefers those operations

which have the most attractive appearance, without determining whether the actions it requires are tactically practicable. As the situation in the middle of September, 1918, appeared to the Allies, there was little difference between strong and weak points of the German position. In any case, one cannot say that, from the beginning of October, from a tactical point of view, an attack on the eastern bank of the Meuse would have had smaller chances than the same on the western bank. In any case, the design which the Allies' Commander-in-Chief had chosen did not secure the great strategical aim. The German leader had the reins so firmly in his hand, that the retreat was carried out in perfect order, though with great strain of the troops. What the German Commander-in-Chief would have done, if Marshal Foch had acted as suggested — that is a question which I will not dive into.

When reflecting on the strategical situation in the Western seat of war, at the time of the truce, I shall defer my judgment upon the question whether — if war had gone on, and without the outbreak of the revolution in Germany — the Germans would have been able to resist some time in the so-called Anvers-Meuse position; the last success of the American troops, and the impending general attack against Briey-Longwy and in Lorraine, were to be taken into consideration. But even if it was impossible, as our enemies say, the war would be far from being lost, consid-

ered from a mere military point of view, as the huge bar of the Rhine and the inner part of Germany gave plenty of opportunities for a long persevering defense.

If one reflects once more on the history of the Great War, one has no doubt that, by the behavior of the United States, the Entente felt encouraged to begin the war and to carry it on, till, at the end, America's interference in France, and at the same time the growing propaganda, made the Allies win the war.

That being so, I believe the Americans have common sense enough to agree that lucky circumstances favored them greatly. The main part of the American army intervened in the war at a time when they had the great advantage of having their nerves intact, while, on the other hand, Germany's resistance had considerably slackened after four years of heroic fighting against an overwhelming superiority in number, during a starving blockade, when the German nerves, — unceasingly exposed to terrible experiences, — and the bodies of the constantly dwindling number of combatants, were no longer able to stand the destructive effect of a defense in modern warfare, when no relief from home was brought to the army, and when the enemy's propaganda and the revolutionary agitation of the Independent Social Democrats had poisoned the beautiful spirit of the German army.

LITTLE MISSIONS

BY RALPH BUTLER

Soon after the Armistice, Central and Eastern Europe were flooded with Interallied missions. There was the Food Mission (of which Mr. Hoover was the honored chief), and the Railway Mission, and a number of separate military missions, French, English, and Italian; and there were a couple of very mysterious semiofficial American missions, traveling about to collect information for President Wilson.

All these missions found their work greatly hampered by lack of information. In the new states that had been carved out of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the statistical machinery had come to an abrupt standstill at the time of the collapse: the change of government carried with it, in most cases, a marked deterioration in the efficiency of the local administrations; and there was also a certain amount of sabotage of archives.

The Food Mission was unable to obtain any reliable estimates of the 1919 harvest in either Yugoslavia, Poland, or Rumania. In Paris, also, in the early part of 1919, when the Peace Conference was beginning its sittings, extremely little was known as to what was happening in Central and Eastern Europe. And a great deal was happening. Each of the new states was trying to establish *faits accomplis*, before the Conference came to fix the new frontiers. Almost everybody was in a state of war with someone else; republics rose and fell; waves of occupation advanced and receded; and some thought that the Russian Revolution was about

to overwhelm all Europe as far as the Alps.

Under these circumstances, many of the Interallied missions took to sending small detachments, or individual officers, to report on the situation in critical districts. It is to these expeditions that the name of Little Missions has been given. Peace to the ashes of the Little Missions! They cost a great deal of money, and have long since been stopped. But they amassed much information which no one else would have got. Their reports are buried among the papers of the Supreme Economic Council and similar bodies. The writer served on no less than fifteen such missions in the years 1919 and 1920, and all of them were interesting, and some of them exciting. It is the story of one of these that is told below.

In March, 1919, the Government of Austria, which was then threatened by famine, concluded what is called in that part of the world a 'Compensation Treaty' with the Government of the West Ukrainian Republic. West Ukraine undertook to sell to Austria certain fixed quantities of foodstuffs, oil, and other raw materials. Austria undertook to sell to West Ukraine agricultural machinery, tools, clothing, paper, electro-technical apparatus, and other manufactured articles. At this time, and well on into 1920, the only possible way to execute such an agreement was to send the goods under an Allied flag, and, if possible, with an Allied escort. If Austria sent its goods

under the Austrian flag, they were confiscated by the first state through which they passed, and held in settlement of some Austrian debt. Each of the Danubian states claimed that the others had stolen rolling-stock and shipping belonging to it; and not a truck or a barge was allowed across a frontier except in direct and simultaneous exchange for a similar truck or barge of equal value.

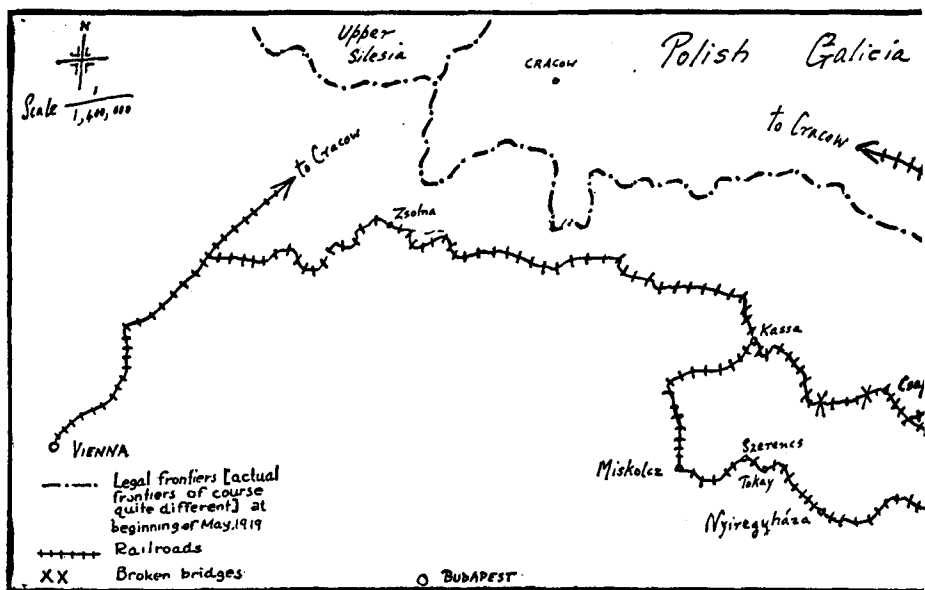
Under these Central African conditions the chief of the American delegation of the Interallied Food Mission in Vienna suggested to his British colleague, who cordially agreed, that an Anglo-American mission should be sent to the West Ukraine, to organize food-trains and oil-trains to Vienna, under British or American escort. A mission was accordingly made up, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones as Chef-de-Mission representing the United States, and the writer (with humility) Great Britain. Two American railway experts, Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Baird, with two men, were attached to Colonel Jones, and a corporal and three British soldiers to myself. These last were to act as couriers, any kind of postal communication at this period and in this region being out of the question. We had with us, also, two representatives of the Austrian Government, a Czechoslovak railway official, to smooth difficulties with Czech station-masters on our transit through Czechoslovak territory, and, last but not least, Councilor of Legation Dr. Zalozieckyj (of whom more later), representing the West Ukrainian Government. We traveled in a private car, — it was, as a matter of fact, the car in which Count Czernin had traveled to Brest-Litovsk at the time of the famous peace negotiations, — and one ordinary car plastered profusely with posters showing the American and British flags, which, in the early days of 1919, inspired, like

the Pentateuch, 'reverence not unmingled with awe.'

An Oil War in Central Europe

Our first objective was Drohobycz, the centre of the Galician oil industry. It was not too easy to get there. Drohobycz was at this time held by the West Ukrainian Government, which, indeed, was living on the proceeds of the oil. The West Ukrainian Government had the support of the local oil capitalists, of whom it was largely composed. The Poles, on the other hand, who were supported by the foreign oil shareholders (mostly French: the Standard Oil Company has very small interests in this field), also wanted the oil, and were accordingly at war with the West Ukrainians. The line of trenches was only a few miles to the west of Drohobycz. But, as this Polish-Ukrainian war had been proceeding without much change in the fighting line for some months, we did not think, when we started, that it would prove one of the more formidable obstacles to the execution of our task. It did, however, make it impossible for us to take the natural route through Cracow and Galicia to Drohobycz, as it was certain that even our British and American flags would not take us across the Polish lines. The only other way was to go through North Hungary, that is to say, south instead of north of the Carpathians; to cross the Carpathians by whichever pass we found open, — there was absolutely no information on such points in Vienna when we started, — and to come down upon Drohobycz on the other side.

At this time Hungary was under the Bolshevik régime of Bela Kun, and everybody had Bolshevism on the nerves. It is possible that Bela Kun, who always behaved well to the relief missions, would have let our train pass



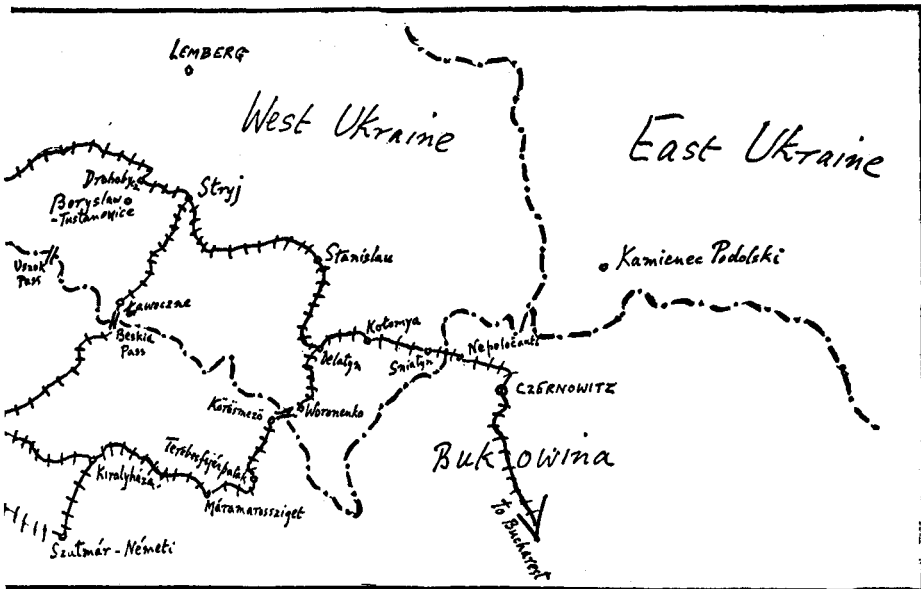
through Budapest; but we did not want to ask him. At this moment, however, as it happened, North Hungary had been invaded by two armies, one Czechoslovak, with French and Italian generals attached, and one Rumanian. Later, these invaders were driven back — rather ignominiously in the case of the Czechs, who were in superior force — by Bela Kun's troops. But at the moment they had penetrated well into Hungary; and if they could maintain their then front line, we should be able to travel comfortably over the territory in their occupation. At any rate, we could get through on the outward journey. The return must be left to chance.

I apologize for the names that I shall have to use in this story. Let me say briefly, for the benefit of any reader who pays it the compliment of following it on the map, that the route we eventually took was as follows: Zsolna (Sillein), Kassa (Kaschau), Miskolcz, Szerencs, Nyiregyháza, Szatmár-Németi, Királyháza, Csap. We were forced to take the circuitous route indicated from Kassa on, because we found two

railroad bridges blown up by the combatants, one between Sátoraljaújhely and Bodrogszerdahely, and the other between Záhony and Csap.

Szerencs was the point of contact, when we passed it, between the Czech and Rumanian troops. Soon after leaving it we came to Tokay, home of the famous wine which in the mediæval fairy stories only princes and princesses drink. We found Tokay what Baedeker calls 'repaying.' When we drew into the station, a detachment of the 84th Rumanian Infantry Regiment was drawn up to receive us. Carriages were waiting; and after inspecting the guard with great affability, we drove to the regimental headquarters, where lunch, with a very pretty selection of the Tokay vintages of the last half-century, was laid for about thirty people. This attention on the part of brothers-in-arms went straight to our hearts, the more so as it was quite unexpected.

After lunch, having stocked the cellars of the car as full as they would hold, we steamed out of Tokay station to the



strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'God Save the King,' and the Rumanian National Anthem. It was not till Szatmár-Németi, some hours farther down the line, that we met the American Military Attaché in Bucharest, also on a Little Mission, and learned that the lunch had been intended for him. It is incidents like this which diversify and, if one may say so, lend distinction to Little Missions. It is certain they never happen to the Supreme Council or the League of Nations, when those high organisms go traveling.

Csap is the junction for the Uszok Pass: but, the Poles being in possession of the Galician side of the Uszok, we were obliged to take the next pass to the east, the Beskid. At Ławoczne, we found a derelict locomotive, which we took along with us. We were to be very glad of it later. Early in the morning of 19 May 1919, we arrived at Stryj, a junction on one of the two main lines that run from end to end of Galicia, and moving westward along this line, we soon afterward reached Drohobycz.

The Fall of Drohobycz

Dr. Semen Wityk, President of the Naphtha Commissariat, — the official organization for the control of the oil production, — was waiting on the platform to meet us. We invited him into the car and held a conference, at which Colonel Jones was able immediately to come to a provisional agreement for the shipment of a certain number of tank-cars. We then drove to the Engineers' Hostel attached to the State Refinery, where we bathed and lunched. All this while, the noise of artillery firing in the distance was clearly audible: but we were told that there was no change in the military situation.

After lunch, Colonel Jones and I drove out in a two-horse carriage to Boryslaw-Tustanowice, some seven miles from Drohobycz, where the oil wells are. In Drohobycz are only the refineries. Having been shown a number of the wells, we started to drive back. It was about 7.30 P.M., and we were on the outskirts of Drohobycz,

when a revolver shot rang out, and one of our two horses plunged and fell dead in the traces. A good, or lucky, shot — just in the fatal place between the eyes.

The carriage gave a great lurch. As it righted itself, a Cossack-looking individual, with an officer's shoulder-straps, cantered up in a state of great excitement, calling out something in Ukranian. It appeared that he took us, from our foreign uniforms, for French officers serving with the Polish army. Colonel Jones speaks no language but English; but on occasions like this, shouted Anglo-Saxon in much the best mode of communication. So furious was he, and so plain did he make his meaning to the Ukranian, that the latter, without attempting to speak, turned about and disappeared at a gallop. We were soon to have an explanation of these proceedings. Meanwhile, we disentangled the dead horse, and with the other, drove on into Drohobycz.

Drohobycz consists mostly of one long dirty street straggling over a mile and a half. Along its whole length this street was entirely deserted. The house in which we had been quartered was absolutely empty. At length, in a neighboring house, we found a frightened housemaid, who understood my Polish: and from her Ukranian we gathered that, after we had left for the oil wells, news had arrived of a reverse to the Ukranian forces: the Poles were advancing on the town, and everybody who could had left. Our hosts of the morning had decamped without leaving a word. What was worse, as we soon afterward discovered at the railway station, they had taken our engine. After much search we found a decrepit engine in the yard, with a leaking steam-pipe which continually extinguished the furnace. On this engine, Colonel Jones and one of the Americans set to work to patch up the leak and get up steam.

Meanwhile, I had to fetch my four couriers who were billeted at the other end of the town. The frightened cabman was unwilling to take his tired horse any farther. But I had a revolver, and he had not: and on very strained terms, we again drove through Drohobycz to the hotel, where the men were staying. The hotel was deserted: but evacuations and occupations affect not the British soldier. *Impavidum ferient ruinae*. I found them sitting in the café of the hotel, taking a little beer for their health's sake. With some difficulty they packed themselves and their accoutrement on the cab. There being no room for the cabman, I gave him 600 crowns (a considerable sum at the then rate of exchange) and locked him into an empty room. Then we drove back to the station. The first battalion of the retreating Ukranian army was already entering the town. The sound of firing was not appreciably nearer at this time; but Drohobycz fell, nevertheless, in the course of the night.

We traveled slowly all through the night, driving our own engine, on which the colonel had effected a very cunning repair. When not watching the engine, to see that the furnace was not put out, we kept a lookout from the back of our slowly receding train to see if the oil wells had been fired; but, though we watched till late in the night, there were no signs of burning, and in fact the oil fields changed hands without any material damage.

In the morning we reached Stryj. We had covered the same distance on the previous day in just under two hours. Now, with the line blocked by the retreating troop-trains, it had taken us the whole night. One of the few men we met who kept their heads in this debacle was a certain engineer, Wolodymir Dutka, whom we had first met as one of the Ukranian representatives

who negotiated the Compensation Treaty. We now found him at Stryj, where he had taken over the entire management of the retreat. He did nothing else but handle troop-trains for three days and three nights, during which he had no sleep. There is generally one man who rises to the occasion in an emergency.

There were a number of full oil tank-cars at Stryj, and one or two on the line over the pass by which we had come. We were able to arrange with Dutka that we might move as many of these across the pass as we could before the Poles arrived. He gave us one more defective locomotive which his own people had no time to repair. With this and the second locomotive, which we had brought from Ławoczne (but had left outside Stryj, for fear it might be taken from us at the junction), Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Baird immediately set to work to round up, and shift over the pass, as many oil tank-cars as they could. They succeeded in collecting as many as 136.

Meanwhile, Colonel Jones and myself, in the car, made our way ahead as fast as we could in order to get Czechoslovak locomotives. From Ławoczne at the head of the pass we got through by telephone to the Czechoslovak authorities at Csap, who promised immediately to send us seven engines which they said were standing there ready, with steam up. We foolishly trusted to this promise, and sent our own engine back to reinforce Captain Mitchell. We should have done better to take it on to Csap and fetch the seven Csap engines ourselves; for none of these ever arrived, the Czech authorities (as we ought to have guessed) being afraid of their falling into the hands of the Poles.

Captain Mitchell was accordingly left with only three highly defective locomotives with which to move 136

heavy tank-cars over a high mountain pass with stiff gradients. So successfully, however, did he accomplish his task that, in the end, he brought just over a hundred across the pass; and just under a hundred eventually reached Vienna. (The difference represents the wayside pilfering and fiscal chicane customary in any shipment of merchandise in this region of Europe under the new conditions.) Captain Mitchell's last trip was made under rifle-fire from an advanced Polish detachment which did not succeed, however, in stopping his train.

The End of West Ukraine

Colonel Jones and myself had still to interview the West Ukrainian Government which was now at Stanislawiów (Stanislaw). We accordingly continued our journey, accompanied only by Dr. Zalozieckij, along the south side of the Carpathians, which we crossed by the last railway pass into Galicia (Máramarosziget - Körösmező - Delatyn). The last station in Rumanian occupation at this date (21 May 1919) was Terebesfejpatak. The first in Ukrainian occupation was Woronenko. Between these two stations was for the moment a political vacuum, across which no train had passed for five months. We were assured by staff officers, with tears in their kind old eyes, that it was held by 'Bolsheviki.' The term Bolshevik at this period connoted little more than a nationality other than one's own. Paris and London were then in terror of the Russian Revolution spreading to Central Europe, and anyone wishing to annex somebody else's territory accordingly represented his opponents as Bolsheviks. The Poles had been particularly successful, with the aid of the correspondent of an English daily newspaper, in representing their conflicts with the Ukrainians in this light.

I had myself, however, as it happened, once attempted to shoot bears in this part of the world before the war, and knew that the story of Bolsheviki must be absurd. The inhabitants are, in fact, Huculs, Ukranian-speaking mountaineers, rather like the crofters in the Scotch Highlands, who eke out with difficulty a sparse subsistence from the barren Alp-land. Anything less like Bolsheviki can hardly be imagined. Almost all their grain and flour has to be imported from Galicia or Hungary; and the five months' closing of the railroad had caused great suffering from food-shortage. The country is the country of *Dracula*, though it may be doubted if the author of that alarming romance ever visited it.

There were two tunnels in the 'Vacuum'; and everybody at Körösmező assured us that they were blocked by the Bolsheviki. One of us accordingly walked in front of the train through the tunnels. It is eerie work walking through a single-track tunnel with a train coming along close behind one. The train always seems to be quickening speed, particularly in the dark part about the middle of the tunnel!

We arrived in Stanislaw in the early hours of 22 May 1919, — the blocks in the tunnels had of course proved to be imaginary, — and were received the same morning by the West Ukranian ministers (Dr. Petrusiewicz, Dr. Holubowicz, and others). It was apparent to us even before the interview that there was no longer any prospect, under present conditions, of finding food for Vienna in Galicia. We could, therefore, regard our mission to the West Ukraine as accomplished. We had, at any rate, thanks to Captain Mitchell, a hundred-odd tank-cars of oil to show for it. Can all missions show as much?

We had also received instructions, when leaving Vienna, to report on the

prospects of food-supplies being available in the East Ukraine. West Ukraine, with which we had hitherto been concerned, is merely the eastern end of the former Austrian province of Galicia, a small district. East Ukraine is the whole vast plain of South Russia, as far as the Caucasus and the¹ Don. Both are inhabited by people of the same race and language; but whereas the East Ukrainians are orthodox in religion, and their culture Russian (with marked characteristics of its own), the West Ukrainians are Uniates, — that is, they have the Greek rite and a married clergy, but are in communion with Rome, — and their culture is Austrian.

At this time, almost the whole of East Ukraine was in the hands of the Bolsheviki, as it is to-day. But a small bourgeois government, under the military leader Petljura, was still maintaining itself in Podolia, with the title of the East Ukranian People's Republic. Petljura's government afterward combined with the West Ukranian People's Republic (Petrusiewicz-Holubowicz), which we had just been interviewing at Stanislaw; but at this moment the two were still distinct. They have now both disappeared, after appealing to the League of Nations, which, in reply, emitted the opinion that the Poles are in West Ukraine only by right of military occupation!

If the political situation was thus a trifle complicated, the military situation was still more so. While the West Ukranian Government was fighting against the Poles on the west, they were also fighting in conjunction with Petljura's East Ukranian forces against the Bolsheviki at two points (beyond Rovno and beyond Kamienec-Podolski) on the east. The Bolsheviki attacking toward Kamienec-Podolski were commanded by a Polish general! A third theatre of war was in Bessarabia, where

the Ukranian peasant-leader, Zelenyj, with some 23,000 men, was engaged with Bolshevik forces near Tiraspol. It seemed a long way sometimes from this shambles to the Crillon and the Majestic in Paris.

It was now our object to proceed, if possible, to Podolia, and to interview Petljura.

The way to Podolia lay through the Bukowina, a former Austrian province which since the beginning of the year had been in Rumanian occupation. The population is mixed Rumanian, Ukranian, German, and Jewish. At the close of 1918, the Ukranian element had proclaimed a Ukranian republic at Czernowitz, of which Dr. Zaloziemyj, who was now attached to us on behalf of the West Ukranian Government, had been the President. Under these circumstances, we thought it as well to put him to bed in the car while passing the frontier, and cover his face with the blankets.

(We subsequently obtained safe-conducts for him and for his family, who were living in Czernowitz, and took them back with us to Vienna.)

At Czernowitz we called upon General Zadik, commanding the Rumanian troops in the Bukowina, who had sent his A.D.C. to the station to meet us. From information which General Zadik gave us, it was clear that it was useless to hope for any food exports from Petljura; and we therefore decided, the general agreeing, to return as we had come.

He did not tell us, what we were to learn by somewhat painful experience, that the troops under his command were about to open hostilities against the Ukrainians on the following morning, along the line by which we were to travel. He told us afterward that he thought we should get through before they began.

Secret Treaties and Sudden War

The frontier between the Bukowina and Galicia is the river Pruth, across which the railroad is carried on a big steel-girder bridge. There was a Rumanian blockhouse at one end of it, and a Ukranian blockhouse at the other, each with a small detachment of guards. The Rumanian frontier-station, Nepoločauti, is over a mile from the bridge, and the Ukranian frontier-station, Sniatyn, is about the same distance from the bridge on the other side.

When our train reached Nepoločauti in the afternoon of 23 May 1921, the lieutenant in command of the station declined to allow our locomotive, which was a Rumanian one, to cross the bridge. He undertook to telephone to the Ukranian authorities at Sniatyn to send a Ukranian locomotive across to fetch us: and later, we were informed that this had been done, and that Sniatyn had promised to send an engine which would be allowed to pass.

Toward eight o'clock, there being no sign of an engine, Dr. Zaloziemyj, with a pass from the Rumanian authorities, started to walk along the line to Sniatyn, and return with the engine himself. The station, meanwhile, and the surrounding buildings had been filling with Rumanian troops. We guessed what was impending, and were the more anxious to get across before hostilities began. We learned later that Poland and Rumania had concluded a secret convention early in May, with a view to establishing a common boundary between their two states and partitioning the West Ukraine for the purpose. By a subsequent arrangement the Poles received, and they now hold, the whole of West Ukraine, and the Pruth is still the frontier. But under this convention Rumania was entitled to advance to the line Halicz-Stanislau-Körösmező-Maramarossziget, as soon as the Poles held

the line Lemberg-Stryj. The Poles were now in fact well beyond the line Lemberg-Stryj; and the Rumanians were to begin their advance the following morning at dawn. Late that afternoon, the following document, dated the day before, was handed to the Ukrainian sentries at the Pruth Bridge:—

22 May 1919.

G.O.C., KOLOMYA MILITARY DISTRICT

Compelled by the necessity of establishing a connection between the Bukowina front and the North Transylvanian front, and in view of the fact that this connection can be established only by the possession of the line Kolomya-Máramarossziget, our troops in occupation of the Bukowina have received the order to advance in the morning of the 24th instant, and to occupy the line in question. At the same time the Supreme Command of the Rumanian Army has issued instructions that in the accomplishment of this purely military task, we should avoid encounters with your troops. I have the honor to bring the preceding facts to your notice, and to request you to be good enough to take measures for the immediate withdrawal of the Ukrainian troops stationed at the present moment between the former frontier of the Bukowina and the railroad Stanislaw-Kolomya behind this line.

PETALA

G.O.C., ARMY OF CHOTYN.

This declaration of war reached the Ukrainian headquarters at Sniatyn about the same time with Dr. Zalozieckyj. It was completely unexpected, and caused something like consternation. Dr. Zalozieckyj loyally considered that his first duty was to our mission, and pressed for the immediate sending of a locomotive, which he himself, with great courage, proposed to accompany. About 9 P.M., accordingly, he arrived with a locomotive at the bridge: but the Rumanian guard fired at it, and compelled it to withdraw to Sniatyn.

Of all this Colonel Jones and myself,

in Nepoločauti, were told nothing. Toward midnight, taking two of the British soldiers attached to the Mission, without their rifles, and an American flag (by kind permission of my colleague) with which to adorn the locomotive, I started to walk to the bridge. It was a blind moon, and we went for a long way along a branch line, before I discovered my mistake. It was nearly 3 A.M. when we eventually reached the Rumanian blockhouse. There being no one on guard, we walked through the open door, and I said pleasantly in German: 'Anybody here speak German?'

There were about ten men there, with a corporal, who was issuing hand-grenades. They jumped as if they had been shot. The corporal spoke German, and after looking at my pass and telephoning to Nepoločauti, they let us, dubiously, across the bridge. Here we found a Ukrainian guard who understood Polish, which I speak, and I was able to telephone to Sniatyn, and eventually to speak to Zalozieckyj himself. I then learned for the first time that a locomotive had already once been as far as the bridge. Hearing that I was over on the Ukrainian side, he at once proposed to make another attempt.

It was now just before dawn. As it became light, a shot was fired at the Ukrainian blockhouse. The Ukrainian guards, who appeared to be waiting for it, immediately decamped, leaving a machine gun in the middle of the railroad track pointing toward the bridge. I went to the telephone, and had just got through to Sniatyn and heard that our locomotive had already started, when the receiver was knocked out of my hand, and a Rumanian soldier caught me a blow on the shoulder with the butt of his rifle, which sent me to the ground. My two soldiers rushed at him, shouting 'Amerikanskyj! Amerikanskyj!' upon which he staggered back, gasping. Such majesty had the

land of President Wilson in the early days of 1919.

I was furious with the pain and with the long night's watching; and, a young officer coming up at this moment, I sought and found relief in telling him in French just what I was thinking. He apologized profusely and told off a guard to escort us back to Nepoločauti. His battalion then moved on across the fields toward Sniatyn, in open order.

Just at this moment our engine appeared round a curve of the line, 200 yards away. I rushed on to the track with the two soldiers displaying the American flag. But it was too late. The Rumanians opened fire on it, killing the machinist, who had just begun to back. Zalozieckyj jumped, and was lost to sight.

The rest of this story is sadly ignominious. Either the guard who had been told off to escort us misunderstood his instructions, or the young officer

played us false. At any rate, it became painfully apparent that the man now considered us his prisoners; and this time the position of myself and the cabman at Drohobycz was reversed: for the Rumanian had a rifle, and none of us had any weapon at all. He picked up the machine gun, and made us march in front of him to his own battalion headquarters. Here we found an officer who understood French, and who gave us a real escort to Nepoločauti, where we arrived exhausted and indignant, and very anxious about Zalozieckyj.

To our delight, he turned up almost at the same time, having hidden by the river till the troops were over the bridge, and then taken a circuitous route back, wearing his shirt outside his trousers to look like a peasant.

We made no further attempt to cross the Pruth, but returned to Czernowitz, and from there made our way back to Vienna by Bucharest.

GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA¹

BY BARONESS MARIE WRANGEL

I

AFTER having spent the years 1918, 1919, and 1920 at Petrograd, and having been through all the horrors of life there, how I managed to escape from prison and the danger of death is perfectly miraculous! I had to live under my own name of Wrangel, as it was

impossible to change it on account of my innumerable acquaintances; I figured in the registers as 'Miss Wrangel, Bookkeeper.' I worked during two years at the Town Museum that had been arranged in the Anitchkoff Palace (former residence of the Dowager Empress), as custodian of the section of Architecture — a responsible post. I had to sign my name in my own hand-

¹ Translated from the Russian by Nadejda Stancioff. The author is the mother of the celebrated General Wrangel.

writing every day in the registers, for this was an essential condition for obtaining a loaf of bread. At the time when the Yudenitch army was at the gates of Petrograd, Trotzky and Zinovieff had organized a military camp at the Anitchkoff Palace, with machine guns along the Fontanka Street. Military authorities roamed about the palace, and the registry books, with all our names in them, were always in evidence.

When the White Army began operations in the Crimea, under the orders of General Wrangel, my eldest son, all the walls of Petrograd were covered with proclamations: 'Down with Wrangel, the Dog! Down with that German Baron! Down with the Enemy of the Republic of Workmen and Peasants!' I was then obliged to change quarters, to take the name of Veronelli, and to pass for an artist. And though I was General Wrangel's own mother, God preserved me, when so many mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the officers of the White Guard were thrown into filthy prisons, where they suffered for months.

To begin at the beginning. At the end of the year 1917, my husband, president of several financial groups, having acquired the conviction that life at Petrograd was becoming a nightmare, proceeded to sell all our belongings, pictures, furniture, silver, china. He deposited the money in his bank, as nothing at that period indicated the great catastrophe that was yet to come. It was only forbidden to transfer one's capital to foreign countries. Very soon afterward, private accounts were cancelled, and finally the banks and safes were rifled. We were left, as many others, in the most critical situation.

My husband decided to remove his business to Reval, and to settle down there himself. I refused to accompany him; it was so long since I had seen my

son, who had been living with his family in the Crimea since the retreat, and whom it was my secret intention to join as soon as I could. Besides, the prospect of meeting Germans at Reval was insufferable! Therefore we decided that my husband should leave for Reval, and that I should go to the Crimea, though we should keep a flat at Petrograd for our visits to town.

In those days we could still indulge in these cheerful plans! We found two sunny rooms, with a kitchen to ourselves, in an old lady's dwelling, and furnished them very simply with the few belongings that we had kept; surrounded by the photographs of my dear grandchildren and that of my son, I even enjoyed this simplicity and realized — as many others probably did, too — how my life had been full of unnecessary complications, and that I had been till then the slave of my own fortune!

As soon as my husband had left, I began without losing time to take the necessary measures for my intended journey to the Crimea.

My children had proposed to arrange it with the help of Skoropadsky, the Ukrainian leader. I therefore wrote and wired to them to this effect, but did not receive a single word of answer. Meanwhile, I had managed to collect all the necessary documents, with the exception of a passport, when I suddenly learned that it was all of no use! The frontiers had been closed. I was a prisoner! I had received four letters from my husband who, after many adventures, had arrived safely at Reval; he had never received any of my letters!

Well, the only thing to do was to stay in my little flat. I had been lucky enough to find an excellent maid-of-all-work, and I began to seek employment for myself. At first, I worked at the Alexander III Museum, but obtained a better post in the Anitchkoff Museum,

with the help of friends. It was quite a pleasant job; my employers were more interested in their artistic work than in politics, and as Custodian at the Section of Architecture, I was paid 18,000 rubles a month, unfortunately without food.

I then, rather mysteriously, received another letter from my husband, from Finland, where he had fled, having learned that the Bolsheviks were about to take Reval. He had been very ill and wrote thus: 'Be prepared; one of these days a friend will come to fetch you, and you can trust him.'

I immediately sold all my belongings for a very small sum, even my dresses and my fur coat, as my husband had added that I should have to travel without any luggage. Alas! — I waited in vain; the mysterious friend never appeared, and I received no more communications from my husband.

Realizing that I was gradually spending all the money of my last poor little sale to get food, I began to tremble as I thought of the future! Prices were always going up: 1 pound of the most appalling black bread, 400 to 300 rubles (4000 to-day!); 1 pound of butter for 1000 rubles; 1 pound of sugar, 12,000; 1 pound of meat, 1500; 1 egg, 350; 1 pound salt, 350; 1 bottle petrol, 800; 1 candle, 500; 1 pair of boots, 150,000; 1 pair of rubbers, 20,000; 1 pair of stockings, 6000; 1 needle, 100; 1 reel of cotton, 500. (All these prices are ten times higher at present.)

The old lady of the flat decided to go and live in the country, and I soon heard that she had died of hunger. My poor little maid, under-fed and over-tired, used to faint several times a day; she had to wait daily for hours in line, to receive our miserable allowance of bread and a few herrings. Seeing her in this state, I found a more comfortable home for her with people who were better off, though it was sad to part

with her. It was then that I truly realized the miseries of life.

Every morning at seven, I would run to the nearest public-house to get some boiling water for my daily cup of coffee, made of ground oats, which I would swallow without milk or sugar, with a little piece of sour black bread. Then, putting on my tattered shoes over bare feet (I had to substitute old rags for stockings), I would go to my work, in any weather. Lunch was a public meal, with groups of workmen, sweepers, servants. It consisted of an indescribable brown soup, made of decayed unpeeled potatoes, and a smoked fish, hard as stone, or a dish of lentils and a herring. Add one third of a pound of bread made of sawdust, and a handful of flour of barley. We ate this disgusting food in tin bowls, with broken spoons, on sticky wooden tables, painted black. The women and children coming in constantly from the streets, blue and pinched with cold, were hungrier than we were. Children would hang on to my torn dress, moaning, 'Leave some for us, please,' licking the plates we put away.

At five, I would go back home to clean the rooms, lighting the stove every other day, and preparing my supper in a smoky little oven. Always the same supper: six boiled potatoes (250r a pound), that I used to eat with a little salt; and sometimes, for a treat, with an onion and black radishes. Afterward, I would try to mend my tattered garments, scrubbing the floors on Saturdays, and doing the washing on Sundays. This was the greatest ordeal of all: to wash the linen in ice-cold water, with one's swollen hands aching and sore with chilblains. It was no use shirking the task, as laundry in town could only be done for unheard-of prices, even if one gave the soap, costing 5000r a pound, one's self!

No more of those famous house-

porters of the Russia of old days! One had to empty one's rubbish alone, and carry one's wood upstairs. When the order was given to all the lodgers to attend to the service of the front door, I protested in vain that my age allowed me to be exempted of this drudgery. The President of the Committee of the House remained inexorable, and declared that I was quite capable of doing it. Therefore, I took turns with the other lodgers to guard the front door! From 10 P.M. to one o'clock at night I would sit outside in the fog, and ask the name of all those entering or leaving the house.

Since the maid had left, I was most afraid to have to sleep all by myself. Many of the flats in the house had already been robbed; and though I had no valuables left, I did not feel very safe. Therefore I asked a workman, who had formerly been General Gourko's chauffeur, to pass the nights in my little kitchen. He consented to do so, as well as to saw my wood and help me with the rough work, for 1500 rubles a month (without food).

The President of the Lodgings Committee, under the pretense of controlling the lodgers, would constantly visit the flats. Walking into my rooms one day, he saw my son's photograph, and abusing me most violently, he threatened to send me to the scaffold if I persisted to adorn my rooms with 'generals.' I hurriedly removed the photos.

A friend of mine, Baron Putvitz, formerly a millionaire, who had lost his eyesight from lack of proper nourishment, died one night in the flat next to mine. His wife carried his body to the churchyard in one of the baskets used for the laundry, and he was buried with many others in a sort of pit.

At a time when I was feeling that I could bear no more, a friend asked me to live with her in a large flat she had

been able to keep. I accepted with enthusiasm, but was not allowed to enjoy this unexpected happiness very long. Less than ten days after, the Political Group of 'Cadets,' to which my kind hostess belonged, was branded as 'out-laws.' My friend managed to escape from the city; her servants disappeared the same evening: I was left all alone in the big empty rooms. My sole companion was a great black cat, with hungry green eyes. We proceeded to starve together! I used to rise at night, to drink some water and munch a raw carrot, so as to stifle the terrible gnawing pain in my stomach.

How well I remember the agony of the long cold evenings in the flat, from which all electric light had been cut off, except during the nights set apart for perquisitions! I did not possess any oil or candles, and had to spend hours in the dark, with the most ghastly thoughts, using one of my precious matches now and then to see the time. Those other nights, during which the entire flat would be flooded with electric lights, meant an ordeal of another description: the terror of a sudden descent.

During one of these nights, when it was impossible to put out the lights, I was awakened at three o'clock by loud ringing, thumping, and shouting at my door. I understood at once: it was a perquisition. I was sleeping, as usual, with all my clothes on, in the icy room, with my son's photograph and letters on the table beside my bed. I hid them in my bodice, rushed to open the door, and let in five disreputable individuals, the two bearing rifles being the President of the House Committee and the house agent, formerly the general servant! After questioning me and examining my papers, they were forced to admit that I was a civil servant in one of their own museums; but they began to look for my friend, seizing and

tearing up all the books, papers, and letters they discovered, pocketing the things they fancied, upsetting furniture, and the like.

At last, at five o'clock, they left the house and I rushed to my work at the Museum. My friend managed to let me know that she would not return to Petrograd, and the flat passed into the hands of some Jews and their friends, one of whom had formerly been a servant in my own uncle's house!

But my greatest enemy was a dreadful *Krasnoarmeitz* (or soldier of the Red Army), who slept in the room next to mine! All these new tenants had naturally taken the best rooms, and left a tiny passage to me. They led a merry life, treating me like a pariah, laughing at my poverty and rejoicing in my misfortune. How often I felt faint in passing beside their kitchen, from which came the delicious, half-forgotten smell of a roasting turkey or joint! The Red soldier would stroll through the flat in his undergarments, smoking a pipe, and singing revolting songs. He would jeer at me, calling me 'Comrade Wrangel,' or 'ex-Madame,' and prevent me from sleeping all night by the noise he made in his room with similar friends. Still, these were only *worries*: my age preserved me from worse *dangers*.

II

During February, 1920, fresh complications arose for me. My son's name began to appear in the papers; the walls were covered with proclamations and hideous drawings; nothing was heard in the streets but tales concerning 'that dog Wrangel, the paid servant of the Entente.' Wrangel seemed to be the only word in my ears as I went about the town. I had to forsake the flat and to change my abode every other day; my friends advised me either to get another passport, or to leave the town.

A secret group of artisans of General Koltchak proposed to support me, if I would consent to cease my work at the Museum.

But I would not have liked to be registered as an invalid, and my work was the only comfort left to me, the only way to forget. I therefore gratefully refused that generous offer, but consented to live in a sort of boarding-house, just outside the town, under the name of Veronelli-Arkst. I was relieved to be farther away from the authorities, and quite resolved to go to my work every day by tram.

The boarding-house seemed a paradise to me. What a strange paradise, though! I had only a quarter of a room, divided, as the one in Gorky's novel, *The Mud*, into four partitions, by thin curtains. Each partition included an iron bedstead with a narrow mattress, a cupboard, a table, two chairs, a washstand and a pail. Two people enjoyed the windows, and the other two — I being one of the two — the door. Two of my companions were good souls; but the third, my neighbor, was an ailing old maid, an ex-schoolmistress who, having suffered in past days, was glad to revenge herself upon me. She would abuse me sometimes as if I were a dog!

In the house there were other people, 'ghosts' of the past, who had miraculously survived so many horrors; charming women, some of whom concealed famous names beneath a nurse's uniform or a working girl's overall.

Suddenly rumors were heard, to the effect that our house was going to be seized, to become a Club for Workmen, and that we should be turned into the streets. I felt mournfully indifferent. I had been deprived of news of any member of my family for so long that I no longer cared if I was going to be put in prison or to die of hunger. I had no hope left and lived in a sort of complete stupor. And then, quite unex-

pectedly, while we were all waiting to hear the worst, a girl called for me at the Museum one October morning. She said she was from Finland, and wished to speak to me in private. I managed to arrange this, and she gave me a paper on which I recognized the writing of my best friend living in Finland: 'Your husband is alive. I should be glad to receive you here. Trust my messenger entirely. Do not trouble about details.'

The price of the journey to Finland was then about one million rubles, or ten thousand Finnish marks. To my eager questions, the girl answered that I was to start the next day, without any luggage; to be warmly dressed; that we were going to travel by sea; that I was not to trouble about anything. She then left me, telling me where to find her the next day.

It all seemed very dangerous, but I could think of no other way. Nights were beginning to grow cold; the Gulf of Finland would soon be frozen; it was the last chance — and not to be lost. I returned to the boarding-house as usual at five. I could not sleep all night, and left for Petrograd the next morning at seven. I had a little office to myself at the Museum; quickly collecting all my papers, I left a big inscription on my desk, to the effect that owing to a complete breakdown I requested two months' leave. Having done this to keep my employers out of trouble, I left the Anitchkoff Palace with a feeling of regret, in spite of all.

There were no trams that day on the Nevsky (the largest street at Petrograd), and I had to walk to the Touthkoff Quay, where I was to meet the girl. Yes, she was there! Without speaking, we ate a little bread, and walked toward the station for Finland. Being Saturday, — the day the trains of wood are due from the Baltic, — there were

hardly any trains for travelers. We had to wait more than two hours, and then only managed to get into a carriage by hanging on to the steps and pushing our way through masses of struggling people.

The girl told me not to speak to her again; she had informed me that my friend's brother was fleeing with us; having tried to escape before, and having been caught in the first attempt, the boy was very frightened this time. Indeed, on learning that I was to be with them, he had nearly decided to go back home. He had only started on being assured that we should all be at liberty to escape alone in case of danger! Nearly all the last attempts to cross the frontier had been unfortunate: young Princess Galitzine, born Beckmann, had been shot at the frontier, and many others thrown into prison.

I was struggling with conflicting emotions. To be shot for my son's sake, to suffer in his name, as so many others had suffered for their dear ones, seemed a vision of glory to me; but at the same time, I felt it would be humiliating actually to give the Bolsheviki real grounds for putting me to death.

However, there was nothing else for me to do but to place my trust in the Almighty. As it was, we were painfully traveling in a cattle-car, there being no passenger coaches on this line. Many Red soldiers were going to the country, for the most part to Oranienbaum, for the week-end. If they had only known what a precious hostage was traveling with them!

At one of the stations, my companion silently touched my elbow. We got down; it was already growing dark. We walked for a long time in an aimless way — I feeling all the while that my companions would be ready to forsake me at the first sign of danger. As we were nearing the sea, a figure suddenly moved toward us. I shivered — then

thankfully realized that the girl was expecting him.

Yes, she was talking to him and signing to us to follow. Always in that same impressive silence, we walked on, soon reaching a few miserable hovels, built along the main road. We stopped near one of them, out of which came a man — Russian — and a woman — Finnish. Casting anxious glances around them, they made us enter the hovel, hurriedly closed the door and shutters, and lit a flickering oil-lamp. At my question, 'When do we start?' they answered that the departure would take place in two hours' time, when it would be quite dark; and they told us not to leave the hovel and not to talk, on account of the patrols of Red soldiers. As we had asked for food, they gave us coffee (of ground oats) and boiled potatoes.

Feeling somewhat stronger, we waited impatiently for the arrival of the wife of the fisherman in whose boat we were to travel. She came at last, very troubled and sad, with the news that the fisherman was so completely drunk that we could not think of starting that night, at least! A terrible moment! What was to be done! Return to Petrograd? An impossible solution, the last train having left! Would this frightful effort of ours give no result? I felt that I had no courage left to begin again.

Anyhow, we resolved to spend the night in the hovel, the girl and I on a bed of very doubtful aspect, my friend's brother on the floor, our hosts in the adjoining kitchen. Morally and physically exhausted, we soon fell into a deep slumber. In the middle of the night, we were suddenly awakened by heavy tramping and excited shouts. 'The Red soldiers,' I murmured, as I jumped out of bed. Then I heard a rumbling noise, as of something heavy being dragged along; then the steps

leading to the small attic creaked ominously.

I could not bear this dreadful suspense, and rushed to the door, followed by the girl. Our companion was snoring peacefully on the floor. Through the half-open door, we saw men dragging cases and bags to the attic. What could all this mean in the middle of the night? The girl only answered me by desperate looks, signing to me to keep still.

Our hosts, having escorted their visitors to the door, gayly came back to bring us the cheerful news that contraband goods had just been brought to them: twenty-five bottles of spirits, and a great quantity of flour and tobacco! They were in for prosperous trade: they would have many buyers. Once more they asked us to remain very quiet. We were, then, in a den of smugglers! It would really be terrible if General Wrangel's mother were to be arrested in such company! The Bolsheviks would have good cause to rejoice.

At daybreak the buyers arrived: we heard more noise, just whispers, then quarreling, then the sound of luggage being dragged. I sternly asked the girl to answer my question: 'Would we leave that night, yes or no? For, if not, I was determined to return to Petrograd.' The girl promised that we should start at nightfall, cheerfully reminding me that the drunken man was locked up!

The day passed mournfully, in anxious waiting. They gave us black macaroni and sour milk, for which we had to pay 8000 rubles. We did not grudge them the money of the Soviets. At last came the twilight that we had been expecting so long, and with it our saviors — the fisherman, or smuggler, with his two companions. They had evidently been 'refreshed' by our hosts, for, without being quite drunk, they reeked of spirits. However, we had

neither the time nor the means of hesitating; making the sign of the Cross, we followed the men to the sea.

III

The night was icy cold, pitch-black and dismal. On the beach, the fisherman, having cast anxious glances around, thus unnerving us yet more, dragged a boat from its shelter and put it into the water. It naturally drifted away from the land so that it was impossible to reach without wading. Before I had time to speak, I was seized by the fisherman who was standing in the water, and deposited, for all the world like a sack of potatoes, in the bottom of the boat.

The girl had remained at the hovel, fearing to come with us to the beach. We were five: the three fishermen, myself, and my friend's brother, as silent as the grave. The boat was of the most common type of fishing craft, with a sail. As it had stuck in the sand, it was quite a long time before we started. At last the terrible voyage began in earnest. The night was bitterly cold, the boat rocked upon the waves, which threw up their icy spray into our faces, while the fishermen took turns to empty the water out of the boat. My feet were drenched.

We had started at seven o'clock; but suddenly the fisherman began to look anxious; the wind was gradually changing in a way that was not favorable to our plans. The fishermen busied themselves with the sail, warning us to be silent, as we would be obliged to go round the isle of Cronstadt, from which powerful lights were constantly radiating over the sea in all directions. I was finally ordered to lie down in the boat — in the icy water! And there I lay like a frozen mummy, with chattering teeth and the feeling that this dreadful cold was far worse than the danger itself.

I was not afraid, I only longed for warmth. At last, Cronstadt and its terrors remained far behind us; we were all alone on the dark heaving sea.

And the hours passed; stiff and dazed with the cold, I was yet able to notice that our voyage had far exceeded the three and a half hours which it was supposed to take. At two o'clock, just after I had glanced at my watch, a fierce blast of wind tore off our sail and broke the mast. I began to tremble. The fishermen, rising to their feet in the small boat that rocked furiously, strove to mend it, the while they swore at each other and lost their heads. Each time they moved, the waves swept over the narrow boards. But I was so cold and miserable that I felt incapable of anything else, even of being afraid. How my body smarted and ached under my wet clothes, pierced by the icy wind, during that stormy October night!

However, the fishermen managed to adjust the sail at last, and began to assure us that we should soon arrive. But, alas! our troubles were not yet at an end: it began to snow, and we were encompassed, as it were, by impenetrable white walls. The snow, melting as it fell, trickled down our backs. I felt that my head had turned into a block of ice.

Four o'clock! We had been traveling for eight hours, the last one without any direction whatsoever! All at once the fishermen began to look excited, and my silent companion, who had not stirred since our departure, actually rose and smiled. Through the falling veil of snow, they had just caught sight of land. Removing the sail, the fishermen rowed vigorously toward it, the while I reflected that my soul must have frozen too, I felt so indifferent! Once again the boat stuck into the sand at some distance from the shore. As I was not even able to rise in the

boat, the three fishermen lifted me up and threw me roughly upon the sand, as if I had been a corpse. Enjoining us in terrified whispers to be silent, they then brought their bales of contraband goods, and disappeared with them in a neighboring wood. They had nothing more to do with us, or we with them!

IV

My companion and I were thus left alone, and free! I did not realize it at all then; I had no strength or feelings. The boy, on the contrary, seemed another person. Laughing and talking, he helped me to rise, and advised me not to lose time, but to follow him.

It was 4.20 — but where were we, after all? Whither should we go? We decided to cross through the forest. As I walked, the cold seemed to lift itself from my shoulders, and I felt that I was thawing both morally and physically! Dawn was breaking when we suddenly walked into some barbed wires! A hurried inspection showed us that we had come to some fortified area, and my companion, who had lived in Finland all his life, recognized the fort of Ino. He knew now that we should go in the opposite direction, toward the small town of Terioki. So we walked on through the forest, passing between closed villas and barred doors, a deserted summer resort.

At last we came to a village, very silent at this early hour, and we wandered about till we saw a light in one of the small houses. We knocked at the door, soon opened by an elderly Finnish couple to whom we explained that we were refugees from Russia, solely desirous of resting for a while and getting warm. The peasants received us most hospitably, leading us into the living-room where I saw — oh, joy — a glowing stove!

As it was, the ice upon me began

melting, trickling in small rivulets down to the floor. The woman helped me to remove my drenched clothes, wrapping me the while in warm blankets, and making me sit close to the stove. I think that moment was one of the best in my life. As soon as I had introduced myself as General Wrangel's mother, I was surrounded, comforted, and greeted by all the members of the household. The man told us that all his sympathies lay with the White Army, and that he had often been to Petrograd in former days.

In a minute the table was covered with excellent food, the like of which I had not tasted for two years: hard-boiled eggs, cheese, butter, milk, and especially *white* bread! How queer I must have looked as I stared with such rapture at these homely treasures! And they gave us coffee too, real coffee, with milk and sugar! I ate and drank, and felt almost too warm! My tattered garments having dried, I dressed again, and carefully tied on my boots with pieces of string. My coat stood out stiffly around my thin body, and my hat was a limp bit of felt.

Our kind hosts told us that we could not avoid some days of quarantine at Terioki, twenty miles away, but that they would take us there in their carriage, which proved to be a cart, full of straw. However, we were most thankful to be in it, and expressed our deepest gratitude to our benefactors.

During the time I stayed at Terioki, all the Finnish papers having spoken of the 'brave traveler, General Wrangel's mother, who had managed to escape to Finland,' I received quantities of letters from unknown friends, and a moving letter, signed by many Finnish families, expressing their joy at the knowledge that I was safe in Finland, and their consideration for my son. The American Mission, who were then so actively supporting the Russians in

the Crimea, were untiring in their efforts to help me. They supplied me with food and warm clothing. How much I was moved by all these marks of deference and sympathy, of which I had been completely deprived for so many years! I felt that I had been touched by the magic wand of a powerful fairy.

The day I was to leave Terioki, my friend arrived to take me to her charming home where I spent four months, enjoying the rest and comforts, the while my passport was being prepared for Germany. Thanks to my friend's devotion and care, I soon felt my own self again, though I suffered deeply, owing to my son's great misfortune in the Crimea.

In February I was finally able to go to Dresden, where I found my husband who had arrived there from Finland some time before my escape.

We are living in Dresden at present, as refugees, who have not lost courage and who firmly believe in the resurrection and the future prosperity of our beloved and unhappy country.

V

I do not wish to end this account without briefly describing the present state of the doomed city of Petrograd. The general aspect of the town is more that of a village. There is no traffic on the Nevsky (principal thoroughfare), and except for the cars of the commissioners and a few lorries, all the population go about on foot. Many of the streets, even part of the Nevsky (near the Alexander theatre), have become green lawns. As all the factories are closed, the air is much purer. People no longer use the pavements, but walk in the middle of the street; some carry big bags, the food-rations they have just obtained from the municipal shops; others are eating their bread in the

street, without waiting to reach home. Some time before I left Petrograd, there had been an unexpected distribution of apples, and the entire population seemed to be feeding on them in the street. A foreigner visiting Petrograd at that time is supposed to have made the following remark: 'Why do the Russians complain? They have every reason to think they are in Paradise. They go about naked, and feed on apples all day long!'

One often sees women wearing very smart dresses while their bare feet are hardly protected by sandals made of string. In winter, all the traffic consists of narrow sledges drawn by the people themselves, used for luggage, food-rations, sacks of potatoes, and in which tired mothers convey their children.

Every shop is closed, shuttered, and barred, for the food is 'requisitioned' and trade 'nationalized.' The people all have a weary, sickly, discouraged look; pale faces, drawn features, haggard or swollen eyes. The intellectual level is greatly inferior to what it was. My conversations with my colleagues of the Museum, all belonging to the educated classes, inevitably ended with discussions or questions of the most domestic character. People have grown irritable, suspicious, and have the appearance of frightened animals. Nearly all have partly lost their memory. The most prominent men have died of hunger or been shot. I know personally, of those who have died of exhaustion, Lappo-Danilewsky and Schakhmatoff, members of the Academy, Professor V. Hessen, and many others. I could give a long martyrology of all those who have been shot by the Bolsheviks, while in the full force of their manhood and talent.

Professors, students, and other people belonging to the educated classes, do not have a better time than the so-called aristocrats.

Both science and public instruction are declining. There are no books, no references, no academic material to be got; no more scientific publications are received from abroad, and none are published in Russia at the present day. The schools exist mainly on paper; in truth their number has been reduced to the extreme, because of the lack of abode, of fuel, of teachers, of books.

Owing to the prevailing system of mixing school boys and girls together, to the absence of discipline, and to the great slackness as regards morals, depravity is general. All the 'icons' have been removed from the schools, and the children dare not wear any religious emblem. So as to inoculate the children with Bolshevik principles, they are taken to cinemas to see revolting films figuring episodes from the life of Rasputin; and others, reported to be true, concerning the intimate life of the members of the Tsar's family. From time to time posters are put up in the streets, representing 'Nicolas the Bloody' — the name which the late Tsar, tortured and killed by the Bolsheviks, is now given by them in Russia. With the crown falling from his head, the Tsar is pictured in a state of complete inebriation, wearing a long court robe, and standing over the bleeding corpses of workmen.

Petrograd is full of clubs for 'Young Communists.' I had the opportunity of hearing some of their speeches: I can only tremble at the thought of what the next generation in Russia will be.

The private chapels, and those belonging to schools and state and military establishments, are all closed. No drudgery is spared to the priests. The papers are full of insults directed against the clergy; the 'Red Paper' even boasts of a special column for this purpose! On the other hand, one notices a general increase of religious fervor. The religious processions, which have re-

cently been authorized, thanks to the intervention of part of the workmen, attract thousands of people and far exceed those of the past in magnificence and piety. The public churches are always full, and congregations have been organized. The churches are entirely kept up by the parishioners, who have never been so ready to support the priest and decorate the church. The choirs are excellent.

There is a new type of priest, more instructed than those of the last generation; they preach in a different way, too; one now feels a spiritual link between the priest and the congregation, united by misfortune and suffering; and these relations are both confiding and affectionate. Confessions in public are very popular. I have never observed in former times the atmosphere of intense piety now reigning in the churches, when, amid much sobbing, the entire congregation confess together; and I know many people who have grown profoundly religious in Russia since the Revolution.

The names of many streets and palaces have been altered; for instance, the historical Palace of the Tauride being now called the Autirzky Palace, after the Communist killed in 1918. The Nevsky Perspective, the Piccadilly of Petrograd, is known as the Street of October 25, date of the Usurpation of Power by the Bolsheviks; Tzarskoe-Selo, the palace inhabited by the Imperial Family to the day of their departure to Siberia, now bears the name of Dietzkoe-Selo — and so on.

Hideous plaster monuments have been erected all over the city to the memory of the 'Fathers of Revolutions': Lassalle, Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Volodarsky. A monument was dedicated at one time to Sophie Perowsky, who had taken part in the murder of Alexander II; but it was re-

moved on account of the effect it produced on passers-by!

As the painters and sculptors at the service of the Soviets are peasants or workmen who indulge in futurist and cubist dreams, disastrous results may easily be imagined. The former court poet, Macakovsky, having glorified the Communist Paradise in his last poems, is greatly appreciated by the Bolsheviki.

The 'Marsovo Pole,' or parade ground, where the statue of Souvoroff still dominates the great empty space formerly used for so many brilliant military pageants, has become the modern Pantheon, where all the heroes of the Revolution are buried. It is in a deplorable state — all mud and dirt. The town itself is filthy, and, as regards sanitary measures, the situation is appalling. Houses are never repaired, owing to lack of material; it is impossible, for instance, to get nails. Most of the water-pipes have burst on account of insufficient heating, all the wooden houses, boats, neighboring forests, having already been used as fuel! The rubbish is thrown out of the windows into the streets, and the system of canalization is more than primitive, with disgusting effects. Houses, stairs, courtyards are all in the dirtiest condition; as there are no porters or men-servants, the cleaning is supposed to be done by the overworked population, the greater part of whom are unaccustomed to these operations. The result is appalling; I need not dilate upon these lamentable circumstances.

During the whole winter, the temperature inside the houses never rises above zero; therefore the inhabitants are compelled constantly to wear their coats and keep on their hats. They have to write with woolen gloves, of

which the fingers have been cut off. No one undresses to go to bed. No one washes more than once a week, on account of the cold, or puts on clean clothes more than twice a month, owing to the high price of soap. Lice and vermin — those foul sources of epidemics — abound, especially in the hospitals, public baths, schools, trams.

The mortality is incredible at Petrograd. The population is decimated by typhoid, Spanish influenza, dysentery, cholera, and, principally, hunger. In 1917 Petrograd numbered 2,440,000 inhabitants, and, in 1920, 705,000. Naturally, the emigration and the executions must be taken into account.

The state of the hospitals is terrible: patients are constantly refused admission, and die at the very doors; wounded soldiers were not always taken in during the last period of fighting. The medical staffs do not escape epidemics, any more than the rest of the population. There are hardly any medicines, and only one thermometer for 200 patients; castor oil, soda, and anaesthetics are not to be obtained at all; not a single public bath is fit to be used, and the lavatories can only be termed filthy sinks.

The deadhouses are always full of corpses, and there are no coffins or means of conveying them to the cemeteries. The nurses are coarse and have no training; they usually rob their patients, steal hospital property, and lead immoral lives.

People inhabiting provincial towns have often told me that the whole country is subject to the same terrible conditions as the capital.

These are, regarding life in the 'Communist Paradise,' the few personal impressions I wished to put before the civilized world.

GANDHI AT FIRST HAND

BY E. M. S.

[The following letter, written by a young American serving as tutor in the family of an Indian nabob, gives a picture of Mahatma Gandhi so familiar and human that readers will like to substitute it for the lay figure of the daily press. —THE EDITOR.]

— — —, INDIA,
October 7, 1921.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Well, I have just seen the great Mahatma Gandhi — at last — and herewith send my first impressions. It happened in this wise: I was just coming back from the schoolhouse with Sahrid this afternoon, when we saw the Daimler car waiting outside the front porch.

‘Who’s going out?’ said Sahrid, to one of the perawallas (hall-porters).

‘It’s for Mahatma Gandhi!’ the man replied.

On going into the vestibule, we saw a little flotilla of sandals and slippers — a sure sign of visitors — including some enormous canoe-shaped things. ‘Those are his,’ said Sahrid, with conviction, and certainly they were the most impressive-looking pair. But the perawalla, who had followed us, was careful to correct us on this. Pointing, with reverent mien, as at a thing miraculous, to a pair of small, much-worn sandals, he said, with bated breath, ‘Those are the Mahatma’s.’ In one sense, here was a thing of miracles: for wherever the owner of those two little sandals walked, thousands, hundreds of thousands, and perhaps even millions

followed in his footsteps. I ran to get my little camera and then followed Sahrid upstairs.

The Mahatma was seated at one end of a long room, on a sofa, which he shared with Bharati and one of her aunts. I could not help experiencing something of a shock on setting eyes on him for the first time. For the moment it was not so much *him*, as his apparel — again, it was not so much his apparel, as his astonishing lack of it! There he was, the world-famous leader, sitting in a well-furnished drawing-room; his host immaculately dressed in well-cut English clothes, and Gandhi — well, let us say a pair of *very* short ‘running shorts’; that was his whole trousseau! ‘They’ were white and, of course, made of homespun material or ‘kuudi.’ Thus arrayed, he wears no more toggery than the poorest native gardener or beggar.

He dresses like this on purpose, as you know, to show that it is not necessary to health, for one thing, to wear a lot of clothes; and further, to demonstrate his contention that India will be able to supply enough material herself to provide all that is necessary for her own people without the aid of foreign cloth.

His bare arms and legs looked very thin and his whole appearance was ascetic to the last degree. (He lives on toast and fruit, and very little at that.) He has the most extraordinary face, I think, that I have ever seen. For a while I could see only his profile. His head is well-shaped and covered

with very close-cropped hair rapidly turning gray. A prominent aquiline nose, a bristly moustache, and a good chin. The lower lip protrudes too much, partly because very few front teeth are left in the lower jaw — a feature by no means ornamental. When he looked around, I found the full-face view even more extraordinary. So void of flesh is his head that it looks like a skull clothed in a mere skin. At first I was reminded of that bust said to represent Julius Caesar; then he resembled rather Houdin's grinning bust of Voltaire.

When Gandhi laughs, which he does frequently, his face disappears in innumerable wrinkles. His expressions are quite fascinating, but I could not quite decide whether I liked him or not. Sometimes it seemed like the face of a fanatic; sometimes like that of a saint; at one moment he wears an almost Mephistophelean look; again he is like 'the great god Pan.' But never uninteresting or foolish.

A rather pretty impromptu was occasioned by the appearance of the baby of the family, aged five weeks. The ayah brought it in, and offered it to Gandhi. I was curious to see how this almost naked ascetic would manage to hold it — I forgot for the moment that he had children of his own. However, he did very well. Taking it in his bare arms, he made a support for its little head with one of his hands, in cup-and-ball fashion, and held it for quite a while. He seemed very delighted with the little mite; while the baby, for its part, seemed quite contented. It formed a really charming picture, for the Mahatma's face wore a look of beautiful tenderness. Several times the mother made a movement to relieve him of his burden, but he clung to it, talking and laughing to it and to the other kiddies near-by.

Gandhi was very interested to hear I

was a Quaker, and said he had some very good friends, Quakers, in South Africa, especially a Mr. C——, 'who used to lend me all sorts of books to try to convert me to Christianity.' 'He was,' he said, 'a splendid "24-carat" fellow; not very intellectual, but nevertheless a man you could not help loving at first sight.'

Turning to politics, I asked the Mahatma, 'Don't you think the problem is the same in India as in Ireland?' 'No, it is not the same,' he said; 'England does not want to exploit Ireland. With her it is only a matter of geographical necessity, of strategical considerations. England cannot sanction the idea of a separate country, outside the British Empire, so near her own doors. But with India it is a racial question. It is not so with Ireland. If you meet an Irishman outside his own country, as in South Africa, you make friends with him; at least you treat him with respect, as an equal. But not so with the Indian in South Africa, as I myself have experienced.'

'But,' I said, 'is it not possible to overcome or overlook that feeling of racial distinction? If one has a real sense of the Fatherhood of God, does not that make us all feel we are brothers, irrespective of color or caste?'

'Yes,' said Gandhi, 'it is possible; that is what Christianity can do, and that is where Europe has failed to interpret Christianity. The Quakers have got very near to it, but even they have not got the complete development. They have, however, a certain warmth in their hearts toward all the universe.'

'But not toward the animals?' I hinted, laughing — for the division among us on the vegetarian question undoubtedly is an enigma to the religious Indian typified by Gandhi. 'No,' he replied, 'that is India's special prerogative, I think.'

I told the Mahatma that I was meditating leaving the Quakers, to join the Roman Catholic Church, and this led to an interesting discussion about the doctrine of the Light Within. 'Is it safe,' I asked him, 'to trust the individual's private intuition, without having any external authority to limit this, or to serve as a standard?' The Mahatma thought it was 'quite safe, if a man has developed the right conditions.'

In reply to my query as to what he meant exactly by 'right conditions,' he said, 'I mean if a man has subdued, not only his physical passions, but also the sins of the mind. To such I would say, "Trust absolutely the voice of God in your heart, and act on it without fear."'

I agreed that this was all right, provided one could feel sure he had developed such a state of perfection, but that he would be a bold man who dared think thus of himself.

'This state of soul comes only to the man who seeks truth with a single mind,' said Gandhi solemnly, 'and to him who has followed the doctrine of Ahinsa.' [This is a word meaning 'doing no harm,' not quite expressed by our word 'innocence.'] 'You must,' he went on, 'fall back in the end on the authority of the Voice Within.'

'Why,' I said, laughing, 'you are a regular Quaker!' He laughed, too, and said he had much in common with their beliefs and practices, so far as he knew them. I told him there was, no doubt, a great deal to be said for following the Inner Light, but it did not seem to me to be enough by itself as a guide. For one person's Voice or Light might lead him to do one

thing, and another's quite a different, perhaps quite the opposite, thing. Did he not think that, possibly, the Roman Catholics had the balance of the argument, in their possession of such large deposits of 'Faith,' accumulated through the centuries, enabling the individual to test his particular findings?

But Gandhi seemed to think that they did not, in this respect, have any advantage over the Mohammedans; both traditionary edifices seemed to him essentially identical! His ideas as to what is involved in the notion of Papal Infallibility appeared to be equally original, and his comparative estimate of the Caliphate and the Roman versions of the Apostolic Succession also were highly interesting, and to a prejudiced mind even amusing!

As the Mahatma was leaving the house, I asked his permission to take a private snapshot of him. 'No,' he said, 'I am not going to sit for anyone' (I heard afterward that he has practically vowed himself on this point).

'But surely,' I pleaded, 'your Voice Within ought to persuade you to give me a chance of affording so much pleasure to myself and my friends!' At this he laughed — he has a very hearty laugh — and stood still for a moment, actually taking a step forward to do so, standing out in the full sunshine for my benefit, while I snapped him.

Then this wonderful little man, whom Tagore calls 'the Greatest Man in the World,' this strange, frail figure arrayed in a loin cloth and a pair of old sandals, stepped into his host's ten-thousand-dollar car and vanished in a whirl of dust. Such is India!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TELEPHONE AND TELAPHIB

OF all modern weapons of offense, the telephone is the most unfair, because, in the conflict that follows the call to action ('Hello! Is this Suburban 4428?') the party attacked has no adequate weapon of defense. The receiver transmits into the porches of the ear poisoned gas in the form, let us say, of an invitation to dine and play bridge — a poison more deadly than juice of cursed hebenon, because we have no antidote at hand to pour into the mouthpiece at our end. The only possible retaliation is the sharp swift stroke of a deadly lie. That such a lie is justified, I have — in my saner moments — no doubt; but the moment when I am called to the telephone never *is* a sane moment. I falter, I try to prevaricate, I decide to mix truth and falsehood — and I am lost.

As an aid to the retort courteous and untruthful, Cynthia has pinned on the wall, beside the telephone list, a 'Telaphib List' of alibis and excuses; and in moments of great stress we both draw from some of the following suggestions: —

Aunt Sally coming on a visit.

Nephew just telephoned to ask if he can spend that night here — bringing a friend. (This last in case we are told to bring nephew along.)

Algernon's class dinner.

Two people coming to play bridge that evening.

Old cousin of Algernon's has died suddenly, and we think for a week it would be more respectful to accept no invitations.

And then follows: —

712

For Special Emergencies Only

Aunt Sally seriously ill. May be summoned to her bedside any minute, so am not making any engagements ahead.

Algernon has been having queer dizzy spells. Doctor forbids — etc., etc.

Am threatened with nervous breakdown [from too much telephoning!]. Complete rest is ordered.

Finally

Both of us have been exposed to a kind of middle-aged mumps that is very contagious. Not right to others for us to go about.

I trust it will be understood that any criticisms in which telephobia leads me to indulge are not aimed at the legitimate use of this necessary evil, but only at those social holdups to which even the most obscure dwellers in the remote suburbs of 'Society' are liable.

As Cynthia and I sit by our cozy fire-side, our home life is almost wrecked by the undesired presence of this invisible third. The Eternal Triangle in our case consists of ourselves and this wandering voice, which, although proceeding from different throats, always beats on our eardrums with the same metallic vibrations. The voice invariably selects either the sacred hour of dinner for its rude intrusions, or the digestive period immediately following the repast, when easy-chairs and congenial chat lend to conjugal companionship something of the glamour of romance.

Glowing with a sense of domestic felicity, we decide that for a week we shall not allow any outside engagement

to disturb the pleasant routine of our evenings at home. Then the telephone rings. We both groan. My wife says, 'You go. I'll go next time.'

After a tense interval, I hear my strained voice saying to the absent inquisitor, 'Oh, that sounds perfectly delightful! I am very sure that *I* have nothing for that night; but perhaps I had better ask Cynthia — she keeps an engagement-book, and — and — will you just hold the line a moment?'

My wife's face at this moment is a study. Under her solemn fillet I see the scorn. She merely says, 'Go on! You've done it now. *I'm* not going to get you out of it. You've told them you have no engagement, so, of course, if *you* have n't, *I* have n't! You are the *worst* liar I ever knew!' (Which I realize is not the compliment it sounds.)

Again I hear my mechanical accents saying, 'Cynthia tells me she has no engagement. We shall be delighted to come.' Then I hang up the receiver and stagger back to my avenging angel, ashamed of my own cowardice, and in no condition for the marital skirmish that is bound to follow this ignominious surrender to the unseen enemy.

'If you would only let me do it!' says Lady Macbeth. 'When you refuse an invitation, you must act definitely and convincingly. 'T were well 't were done quickly when you are doing long-distance lying. You never kill with a good clean lie; you just wound with a wretched little trumped-up excuse that only lacerates. You use a dagger as if it were a teaspoon, and you were dipping it into ice cream. Really, Algernon, if you are too moral to —'

The telephone bell puts an end to this painful arraignment of my virtues.

'Your turn,' I announce laconically.

'Hello?' I hear in tones of gentle firmness. Then, in a moment, comes the familiar, 'No, it is *not*: you have the wrong number,' followed by the irritat-

ed click of an angrily replaced receiver.

Another poultice of silence for ten blessed minutes heals, not only the blows of sound, but the slight mutual irritation caused by my clumsy failure to buckle on the armor of untruth.

I exclaim, 'There's the telephone again!'

'You!' says my wife briefly.

I go, and I return.

'You!' I announce triumphantly; and then I listen, with jaw dropping, to my astonishing wife, who has sometimes actually been criticized for oversincerity.

Of course I understand perfectly that the conversation I hear is really for *my* benefit, much more than for the ear six miles away. Cynthia is showing off. She is also giving me an object lesson. This is what I hear: —

'Hello! Why, Grace dear, is that you? I have n't seen you for an age!' (A pause! Then —) 'Oh, my dear, that sounds too heavenly! We should simply *love* it, but it's absolutely out of the question, because —' (An evident interruption occurs; then Cynthia continues.) 'No, it would n't do the *least* good to change the night; but it's awfully sweet of you to suggest it! You see I expect Aunt Sally to spend the week with me, and you know I just have to give up *everything* while she's here — and then —' (Another pause) 'Oh, that's too sweet of you to want Algernon alone! But I was just looking over his engagement-book (you know I have to keep his dates for him, he's so stupid about such things), and if you can believe it, he has something every night for the next week! — What did you say?' (A pause) 'Oh no, my dear, he is n't popular *at all*! I don't mean interesting things, but just stupid sort of business meetings and college reunions and things that he simply *longs* to get out of and can't. Oh, wait a minute

— he's just calling out, "Tell Grace that if I had my way I'd break every engagement in my calendar to dine with her and Ned!" How's that for a compliment?" (Pause) 'No, he does n't ever flatter, — really, — that's the way he feels about you both. But I must n't keep you any longer, my dear; do *please* ask us again some time, won't you? After Aunt Sally has gone, and when Algernon is through reuniting. Good-bye. So disappointed!'

Cynthia returns to her seat and her sewing — a flush of victory on her brow.

'Is Aunt Sally really coming?' I ask briefly.

'She's awfully subject to bronchitis at this season,' Cynthia replies evasively. 'One can never be sure of an old person.'

Then, very gravely, I take out my engagement-book to confront her with the blank pages; but after glancing at the dates of the coming week, I acknowledge myself checkmated. I am aghast at discovering the following entries: —

Monday: Class dinner.

Tuesday: Reunion of Class.

Wednesday: College Endowment Fund dinner.

Thursday: Class dinner. And so on for the next ten days.

'Cynthia,' I remark severely, 'if you were a man, I would say that your code is *not* that of a gentleman.'

'Algernon,' she replies sweetly, 'if you were a woman, I should say that you were inconsistent. We have agreed that it is right to Tel and Tel' (Cynthia's code for Telephone and Telaphib) 'but *you* don't dare to live up to your convictions. Gracious! There's that old bell again!'

Once more I take down the receiver, and listen to the voice of the sluggard who is too lazy to write her invitations.

'This is Mary Borus speaking. We hope that you and your wife will run in to-morrow evening after the Mental

Hygiene lecture, and have a Welsh rarebit.'

A sudden inspiration seizes me, and by way of answer I hear myself uttering those five words that so often beat as one upon the ear of the 'wrong number.'

'*Will you please excuse me?*'

I hang up the receiver with conscious pride, and am rewarded by Cynthia's smile of commendation. 'How rude you were, dear!' she says admiringly. 'At last you are really acquiring telephone technique!'

VESPA AT THE BAR

TIME was, before the gentle days of kaisers and poison gas, that, when a small state began to wax rich and prosperous, it found it highly expedient to hire a 'free company' of cheerful plunderers to fend off all other plunderers — for a consideration. As a rule, the contract was carried out pretty faithfully by the swordsmen, down to its very last legal day.

Even in later times, more than one Arab sheik found profit in guaranteeing safe transit through his passes in return for cash in hand, and was true to his 'bread and salt' for that space of country.

All these things may seem far off from a New England garden; and yet certain recent doings bring them sharp to mind.

I have a neighbor. He is a wise man. So, in early August, without beat of drum or other sign beyond the puffing of his 'auto,' he translated his entire family to a vacation sphere beyond my ken, and his place lay silent save for the weekly clatter of a lawn-mowing caretaker. Then he returned one afternoon, and immediately I saw him eying contemplatively a large pear tree that shades his cellarway in the rear, and that suddenly seemed to have acquired a fruit like unto an exceedingly healthy

Jonah's-gourd, some ten feet from the ground. It was a good-sized nest of paper wasps.

Toward the acquirement of virtue I strolled over to observe.

'How am I to get it down?' he asked. 'If I burn it, the tree will be damaged. If I leave it, the children will get stung, or else they cannot play on the rear lawn. If I try to wrap it up in a sack at night, and if that sack should slip —' There was plenty of room for imagination beyond that point.

Then I sat down on the stonework and argued the case for Vespa, remembering that my friend is a lawyer of sorts, with a trained and able mind, not greatly hampered by prejudice.

'To begin with, what is a paper wasp, socially, in her circle? She is perhaps the deadliest enemy of the house fly known; and the said house fly is a deadly enemy of man. Allies should not make war on each other! Also, it is safe to say that to the wasp the brilliant fly that is charged with carrying infantile paralysis to our children is as much a matter of daily food as is any other fly that flies. Does n't that count for something?'

He looked at the nest, in noncommittal silence. So I began again.

'This summer I have been really puzzled to account for the unusual scarcity of flies around the screen-door of my kitchen, where formerly a dozen or more lay in wait for a dash in whenever it was opened. That nest accounts for it.'

He looked thoughtfully at the distance between our houses, and I divined his thought.

'Oh, as to that, a bee will go a mile or two for honey-searching. Would a wasp get lost in these few rods?'

He still made no comment of committal. Lawyers don't. It is a trade-habit, I believe, to let the other man do the talking — at times. Instead, he asked, quite pointedly, 'How about the sting?'

Then I threw open the doors of

memory, and let out a story of other days.

'When I was a small boy, about the size of your boy here,' — with a hand-wave toward the eager-eyed laddie who was watching the nest uneasily with one eye and me with the other, — 'a poor carpenter built himself a little house not far from the edge of a swamp. He was poor in goods, not skill, so he left it in part unfinished until he could raise more money by his work. Hence the main entrance had but a rough portico above it, and the windows had no screens. Not far off, a more wealthy neighbor had a large barn, a stable full of horses, and the manure heap at its rear bred a vast multitude of flies. The carpenter's family moved into the new house, and the flies as promptly moved into that kitchen in myriads, till on a cool day you could not see the white ceiling because of the black flies. Imagine that!

'Then came a mother-wasp one day, prospecting. She looked into that kitchen, and decided that here was right good hunting and not far to go: and pitching her tiny tent in the rough timbers of the porch-roof, she started in to raise a brood. At first, the family did not notice it, and the nest waxed rapidly in size as the colony increased and built large and yet larger tiers of paper-comb. Then the family debated anxiously as to its destruction. As they were laying fell plans to that end, a fly came down from the ceiling and buzzed around the table for a second ere it lit. In that next second, as it seemed, a big black wasp like an Arabian afreet boomed in from the window and dropped on that fly as a hawk would on a chicken. In two more seconds they both departed by the window route in close company, yea, embrace.

'The united family looked at each other, and at the ceiling. Suddenly it struck them that the supply of flies up

there had diminished, until now there were large areas of white ceiling without any; and the lesson slowly filtered in. "Let's wait a little," said the carpenter; and they did. It seemed hardly a week before that nest was a foot in thickness, and simultaneously with its growth the fly-stock dwindled to the vanishing point; and ultimately the length of life of any fly that strayed into that kitchen could be fairly estimated at about a minute and a half before some hunting wasp heard its buzz and came in promptly after it; then — exit fly.

'Meanwhile, no one member of that family had ever been stung.

'The nest grew and grew, — there still was good hunting round the distant stable, — till the entrance to the deep, 18-inch cone of gray, at its lowest point, was barely above the hat-top of a tall man's head. All summer long, the family, dog, cat, and visitors went in and out of that doorway; and no one of them ever heard even a threatening buzz. In fact, between those two homesteads there was perfect peace and harmony, each state having full powers of destruction of the other, neither having the least idea of exercising it. Canada and the U.S.A. were not more peaceful as to boundaries, if indeed as much so, for neither side bred a single Fenian. Each respected the ways of the other, attending strictly to its own affairs; of all the houses in town, screened or otherwise, that was the only one which might be justly claimed as absolutely fly-less.

'That is my case for Vespa.'

My lawyer friend looked up at the big nest in his tree, and at the group of children playing apprehensively at a 'safe' distance, and said nothing. I judged that I had lost my case. I wished that I had the traditional eloquence of Webster, when that mighty Daniel argued the case of the marauding woodchuck till his father, as presiding judge, whisked away a tear from his weather eye and said with emphasis — 'Zeke, you let that woodchuck go.' But I had n't. I had simply done my best.

Then my lawyer neighbor roused himself from consideration, and remarked, meditatively, noncommittally still, yet appropriately, 'Hum!'

But he did nothing more that day about the nest of Vespa. Nor the next. Presently I noticed that the children, and those of other neighbors, were playing moderately round about. Days passed, the football season came, and play grew boisterous at times. But still the nest remained right there, the wasps peacefully coming and going about their hunting and their home-concerns; and a welcome and goodly share of that hunting was about my kitchen screen-door. At last, the fly-supply gave out, and Vespa came no more.

We have now had our first frosts, and the wasp nest still is intact in my neighbor's family (pear) tree. My judgment of him is confirmed. He is a wise man.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

On his return from active service in the army overseas, **Charles Rumford Walker, Jr.**, determined to enlist in a basic industry. He chose steel, and soon found his place in a working shift where he learned at first hand the technique of the shovel and the teamwork of the open hearth. This paper is the first of a series of articles describing what he saw and only what he saw. **Reverend Kirby Page** was, until recently, pastor of a church in Brooklyn, most of the members of which were working people. He spent last summer studying industrial conditions in England and Central Europe, and is now devoting all his time to the solution of the difficult problem of reconciling Christian principles with the conditions of modern industry. He has striven to make his presentation entirely fair, and before publishing this paper he discussed his 'points' with Judge Gary, by whom he was most courteously received. Readers of **Lucy Furman's** story will like to know the foundation beneath her account:—

In the heart of the Kentucky mountains, that romantic and little-known region long regarded as the home of feuds and moonshine, the first rural social settlement in America was begun in the summer of 1899 under the auspices of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Kentucky.

Half-a-dozen young women from the more prosperous sections of the state, under the leadership of Miss May Stone and Miss Katharine Pettit, went up into the mountains, two and three days' journey from a railroad, and, pitching their tents, spent three successive summers holding singing, sewing, cooking, and kindergarten classes, giving entertainments for people of all ages, visiting homes—establishing friendly relations with the men, women, and children of three counties.

The second summer—that of 1900—was spent at the small county-seat of Knott County, Hindman, at the Forks of Troublesome Creek; and here, at the earnest solicitation of the people, accompanied by offers of land and of timber for building, a combined social settlement and industrial and academic school was permanently established in 1902—the pioneer of its kind in the southern mountains.

Beginning in a small way, this work has, in twenty years, grown to large proportions and ex-

erted a deep influence upon the life of half-a-dozen mountain counties, having become not only the best known of all the mountain schools, but the model for the more recent ones.

Miss Lucy Furman has been for many years connected with the Hindman Settlement School, and has written a number of stories about the mountain children, which have been printed in magazine and in book form. In the series of stories, 'The Quare Women,' starting in this number of the *Atlantic*, she goes back to the very beginnings of the work, the tent days with their varied and unusual adventures, and gives an authentic picture of the people whom President Frost of Berea College has so aptly called 'our contemporary ancestors' and of the impact of modern life and ideas upon them.

* * *

Carl W. Ackerman, as director of the foreign news service for a syndicate of American newspapers, was constantly in touch with British and Irish leaders during the recent negotiations between England and Ireland. Through his influence with the press and the confidence he enjoyed among the leaders of both parties, he was able to play a unique part in the extraordinary events he describes. If there is a Celt alive it is **James Stephens**, author of *The Crock of Gold*. Of his brief paper he writes: 'It is really an attempt, given the present state of stagnation in art, music, and literature in Europe, to discuss what direction these activities may take in the near future.' **Anne Goodwin Winslow** occasionally sends us a poem from her home on Governor's Island. In the midst of a busy life in New York City, **Mary Alden Hopkins** still retains her love for the open fields.

* * *

The Irish stories gathered by **A. H. Singleton** are left quite as they were told to the children beside the peat fire in many a cottage in Galway and Donegal. A baker's dozen readers have written to tell us that they have heard of these stories before—that they are stolen stories. Indeed they are. Take 'Jack the Robber.' The Egyptians stole him thousands of years ago, and

the Greeks stole him from the Egyptians. The Italians stole him from the Greeks, and the Scandinavians from the Italians. The Irish stole from them, and now the Americans are all ready to make a little Yankee hero of him — a 'smart Aleck' of their own. **Roderick Peattie** of the Department of Geology in the Ohio State University went 'hunting oil' as the culmination of a geographic training at Chicago and Harvard. In Oklahoma, however, he was in the field not for geography but for geology. For two summers, since his return from the fighting zone, he has carried on field investigations in petroleum for a corporation in Tulsa. He is a son of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, essayist and critic in the old days of the *Chicago Tribune*. The President of Antioch College, **Arthur E. Morgan**, has interested himself in working out an educational experiment now generally known as 'the Antioch idea.' Is there, we wonder, a place in America where a few hundred thousand dollars would yield a larger harvest? Education is the American religion, and the Antioch idea, properly financed and brought to recognized success, would have a profound and beneficent influence on American character. **Mary Ellen Chase** is a member of the English Department of the University of Minnesota. In connection with his work at Simmons College, **Robert M. Gay** finds that the study of literature and the art of writing go hand in hand. His recent textbook, *Writing Through Reading*, puts into practical form the famous advice of an early nineteenth-century German professor who, asked by a young student what was the best way to learn to write, answered, '*Lesen! Viel lesen! Viel, viel lesen!*'

* * *

Bertrand Russell, famous alike as a mathematician and a political philosopher, has recently returned from a year in China. Author of *Americans by Adoption*, and of a series of studies of the industries of the country, **Joseph Husband** likes equally well to turn his attention to cities and their ways. The spring of the year seems a most fitting time for a poem by **Fannie Stearns Gifford**. At the *Atlantic's* request, **General Erich von Ludendorff** gives his considered estimate of the American forces as he met them on the

Western front. An American officer of high rank, who has read General Ludendorff's paper in manuscript, makes, in a letter to the editor of the *Atlantic*, these interesting remarks: —

General Ludendorff's article divides itself under four heads, namely: —

(a) The neutrality of the United States prior to April, 1917.

(b) The unrestricted U-boat warfare.

(c) The German theory of the campaign of the spring and early summer of 1918.

(d) The operations of the American troops from the midsummer of 1918 to the Armistice.

General Ludendorff's remarks under the third head are interesting because they are a clean-cut statement of what we all at the time believed to be the fact: viz., that the Germans knew before the end of 1917 that, if they allowed America the time, sooner or later they would be 'up against' the fully developed military and naval power of the United States. Their only hope lay in forcing a decision before any further development of that power. Those on the Supreme War Council at Versailles, — British, French, Italians, as well as Americans, — notwithstanding that things looked very black for the Allies at the beginning of 1918, knew perfectly well that their main hope lay in the effect that the mere threat of ultimate powerful intervention by America would have on the *immediate* military plans of the Germans. The operations of 1916 and 1917, with terrible losses to the Allies, had merely 'dented' the German lines on the Western front, and there only at one or two points. With no radical change in conditions the Germans might as easily have held out, and with no more loss, in 1918 — but the Allies, perhaps, could not have. And there was the German advantage due to the collapse of Russia and the Italian disaster at Caporetto.

These disasters to the Allies made it possible for the Germans, if some additional motive made it seem desirable, to change their attitude on the Western front from one of successful defense to one of problematic (problematic in spite of their increased strength due to those disasters) offense. The additional motive came from the developing American threat. Were it not for that they could have proceeded in a more leisurely and more certain way. Instead of bringing all their troops from Russia to France, they could have sent a part — a small part — to Macedonia, broken that front, forced Greece out of the Alliance and opened her coasts to submarine warfare. They could have sent part to Italy, very probably have broken that front again, and forced Italy out. Either of these possibilities — I believe, probabilities — might have ended the war; both, almost

certainly would have ended it; and if not, the full force of Germany could then have been brought against the front in France and Flanders.

But General Ludendorff makes perfectly clear that they had no time for that course — though he does not intimate that they would have taken that course even if they had had the time. They were obliged to pass from the safe defensive to the dangerous offensive. Their hope lay in withdrawing a sufficient number of troops from Russia to give them the necessary preponderance in France. But a cold-blooded calculation showed that their maximum number of rifles no more guaranteed success against the Allied defense with proper resistance on the part of the latter, than a similar proportion had guaranteed Allied success against them. Solely due to a great and avoidable error of the Allies, the Germans gained their initial success of March 21, 1918, which alone prolonged the war. Had it not been for that error the Germans would have butted their heads against a stone wall, as the Allies had theretofore been doing. And with that result, the issue would have been clean-cut. Neither side could have done anything, but await the arrival of the Americans in increasing numbers. The end would have been only a question of time. That end would have been just as plainly in sight in March as it became in September. And a reasonable peace could have been made many months before it came.

Points (a) and (b), above indicated, of General Ludendorff's remarks open a most interesting and important line of study — at least so it seems to me. To comment on his remarks about the attitude of neutrality of the United States prior to April, 1917, requires information that I do not possess. He alleges a 'Gentlemen's Agreement' between important men in France, in England, and in the United States, directed against the alleged 'Pan-Germanism Danger,' and binding the United States to interfere in case of a war with Germany or Austria. No agreement between important men could bind any country to war unless those men were authorized by their governments to make such an agreement; nor, in the case of the United States, would that be sufficient. General Ludendorff alleges that Mr. Wilson made an agreement with England in 1913 promising benevolent neutrality and a copious supply of arms and ammunition. As it stands, this is a mere assertion. It would have to be answered by Mr. Wilson himself or, perhaps, by the files of the State Department. I would not dispute the fact that a very strong sentiment existed in the United States adverse to the Central Powers. But such a sentiment has often existed in a neutral country without affecting the official attitude of neutrality of that country. The allegation that the United States showed an attitude of unneutrality in permitting the export of war material

could only be sustained by proving that foreign governments, *as governments*, invested their public funds in the United States, with the knowledge of the United States, for the purpose of erecting plants for the construction of war material for the use of those governments. But this is a subject for an international lawyer.

The remarks about the U-boat warfare suggest an inquiry as to how far a nation, which believes that its very life is in danger, is justified in using any means of defense or offense at its disposition, regardless of the rules thitherto in force restricting the employment of certain means. The interest that attaches to this subject lies in the fact that attempts are now being made to limit the use of agencies of submarine warfare, noxious gases, and so forth. I have stated my opinion in public addresses that, if the modern system of nations completely trained to arms continues, a war between any two of them is coupled with the latent threat that defeat will mean the probable destruction of the defeated party; that this fact, regardless of any so-called rules of civilized warfare, will lead the nation that is in danger of defeat to resort to any means whatever to preserve its existence. I see no reason to change that view. The progress of science has placed at the disposition of nations — and will do so more completely in the future — means which, however horrible they may be, may enable them to save themselves from otherwise inevitable defeat and resulting paralysis for generations to come. If the case of Belgium were to be reenacted; if it found itself again invaded as in 1914; and if the resources of science then enabled it to cover its fields with noxious gases which would instantly kill millions of invaders, I have no doubt that that would be done. The attempt that is now being made to restrict the use in war of new and horribly destructive agencies of science is a hopeless attempt to bring back the old condition of things when war was a more pleasant — or at least, a less unpleasant — thing to contemplate. It is a hopeless fight against the tendency of human nature. The world in the future is not going to ask whether the agency employed was in accordance with civilized rules, but will ask only whether the nation that employed it was fighting for its life in a just cause against an unjust adversary.

* * *

Ralph Butler, a cosmopolitan Englishman who has been associated with many diplomatic missions since the war, is intimately familiar with the languages and customs of Central Europe. He has interested himself particularly in the Balkan States, and has recently served on the Supreme Economic Council, British Delegation, Vienna. 'Get-

ting out' of Russia was peculiarly difficult for Baroness Wrangel, on account of her distinguished son, but her experiences are not uncharacteristic of those which befell thousands of her countrywomen. E. M. S., as tutor in a household in India, met Gandhi on his own ground.

* * *

Those interested in the signs of the times will read with attention this German student's letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the last issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. S. Miles Bouton has given a description of the political meanings of Germany after the revolution. You will be of my opinion, if I say a foreigner could not know a country, or make the acquaintance of it, so intimately as a native can do. So I might be allowed to state your correspondent has answered his own question, namely, whether Germany would return to monarchy or not, in a manner which does not show the real mind of German people. There is, indeed, great dissatisfaction throughout Germany and, as Germans are a people quite unpolitical — particularly, I am sorry to say, among the so-called *gebildete* (educated men) — it is true many of them lay the blame for every unpleasant thing on the Republican Government. Your correspondent is right too, if he states there are many Monarchists, even among the lower classes of the German people. But all that does not hit what is most important: firstly, that the German people, in its great majority, has taken the place of the Republic, when Kapp and his military adherents tried to reestablish the Monarchy in 1920; and then, that every attempt in order to abolish the Republican constitution is, from the first, condemned to fail, simply, as it is practically unaccomplishable. For, as Germany before the revolution had 23 monarchies and 3 republics (the 3 *Hansa städte*) it would be necessary to recall 23 princes, what is, as every man will admit, a very absurd idea. On the other hand it is quite impossible to transform Germany into a centralized empire with one monarch at the head; for, firstly, it would be a very difficult thing to discover such a prince who would be acknowledged throughout all German countries.

It is true that, for this reason, most (of) Germans are presently '*vernunft republikaner*' (prudent republicans), you must give time (everything) — but those '*vernunft republikaner*' will, sooner or later, become real republicans.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

OTTO HELMUT BURKHARDT.

FREIBURG, BADEN.

The illustrated journal has always its own peculiar vogue.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I think the following will show that the book-lover is just as subtle to obtain his ends as the drug-fiend. I was staying with a friend of mine who had been very sick and the doctor had given orders that he was not to read. Shortly afterward his wife came to me and said, 'George wants to know if he can borrow your *Atlantic Monthly*.'

'But,' said I, 'I thought the doctor said he was not to read.'

'No!' she replied. 'That's all right. He says he just wants to look at the pictures.'

REGINALD CUSACK.

* * *

Stevenson used to say 'The ground of a man's joy is sometimes hard to hit.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Another ex-service man has a grievance! Tony was going the rounds of the hospital saying prolonged good-byes to us all. Still in his khaki, he nevertheless made a point of proudly proclaiming his citizenship, triumphantly waving, as proof, his newly acquired discharge papers. He was on his way to the Federal Board and freedom. When it came my turn I held out my left hand to meet his — Tony had 'done his bit' in the war; his right arm hung limp and helpless.

'Tony,' I said, 'we are going to miss you. Let us know how you get on. You'll promise?'

Two weeks later he returned. After his 'civies' had received their due amount of comment and approbation, I said, 'Well, Tony, how goes it? Tell us about yourself; are you at school?'

A puzzled look clouded those clear, brown, Italian eyes as he answered, —

'Why — y' see — it ees these-a-way. Those Federal Boards — they no understand. I do not want-a a education — I want-a a peanut stand.'

RUTH BENEDICT.

* * *

After all, as competent ferryman, would one prefer Charon to Noah?

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On a search for a copy of John Kendrick Bangs's *Houseboat on the Styx*, I entered a little store that was a sort of toy and bookshop combined. I stated my errand to the effusive young clerk, who stood puzzled for a moment and then dashed to the rear of the store. Almost instantly he reappeared bearing aloft a very familiar-looking toy.

'This,' said he, 'is not a houseboat on sticks, but a Noah's ark on wheels. Will it do?'

MARION ARMSTRONG.